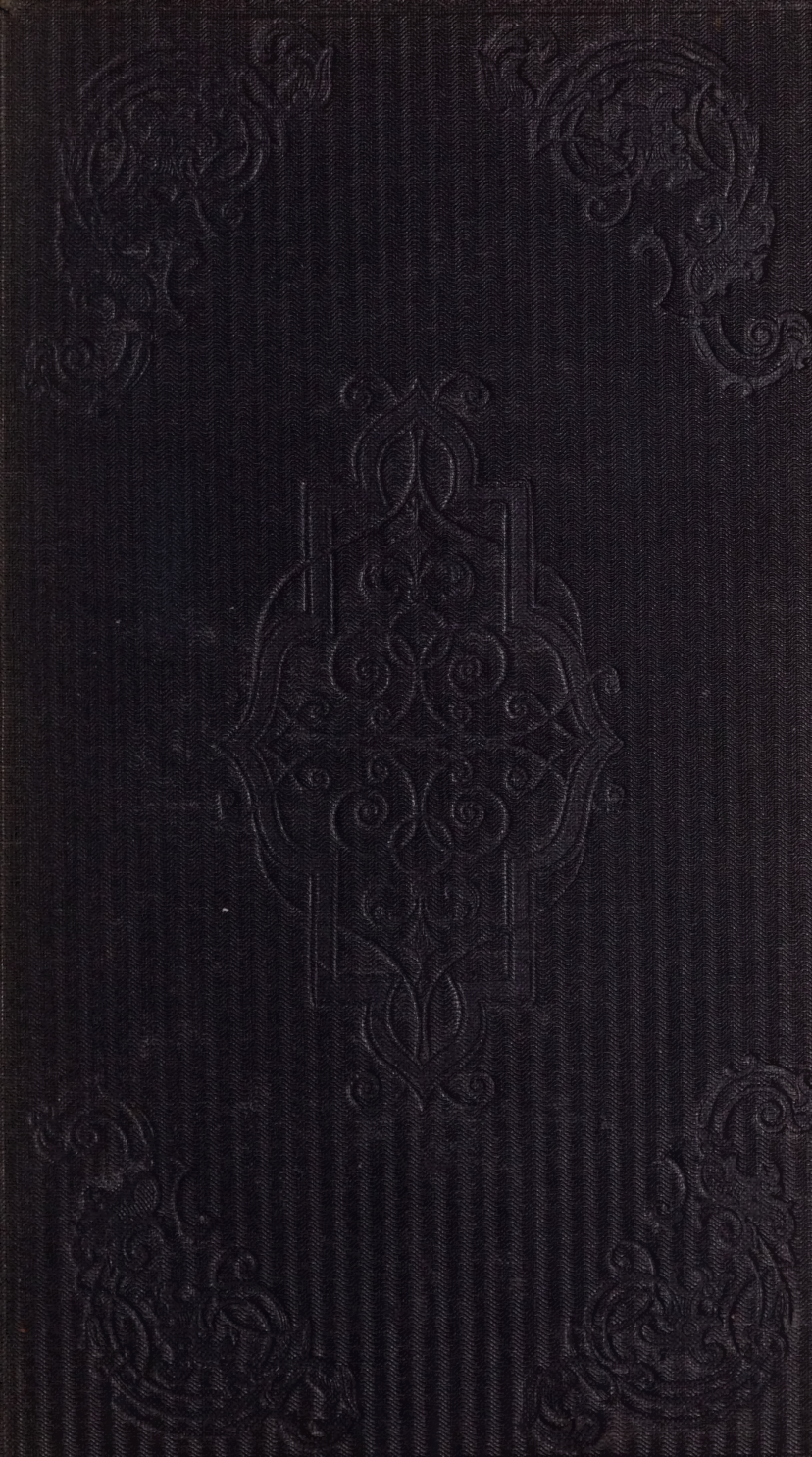

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TRAVELS

TO

JERUSALEM

AND

THE HOLY LAND

THROUGH

EGYPT.

BY THE VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY FREDERIC SHOBERL.

Third Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

If I were to assert that these Travels were not intended to see the light; that I give them to the public with regret, and as it were in spite of myself, I should tell the truth, and probably nobody would believe me.

My tour was not undertaken with the intention of writing it; I had a very different design, and this design I have accomplished in "*the Martyrs.*" I went in quest of images, and nothing more. I could not behold Sparta, Athens, Jerusalem, without making some reflections. Those reflections could not be introduced into the subject of an epopee; they were left in the journal which I kept of my tour, and it is these that I now submit to the public.

I must, therefore, request the reader to consider this work rather as memoirs of a year of my life, than as a book of travels. I pretend not to tread in the steps of a Chardin, a Tavernier, a Chandler, a Mungo Park, a Humboldt; or to be thoroughly acquainted with people, through whose country I have merely passed. A moment is sufficient for a landscape-painter to sketch a tree, to take a view, to draw a ruin; but whole years are too short for the study of men and manners, and for the profound investigation of the arts and sciences.

I am, nevertheless, fully aware of the respect that is due to the public, and it would be wrong to imagine that I am here ushering into the world a work that has cost me no pains, no researches, no labour: it will be

seen, on the contrary, that I have scrupulously fulfilled my duties as a writer. Had I done nothing but determine the site of Lacedæmon, discover a new tomb at Mycenæ, and ascertain the situation of the ports of Carthage, still I should deserve the gratitude of travellers.

In a work of this nature I have often been obliged to pass from the most serious reflections to the most familiar circumstances: now indulging my reveries among the ruins of Greece, now returning to the cares incident to the traveller, my style has necessarily followed the train of my ideas and the change in my situation. All readers, therefore, will not be pleased with the same passages; some will seek my sentiments only, while others will prefer my adventures; these will feel themselves obliged to me for the positive information I have communicated respecting a great number of objects; those again will be tired of the observations on the arts, the study of monuments, and the historical digressions. For the rest, it is the man, much more than the author, that will be discovered throughout; I am continually speaking of myself, and I spoke, as I thought, in security, for I had no intention of publishing these Memoirs. But, as I have nothing in my heart that I am ashamed to display to all the world, I have made no retrenchment from my original notes. The object which I have in view will be accomplished, if the reader perceives a perfect sincerity from the beginning of the work to the end. A traveller is a kind of historian; it is his duty to give a faithful account of what he has seen or heard; he should invent nothing, but then he must omit nothing; and, whatever may be his private opinions, he should never suffer them to bias him to such a degree as to suppress or to distort the truth.

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INTRODUCTION.

FIRST MEMOIR.

I SHALL divide this Introduction into two Memoirs; in the first I shall take up the history of Sparta and Athens, at about the age of Augustus, and bring it down to the present time. In the second I shall inquire into the authenticity of the religious traditions relative to Jerusalem.

Spon, Wheeler, Fanelli, Chandler, and Leroi have, it is true, treated of the fortunes of Greece in the middle ages; but the picture drawn by those writers is far from being a finished one. They have contented themselves with general facts, and not taken the trouble to dispel the confusion which pervades the history of the Byzantine empire; they were moreover ignorant of the existence of some Travels in the Levant. While I avail myself of their labours, I shall endeavour to supply their omissions.

As to the history of Jerusalem, it is involved in no obscurity in the barbarous ages; we never lose sight of the holy city. But when the pilgrims tell you: "We repaired to the tomb of Jesus Christ; we entered the grotto where the Redeemer of the world sweated blood," &c. an

incredulous reader might imagine that the pilgrims were misled by uncertain traditions. Now this is the point which I purpose to discuss in the second memoir of this Introduction.

I now proceed to the history of Sparta and Athens.

When the Romans began to make their appearance in the East, Athens declared itself their enemy, and Sparta followed their fortunes. Sylla burned the Piræus and Munychia; he plundered the city of Cecrops, and made such a slaughter of its citizens, that, as Plutarch informs us, their blood filled the whole Ceramicus, and ran out at the doors.

B. C. 87. Plut. in Syl. Appian.

B. C. 87. In the civil wars of Rome, the Athenians espoused the cause of Pompey, which they looked upon as the cause of Liberty; the Lacedæmonians adhered to Cæsar, who was too generous to revenge himself on Athens. Sparta, faithful to the memory of Cæsar, fought at the battle of Philippi against Brutus, who had promised the pillage of Lacedæmon to his soldiers in case they were victorious. The Athenians erected statues to Brutus, attached themselves to Anthony, and were punished by Augustus. Four years before the death of that prince, they revolted against him.

B. C. 47. Cæs. de Bell. civil. Dion. Appian. Plut. in Vit. Brut.

B. C. 44.

B. C. 41. Plut. in Ant.

B. C. 21. Vell. Pat. A. D. 10. Suet. in Aug.

A. D. 25. Tit. Liv. An. 4.

Athens was free during the reign of Tiberius. Sparta pleaded at Rome, and lost a petty cause against the Messenians, formerly its slaves. The contested point was the possession of the temple of Diana Limnatis, that very Diana whose festival was the occasion of the Messenian wars.

De Sit. Orb. 1. 9.

If we suppose Strabo to have lived during the reign of Tiberius, the description of Sparta and Athens by that geographer must refer to the time of which we are now speaking.

A. D. 18. Tacit. Ann. 1. 2.

When Germanicus visited Athens, out of respect to its former glory, he divested himself of the insignia of power, and was preceded by only a single lictor.

Pomponius Mela wrote about the time of the Emperor Claudius. He merely mentions Athens in his description of the coast of Attica. A. D. 56. De Sit. Orb. l. 2.

Nero visited Greece, but he went neither to Athens nor to Lacedæmon. A. D. 67. Xiphil. in Net.

Vespasian reduced Achaia to a Roman province, and gave it a proconsul for its governor. Pliny the elder, a favourite of Vespasian and Titus, wrote, in the time of those princes, concerning various monuments of Greece. A. D. 79. Dio.

Apollonius of Tyanæa found the laws of Lycurgus still in force at Lacedæmon during the reign of Domitian. A. D. 91. Philostr. in Vit. Apol. Thy.

Nerva favoured the Athenians. The monuments of Herodes Atticus and the description of Pausanias are nearly of this period. A. D. 97. Eutr. Vict. Dio.

Pliny the younger, under Trajan, exhorts Maximus, proconsul of Achaia, to govern Athens and Greece with equity. A. D. 115. Plin. jun. l. 8. c. 24.

Adrian rebuilt the monuments of Athens, completed the temple of Jupiter Olympus, erected a new city near the ancient one, and caused the arts, sciences, and letters, to flourish once more in Greece. A. D. 134. Dio. Spart. Euseb.

Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius loaded Athens with favours. The latter in particular was solicitous to restore the Academy to its ancient splendour; he increased the number of the professors of philosophy, eloquence, and civil law, and fixed it at thirteen; two platonic, two peripatetic, two stoic, two epicurean, two professors of civil law, and one prefect of youth. Lucian, who lived at that time, says that Athens swarmed with long beards, mantles, staves, and wallets. A. D. 176. Capitol. Dio.

The *Polyhistor* of Solinus appeared towards the conclusion of this century. Solinus describes several of the monuments of Greece. He has not copied Pliny the naturalist so closely as he has thought fit to assert.

A. D. 194. Herodian Spart. Dio. Severus deprived Athens of part of its privileges as a punishment for having declared in favour of Pescennius Niger.

A. D. 214. Herodian. Sparta having fallen into obscurity, while Athens yet attracted the notice of the world, deserved the disgraceful esteem of Caracalla, who had in his army a battalion of Lacedæmonians, and a guard of Spartans about his persons.

A. D. 260. Trebell. Zon. The Scythians having invaded Macedonia, in the time of the Emperor Gallienus, laid siege to Thessalonica. The terrified Athenians rebuilt in haste the walls which Sylla had demolished.

A. D. 261. Trebell. Some years afterwards, the Heruli pillaged Sparta, Corinth, and Argos. Athens was saved by the valour of one of its citizens, named Dexippus, equally renowned in the career of letters and of arms.

Chandl. Trav. The archonship was abolished about this time, and the *stratigos*, the inspector of the *agora* or market, became the first magistrate of Athens.

A. D. 269. Zon. During the reign of Claudius II. this city was taken by the Goths: they would have burned the libraries, but one of the barbarians opposed the design: "Let us," said he, "preserve the books, which render the Greeks so easy a conquest, and extinguish in them the love of glory." Cleodemus, an Athenian, who had escaped the calamity of his country, collected some troops, attacked the Goths, killed a great number, and dispersed the rest, thus proving to the barbarians that science is not incompatible with courage.

A. D. 323. Liban. Or. Zon. Athens speedily recovered from this disaster, for we find it soon afterwards offering honours to Constantine and receiving thanks from him. This prince conferred on the governor of Attica the title of grand-duke; a title which, being usurped by one family, at length became hereditary, and transformed the republic of Solon into a Gothic principality. Pita, Bishop of Athens, was present at the Council of Nice.

Constantius, the successor of Constantine, after the decease of his brothers Constantine and Constans, made a present of several islands to the city of Athens. A. D. 337. Eunopes Zon. Const.

Julian, educated among the philosophers of the Portico, did not quit Athens without shedding tears. Gregory, Cyril, Basil, and Chrysostom, imbibed their sacred eloquence in the birth-place of Demosthenes. A. D. 354. Zos. lib. 3. Jul. Ep. ad Athen. Greg. Cyr. Bas. Chrys. Oper. ad Bibl. Pat.

During the reign of Theodosius the Great, the Goths ravaged Epire and Thessaly. They were preparing to pass into Greece, but were prevented by Theodore, general of the Achaians. Athens, out of gratitude, erected a statue to her deliverer. A. D. 377. Zos. lib. 4. Chandl. Inscrip. antiq.

Honorius and Arcadius held the reins of empire when Alaric penetrated into Greece. Zosimus relates, that the conqueror, as he approached Athens, perceived Minerva in a menacing attitude on the top of the citadel, and Achilles standing before the ramparts. Alaric, if we are to believe the same historian, did not sack a city which was thus protected by heroes and by gods. But this story has too much of the air of a fable. Synesius, who lived much nearer to the event than Zosimus, compares Athens burned by the Goths to a victim consumed by the flames, and of which nothing but the bones are left. The Jupiter of Phidias is supposed to have perished in this invasion of the barbarians. A. D. 395. Zos. lib. 5. Syn. Ep. Op. omn. a Pet. edit. Chandl. Trav.

Corinth, Argos, the cities of Arcadia, Elis, and Laconia, shared the same fate as Athens. "Sparta, so renowned," continues Zosimus, "could not be saved: it was abandoned by its citizens and betrayed by its chiefs, the base ministers of the unjust and dissolute tyrants who then governed the state."

Stilico, when he marched to drive Alaric out of the Peloponnese, completed the devastation of that unfortunate country.

Athenais, daughter of Leontius the philosopher, known by the name of Eudocia, was A. D. 433. Zon. in Th. II.

born at Athens, and became the wife of Theodosius the younger.*

A. D. 430. Procop. de Bell. Vanda. lib. l. c. 5.

While Leontius held the reins of the eastern empire, Genseric made a fresh incursion into Achaia. Procopius does not inform us how Sparta and Athens fared in this new invasion.

A. D. 527. Proc. c. 18.

The same historian describes, in his Secret History, the ravages of the barbarians in the following terms: "Since Justinian has governed the empire, Thrace, the Chersonesus, Greece, and the whole country lying between Constantinople and the Gulph of Ionia, have been yearly ravaged by the Antes, the Sclavonians, and the Huns. More than two hundred thousand Romans have been killed or made prisoners by the barbarians in each invasion, and the countries which I have mentioned are become like the deserts of Scythia."

Justinian caused the walls of Athens to be repaired, and towers to be built on the Isthmus of Corinth. In the list of towns embellished or fortified by this prince, Procopius has not included Lacedæmon. It is remarked, that the emperors of the East had a Laconian, or, according to the pronunciation then introduced, a *Tzaconian* guard; the soldiers composing it were armed with pikes, and wore a kind of cuirass, adorned with the figures of lions; they were dressed in a short wide coat of woollen cloth, and had a hood to cover the head. The commander of these men was called *Stratopedarcha*.

Proc. de. Edif. lib. 4. c. 2.

Cod. Curop. ap. Byz. Script.

* Historians have not paid attention to chronological order, and have misplaced the marriage of Eudocia, by making it anterior to the taking of Athens by Alaric. Zonaras says, that Eudocia, driven from home by her brothers, Valerius and Genesius, was obliged to seek refuge at Constantinople. Valerius and Genesius lived peaceably in their native country, and Eudocia procured their elevation to dignities of the empire. Is not all this history of the marriage and family of Eudocia a proof that Athens was not so great a sufferer by the invasion of Alaric as Synesius asserts, and that Zosimus may be right, at least in regard to the fact?

The eastern empire having been divided into governments, styled *Themata,* Lacedæmon became the appanage of the brothers, or eldest sons of the emperor. The princes of Sparta assumed the title of Despots; their wives were denominated Despœnes, and the government Despotship. The despot resided at Sparta or Corinth.* A. D. 527.

Here commences the long silence of history, concerning the most celebrated regions of the universe. Spon and Chandler lose sight of Athens for seven hundred years, "either," as Spon observes, "on account of the defectiveness of history, which is brief and obscure in those ages, or because fortune granted it a long repose." We may, however, discover some traces of Sparta and Athens during this long interval. Spon. Voy. tom. 2.

The first mention we find of Athens is in Theophylactus Simocattus, the historian of the Emperor Mauritius. He speaks of the Muses "who shine at Athens in their most superb dresses," which proves that, about the year 590, Athens was still the abode of the Muses. Theoph. l. 8. c. 12 ap. Byz. Script. A D. 590.

The anonymous geographer of Ravenna, a Gothic writer, who probably lived in the seventh century, names Athens thrice in his geography; a work of which we have as yet but an ill-executed abridgment by Galateus. A. D. 650. Raven. Anon. l. 4 & 6.

Under Michael III. the Sclavonians overran Greece. Theoctistus defeated and drove them to the extremity of the Peloponnese. Two hordes of these people, the Ezerites and the Milinges, settled to the east and west of Taygetus, called at that time Pentadactyle. Notwitstanding what we are told by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, these Sclavonians were the ancestors of the Mainottes, who are not descended A. D. 846. Const. Porph. de Adm. Imp.

* This title of despot is not, however, peculiar to Sparta, and we find despots of the East, of Thessaly, &c., which produces very great confusion in history.

from the ancient Spartans, as some yet maintain, without knowing that this is but a ridiculous opinion broached by the last mentioned writer.* It was doubtless these Sclavonians that changed the name of Amyclæ into that of Sclabochorion.

A. D. 915. Leo. Vit. Const. c. 2.

We read in Leo the Grammarian, that the inhabitants of Greece, no longer able to endure the oppressions of Chases, the son of Job and prefect of Achaia, stoned him in a church at Athens during the reign of Constantine VII.

A. D. 1081. Leo. Ann. Comn. lib. 7.

Under Alexis Comnenus, some time before the Crusades, we find the Turks ravaging the Archipelago and all the western coasts.

A. D. 1085. Ann. Comn. l. 11. c. 9.

In an engagement between the Pisans and the Greeks, a count, a native of the *Peloponnese*, distinguished himself by his valour about the year 1085: so that this country had not yet received the name of the Morea.

A. D. 1085. et seq. Ann. Comn. lib. 4, 5, &c. Glycus.

Epire and Thessaly were the theatre of the wars of Alexis Comnenus, Robert and Bohemond: and their history throws no light on that of Greece, properly so called. The first crusaders also passed through Constantinople without penetrating into Achaia. But, during the reign of Manuel Comnenus, who succeeded Alexis, the kings of Sicily, the Venetians, the Pisans, and other western nations, invaded Attica and the Peloponnese. Roger I., king of

A. D. 1130.

Sicily, removed Athenian artisans skilled in the cultivation of silk to Palermo. It was about this time that the Peloponnese changed its name

Nicet. Hist. Bald. c. 1.

for that of the Morea; at least I find the latter made use of by Nicetas, the historian. It is probable that as silk-worms began to multiply in the east, a more extensive cultivation of the mulberry was found necessary. The Peloponnese derived its new

* The opinion of Pauw, who makes the Mainottes the descendants not of the Spartans, but of Laconians set at liberty by the Romans, is not grounded on any historic probability.

appellation from the tree which furnished it with a new source of wealth.

Roger made himself master of Corfu, Thebes, and Corinth, and had the boldness, says Nicetas, to attack towns situated farther up the country. But, according to the historians of Venice, those republicans assisted the Emperor of the East, defeated Roger, and prevented him from taking Corinth. It was on account of this service that, two centuries afterwards, they asserted a claim to Corinth and the Peloponnese.

A. D. 1140. Nicet. Ann. Comn. l. 2. c. 1.

A. D. 1140. Coron. p. 17.

The travels of Benjamin of Tudela, in Greece, must be placed about the year 1070. He visited Patras, Corinth, and Thebes. In the latter city he found two thousand Jews engaged in the manufacture of silks and the dying of purple.

A. D. 1170. Itiner. Benj. Tudel.

Eustathius was then bishop of Thessalonica. Letters must consequently have been still cultivated with success in their native land, since this Eustathius is the celebrated commentator on Homer.

The French, headed by Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, and Baldwin, Count of Flanders; and the Venetians, under the conduct of Dandolo, drove Alexis from Constantinople, and replaced Isaac Angelus on the throne. It was not long before they seized the crown for themselves. Baldwin obtained the empire, and the Marquis of Montferrat was declared King of Thessalonica.

A. D. 1204. Nicet in Bald. Ville-Hard. c. 136, et seq.

About this time a petty tyrant of the Morea, named Sgure, a native of Napoli di Romania, laid siege to Athens, but was repulsed by the Archbishop, Michael Choniates, brother to Nicetas, the historian. This prelate composed a poem, in which he compared the Athens of Pericles with the Athens of the twelfth century. Some verses of this manuscript poem are yet extant in the Imperial Library at Paris.

Nicet. in Bald. c. 3.

Some time afterwards, Athens opened her gates to the Marquis of Montferrat, who conferred the investiture of the lordship of Thebes and

Nicet. in Bald. c. 4.

Athens on Otho de la Roche. Otho's successors assumed the title of Dukes of Athens and Grand-Sires of Thebes. According to Nicetas, the Marquis of Montferrat extended his conquests to the farthest extremity of the Morea, and made himself master of Argos and Corinth, but was unable to reduce the castle of the latter city, defended by Leo Sgure.

Ville-Hard. c. 173, et seq. Ducange Hist. Const. lib. 1.

While Boniface was following up his successes, a squall drove some more Frenchmen into Modon. Geoffrey de Ville Hardouin, who commanded them, and was on his return from the Holy Land, joined the Marquis de Montferrat, then engaged in the siege of Napoli; and, being well received by Boniface, undertook, with William de Champlite, the conquest of the Morea. Their success was equal to their hopes; all the towns surrendered to the two knights, except Lacedæmon, where reigned a tyrant named Leo Chamaretus. Soon afterwards, the Morea was given up to the Venetians, to whom it was ceded by the terms of a general treaty, concluded at Constantinople, between the crusaders. The Genoese pirate, Leo Scutrano, made himself master for a moment of Coron and Modon, but was soon driven out of those places by the Venetians.

Nicet. in Bald. c. 9.

Coronel. Glac. Died. 1st. de Venet.

A. D. 1210. Ducange Hist. Const. lib. 2.

William de Champlite assumed the title of prince of Achaia. At his death, William de Ville Hardouin inherited the possessions of his friend, and became Prince of Achaia and the Morea.

A. D. 1214. Catnem. Hist. of the Oth. Emp. b. 1.

The origin of the Ottomon empire dates from about the time of which we are treating. Solyman Shah issued about the year 1214 from the deserts of the Oguzian Tartars, and advanced towards Asia Minor. Demetrius Cantemer, who has given us a history of the Turks from the original authors, is more worthy of credit than Paul Jovius and the Greek writers, who often confound the Saracens with the Turks.

The Marquis of Monferrat having been killed, his

widow was declared Regent of the kingdom of Thessalonica. Athens, apparently weary of the dominion of Otho de la Roche, or his descendants, determined to submit to the Venetians; but this design was frustrated by Magaducius, tyrant of the Morea, so that this country had probably shaken off the yoke of Ville Hardouin, or of Venice. This new tyrant, Magaducius, had under him other tyrants; for, besides Leo Sgure, already mentioned, we find one Stephen, a fisherman, *Signore di molti stati nella Morea,* says Giacomo Diedo.

Died. Stor. del. Rep. l. 5.

Theodore Lascaris re-conquered part of the Morea from the Franks. The struggle between the Latin emperors of the East, and the Greek emperors who had retired into Asia, lasted fifty-seven years. William de Ville Hardouin, successor of Geoffrey, had become Prince of Achaia. He fell into the hands of Michael Palæologus, the Greek emperor, who returned to Constantinople in August, 1261. To regain his liberty, William ceded to Michael the places which he possessed in the Morea, and which he had conquered from the Venetians and the petty princes who alternately started up and disappeared. These places were Monembasia, Maina, Hierace, and Misitra. Pachymeres writes without reflection, without astonishment, and almost without thought; as if this Misitra, the insignificant lordship of a French gentleman, were not the heir of the renowned Lacedæmon.

A. D. 1259. Pachym. l.b. 1, 3, 5. Ducang. Hist. Const. lib. 5.

We have not long since seen Lacedæmon making its appearance under its ancient name, when it was governed by Leo Chamaretus. Misitra must therefore have been for some time contemporary with Lacedæmon.

William ceded Anaplion and Argos also to the emperor Michael: but the country of Ciusterne remained an object of dispute. William is the same prince of the Morea mentioned by the Sire de Joinville:

Joinv. Hist. de Saint Louis. Ducange Annot.

Lors vint ——— ———
Avec mainte armeure dorée,
Celui qui prince est de la Morée.

Died. Stor. del Rep. de Ven. lib. 6. Diedo calls him William Ville, thus retrenching half his name.

Pachym. Lib. 2. Pachymeres mentions about this period a certain Theodosius, a monk of Morea, "sprung from the race of the princes of that country." We also find that one of the sisters of John, heir-apparent to the throne of Constantinople, married Matthew de Valincourt, "a Frenchman from the Morea."

Michael equipped a fleet, and retook the islands of Naxos, Paros, Ceos, Carystes, and Orea; at the same time he reduced Lacedæmon, a distinct place of course from Misitra, ceded to the emperor as part of the ransom of the prince of Achaia. We find the Lacedæmonians serving in Michael's fleet; they had, according to the historians, been transferred from their own country to Constantinople in consideration of their valour.

A. D. 1263. Pachym. l. 3.

Pachym. l. 3.

The emperor then made war on John Ducas Sebastocrator, who had rebelled against him. This John Ducas was the natural son of Michael, despot of the West. The emperor besieged him in the town of Durazzo. John found means to escape to Thebes, where reigned a prince, Sire John, styled, by Pachymeres, Grand-signior of Thebes, and who was perhaps descended from Otho de la Roche. This Sire John caused his brother William to marry the daughter of John Ducas.

A. D. 1269. Pachym. l. 4.

Six years after this, a prince "of the illustrious family of the princes of the Morea" was engaged in a contest with Veceus for the patriarchate of Constantinople.

A. D. 1275. Pachym. l. 5.

John, prince of Thebes, died, and left his brother William his heir. In right of his wife, grand-daughter to the despot of the West, William also became prince of part of the Morea; for the despot of the West had,

in spite of the Venetians and the prince of Achaia, made himself master of that fine province.

Andronicus, on the death of his father Michael, ascended the throne of the East. Nicephorus, despot of the West, and son of that Michael, the despot, who had conquered the Morea, followed the Emperor Michael to the tomb, leaving a son and heir, Thomas, and a daughter named Itamar. The latter married Philip, grandson of Charles, King of Naples: she brought him for her portion several towns, and a considerable extent of country. It is therefore probable that the Sicilians had then some possessions in the Morea.

A. D. 1293. Pachym. l. 9.

About this time I find a princess of Achaia, a widow, and very far advanced in years, to whom Andronicus was desirous of marrying his son John, the despot. This princess was perhaps the daughter, or even the relict of William, prince of Achaia, who, as we have seen, was at war with Michael, the father of Andronicus.

A. D. 1300. Pachym. l. 11.

Some years afterwards an earthquake shook Modon and other towns of the Morea.

A. D. 1305. Pachym. l. 11.

Athens then witnessed the arrival of new masters from the West. A body of Catalans, seeking their fortunes under the conduct of Ximenes, Roger and Berenger offered their services to the Emperor of the East; but soon growing dissatisfied with Andronicus, they turned their arms against the empire. They ravaged Achaia, and numbered Athens among their conquests. It is now, and not before, that we see Delves, a prince of the house of Arragon, upon the throne. History does not record whether he found the heirs of Otho de la Roche in possession of Attica and Bœotia.

A. D. 1312. Pachym. l. 11.

Pacif. Notiz. del. duc. d'Ath. Fanel Atheu. Attic. Spon. tom. 1. Chandl. vol. 2.

The invasion of Amurat, son of Orcan, must be placed under the same date: we know not with what success it was attended.*

Cant. Hist. of the Othm. Emp. lib. 2.

* Some traces of this invasion are to be seen in Cantacuzenus, lib. 1. c. 39.

A. D. 1336. Cantac. l. 3. c. 11.

The Emperors John Palæologus and John Cantacuzenus determined to carry their arms into Achaia. To this they were invited by the Bishop of Corone and John Sidere, governor of several towns.

A. D. 1549. Cant. lib. 2. c. 71.

The Grand-duke Apocaucus, who had revolted against the emperor, pillaged the Morea, and laid it waste with fire and sword.

A. D. 1370. Pacif. Notiz. del. duc. d'Att. Fanell. Athen. Attic. Mart. Crus. l. 2. Spon & Chandler.

Reinier Acciajuoli, a Florentine, drove the Catalans from Athens. He governed that city for some time, and, having no legitimate heirs, left it by his will to the republic of Venice: but his natural son Anthony, whom he had established in Thebes, took Athens from the Venetians.

A. D. 1390, to 1400. Auct. sup. cit.

Anthony, prince of Attica and Bœotia, was succeeded by one of his relatives named Nerius, who was expelled from his dominions by his brother, Anthony II., and never returned to his principality till the death of the usurper.

Bajazet then struck terror into Europe and Asia; he threatened to invade Greece; but I no where find that he reduced Athens, as Spon and Chandler assert. They have besides confounded the order of time in making the arrival of the Catalans in Attica precede the supposed incursion of Bajazet.

Be this as it may, the consternation with which this prince filled Europe produced one of the most singular events recorded in history. Theodore Porphyrogenitus, despot of Sparta, was brother to Andronicus and Manuel, successively Emperors of Constantinople. Bajazet menaced the Morea with an invasion, and Theodore, thinking himself unable to defend his principality, offered to sell it to the Knights of Rhodes. Philibert de Naillac, prior of Aquitaine and grand-master of Rhodes, purchased in the name of his Order the despotship of Sparta. He sent thither two French Knights, Raymond de Leytoure, prior of Toulouse, and Clie du Fossé, commander of St. Maixance, to take possession of the country of Ly-

Hist. de Chev. de Malt. La Guilletiere Laced. anc. et moderne.

curgus. The treaty was broken off, because Bajazet, being obliged to return to Asia, there fell into the hands of Tamerlane. The two knights, who had already established themselves at Corinth, delivered up that city, and Theodore paid back the money which he had received as the price of Lacedæmon.

Theodore's successor was another Theodore, his nephew, and son of the Emperor Emanuel. This Theodore II. married an Italian lady of the house of Malatesta. On account of this alliance, the princes of that illustrious house assumed in the sequel the title of Dukes of Sparta.

A. D. 1410. Mart. Crus. Turco-Græc. l. 2. Guil. Laced. anc. et moderne.

Theodore left the principality of Laconia to his brother Constantine, surnamed Dragazes. This Constantine, who ascended the throne of Constantinople, was the last Emperor of the East.

While he was yet only prince of Lacedæmon, Amurat II. invaded the Morea, and made himself master of Athens: but that city soon returned under the dominion of Reinier Acciajuoli.

A. D. 1420. Cantem. Hist. Oth. lib. 2.

The empire of the East was now no more, and the last relics of Roman greatness were swept away; Mahomet II. had entered Constantinople. Greece, though threatened with impending slavery, was not yet bound by those fetters which it speedily demanded of the Mussulmans. Francus, son of the second Anthony, summoned Mahomet II. to Athens, to dispossess the widow of Nerius.* The sultan who made these intestine broils subservient to the increase of his power espoused the cause of Francus, and banished the widow of Nerius to Megara. Francus caused her to be poisoned. This unfortunate princess had a young son, who, in his turn, snbmitted his complaints to Mahomet. The latter, an interested avenger of guilt, took Attica from Francus, and left him nothing but Bœotia. It was in 1455 that Athens passed

A. D. 1444. Cantem. Hist. Crus. Turco-Græc. lib. l. Fanell. Athen. Att. Pacif. Notiz. del duc. d'Ath. Spon. Chandl.

A. D. 1444.

A. D. 1455.

* The time when Nerius died is not known.

under the yoke of the barbarians. It is said that Ma-
A. D. 1458. homet seemed enchanted with the city, that he spared it from plunder, and minutely examined the citadel. He exempted the convent of Cyriani, seated on Mount Hymettus, from all taxes, because the keys of Athens had been delivered to him by its abbot. Some time after, this Francus Acciajuoli was put to death for conspiring against the sultan.

A. D. 1460. Chalcon. Hist. Turc. l. 10. Ducas. Hist. c. 35. Sansow Ann. Turc. Crus. Turc. Græc. l. 1.

Let us now inquire what was the fate of Sparta, or rather of Misitra. I have related that it was governed by Constantine, surnamed Dragazes. This prince, on his departure for Constantinople, to assume the crown which he lost with his life, divided the Morea between his two brothers, Demetrius and Thomas. Demetrius fixed his residence at Misitra, and Thomas at Corinth. These brothers went to war, and had recourse to Mahomet, the murderer of their family and destroyer of their empire. The Turks first drove Thomas from Corinth. He fled to Rome. Mahomet then went to Misitra, and prevailed on the governor, by a bribe, to surrender the citadel. This unfortunate man had no sooner put himself in the hands of the sultan than he ordered him to be sawed through the middle. Demetrius was exiled to Adrianople, and his daughter became Mahomet's wife. The conqueror esteemed and feared the young princess too much not to make her the partner of his bed.

A. D. 1463. Guillet. Laced. anc. et mod.

Three years after this event, Sigismond Malatesta, Prince of Rimini, laid siege to Misitra. He took the town, but, being unable to reduce the castle, he returned to Italy.

A. D. 1464. Chandl. Trav.

The Venetians made a descent at Piræus in 1464, surprised Athens, plundered the city, and retreated with their booty to Eubœa.

A. D. 1555. Cantem. Hist. Oth. l. 3. Coron. Desc. de la. Mor.

During the reign of Solyman I. they ravaged the Morea and took Coron, but were soon afterwards driven out by the Turks.

A. D. 1688. Anct. sup. cit.

They once more conquered Athens and all

the Morea in 1688; the former they again lost almost immediately, but the latter they retained till 1715, when it returned under the dominion of the Mussulmans. At the instigation of Catharine II. the wretched inhabitants of the Peloponnese were induced to make a last and unavailing effort in favour of liberty.

A. D. 1770. Choiseul Voy. de la. Grece.

I have abstained from intermixing the dates of travels in Greece with the historical events. I have mentioned only those of Benjamin of Tudela: his account is of such high antiquity, and gives us so little information, that it may be comprised without inconvenience in the series of facts and annals. We now proceed to the chronology of travels and geographical works.

No sooner had Athens, the slave of the Mussulmans, disappeared in modern history, than she began to receive a new kind of illustration more worthy of her ancient renown. When she ceased to be the patrimony of obscure princes, she resumed, as it were, her ancient empire, and summoned all the arts to her venerable ruins. As early as 1465, Francesco Giambetti made drawings of some of the monuments of Athens. The manuscript of this architect was on vellum, and was preserved in the Barberini library at Rome. It contained, among other curious things, a view of the Tower of the Winds at Athens, and another of the ruins of Lacedæmon, four or five miles from Misitra. On this subject Spon observes, that Misitra does not stand on the site of Sparta, as had been asserted by Guillet, after Sophianus, Niger, and Ortellius; and he adds, "I consider the manuscript of Giambetti as the more curious, because the drawings were taken before the Turks had made themselves masters of Greece, and laid in ruins several fine monuments which were then entire." The observation is just respecting the monuments, but false in regard to the dates: the Turks were masters of Greece in 1465.

A. D. 1465. Franc. Giambetti.

In 1550, Nicholas Gerbel published at Basil his work, intituled, *Pro Declaratione*

A. D. 1550. Gerbel.

Picturæ sive Descriptionis Græciæ Sophiani libri septem. This description, excellent for the time, is clear, concise, and yet substantial. Gerbel says very little concerning ancient Greece; of modern Athens, he observes: Æneas Sylvius Athenas hodiè parvi oppiduli speciem gerere dicit, cujus munitissimam adhuc arcem Florentinus quidam Mahometi tradiderit, ut nimis vere Ovidius dixerit:

Quid Pandioniæ restat, nisi nomen Athenæ?

"O rerum humanarum miserabiles vices! O tragicam humanæ potentiæ permutationem! Civitas olim muris, navalibus, ædificiis, armis, opibus, viris, prudentiâ atque omni sapientiâ florentissima, in oppidulum seu potius vicum, redacta est. Olim libera, et suis legibus vivens; nunc immanissimis belluis, servitutis jugo obstricta. Proficiscere Athenas, et pro magnificentissimis operibus videto rudera et lamentabiles ruinas. Noli, noli nimium fidere viribus tuis; sed in eum confidito qui dicit: Ego Dominus Deus vester."*

This apostrophe of an aged and respectable scholar to the ruins of Athens is highly impressive. We cannot cherish too much gratitude towards those who opened the way for us to the beauties of antiquity.

* "Æneas Sylvius says that Athens, whose very strong citadel was delivered by a certain Florentine to Mahomet, now exhibits the appearance of a very small town, so that Ovid might but too truly exclaim: What, besides the name, is left of Pandionian Athens!

"O the deplorable vicissitudes of human things! O the tragic change of human power! A city once renowned for its walls, harbours, buildings; pre-eminent in arms, wealth, citizens, wisdom, and every species of learning, is now reduced to a petty town, or rather a village. Formerly free and living under its own laws; now oppressed by the most cruel monsters, and bowed down by the yoke of slavery! Go to Athens, and, instead of the most magnificent works, behold heaps of rubbish, and lamentable ruins. Beware, beware of confiding too much in thine own strength, but put thy trust in Him who says, I am the Lord your God."

Dupinet asserted, that Athens in his time was but an insignificant village, exposed to the ravages of foxes and of wolves. A. D. 1554. Dupinet.

Laurenberg, in his description of Athens, emphatically exclaims: *Fuit quondam Græcia, fuerunt Athenæ: nunc neque in Græciâ Athenæ, neque in ipsa Græciâ Græcia est.* "There was a time when Greece, when Athens existed: now neither is there an Athens in Greece, nor is Greece itself any longer to be found. A. D. 1557. Laurenberg.

Ortellius, surnamed the Ptolemy of his time, furnished some new information respecting Greece, in his *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, and in his *Synonima Geographica*, reprinted with the title of *Thesaurus Geographicus*; but he erroneously confounds Sparta and Misitra. He also believed that nothing was left of Athens but a castle and a few cottages: *nunc casulæ tantum supersunt quædam.* A. D. 1578. Ortellius.

Martin Crusius, professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Tübingen, towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century, made diligent inquiries concerning the state of the Peloponnese and Attica. His eight books, intituled *Turco-Græcia*, give an account of Greece from the year 1444 to the time in which he wrote. The first book contains the political and the second the ecclesiastical history of that interesting country. The six others are composed of letters sent to different persons by modern Greeks. Two of these letters, containing some particulars relative to Athens, deserve to be known. The first is addressed in 1575, by Theodore Zygomalas, who styles himself Prothonotary of the great church of Constantinople, "to the learned Martin Crusius, professor of Greek and Latin literature at the University of Tübingen, and very dear in Jesus Christ." A. D. 1584. Crusius, or Kraus. Zygomalas.

"Being a native of Nauplia, a town of the Peloponnese, not far from Athens, I have often been at that city. I have examined with care the objects which it contains, the Areopagus, the Antique Academy, the

Lyceum of Aristotle, lastly, the Pantheon. This edifice is the most lofty, and surpasses all the others in beauty. The exterior all round exhibits in sculpture the history of the Greeks and of the gods. Over the principal entrance in particular, you observe horses which appear absolutely alive, so that you may fancy you hear them neigh.* They are said to be the work of Praxiteles: the soul and genius of the man have been transferred to the stone. There are in this place several other things worthy of notice. I say nothing of the opposite hill on which grow all kinds of herbs useful in medicine;† a hill which I call the garden of Adonis. Neither do I say any thing concerning the serenity of the air, the excellence of the water, and other advantages enjoyed by Athens; whence it happens that its inhabitants, now fallen into barbarism, still retain some remembrance of what they have been. They may be known by the purity of their language: like syrens, they charm all who hear them by the variety of the accents. But why need I say more of Athens? The animal indeed has perished, but the skin remains."

This letter abounds with errors, but it is valuable on account of its ancient date. Zygomalas made known the existence of the temple of Minerva, which was supposed to be destroyed, and which he wrongly denominates the Pantheon.

Cabasilas. The second letter, written to Crusius, by Simeon Cabasilas, a native of Acarnania, furnishes some additions to the information given by the Prothonotary.

"Athens was formerly composed of three parts, all equally populous. At present, the first part, situated on

* *Φρυασσομένους ανδρομέαν σάρκα.*—This expression I do not understand. The Latin version has: *tanquam frementes in carnem humanam.* Spon, who translates part of this passage, has adhered to the Latin version, which is just as obscure to me as the original. He renders it: "which seem to long for a repast of human flesh." I cannot admit this signification, which to me appears absurd, unless Zygomalas means here to allude to the horses of Diomed.

† Probably Mount Hymettus.

an eminence, contains the citadel, and a temple dedicated to the unknown God; and is inhabited by Turks. Between this and the third is situated the second part, where the Christians live together. After this second part comes the third, over which is the following inscription:

THIS IS ATHENS,
THE ANCIENT CITY OF THESEUS.

In this last portion is seen a palace, covered with large marbles, and supported by pillars. Here you still find inhabited houses. The whole city may be six or seven miles in circumference, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants."

Four important things are to be remarked in this description. 1. The Parthenon had been dedicated by the Christians to the unknown God, mentioned by St. Paul. Spon unseasonably cavils with Guillet on the subject of this dedication: Deshayes has mentioned it in his travels. 2. The temple of Jupiter Olympus (the palace covered with marble) or at least great part of it was standing in the time of Cabasilas: no other traveller has seen any thing of it but the ruins. 3. Athens was then divided in the same manner as it is still; but it contained twelve thousand inhabitants, and has now no more than eight thousand. Some inhabited houses were then to be seen near the temple of Jupiter Olympus: that part of the city is now deserted. 4. Lastly, the gate with the inscription: *This is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus*, has stood till our times. On the other side of this gate, next to Hadrianopolis, or *Athenæ novæ*, we read:

THIS IS THE CITY OF ADRIAN,
AND NOT THE CITY OF THESEUS.

Previously to the appearance of the work of Martin Crusius, Belon had published, in 1555, his *Observations on various singular and remarkable things found in Greece*. I have not quoted his work, because this learned botanist visited only the islands of the

Belon.

Archipelago, Mount Athos, and a small portion of Thrace and Macedonia.

A. D. 1625. Deshayes.

D'Anville, in commenting upon Deshayes, has conferred celebrity on his work relative to Jerusalem; but it is not generally known that Deshayes is the first modern traveller who has given us any account of Greece, properly so called: his embassy to Palestine has eclipsed his journey to Athens. He visited that city between the years 1621 and 1630. The lovers of antiquity will not be displeased to find here the original passage of the first Travels to Athens—for that appellation cannot be given to the letters of Zygomalas and Cabasilas.

"From Megara to Athens is but a short stage, which took us less time than we should have been walking two leagues: no garden in the midst of a wood of forest trees can afford greater pleasure to the eye than this road. You proceed through an extensive plain full of olive and orange trees, having the sea on the right, and hills on the left, whence spring so many beautiful streams, that Nature seems to have taken pains to render this country delightful.

"The city of Athens is situated on the declivity and in the vicinity of a rock, imbedded in a plain, which is bounded by the sea on the south, and by pleasant hills that close it towards the north. It is not half so large as formerly, as may be seen from the ruins, to which time has done much less injury than the barbarism of the nations who have so often pillaged and sacked this city. The ancient buildings, still standing, attest the magnificence of those who erected them; for there is no want of marble, or of columns and pilasters. On the summit of the rock is the castle, which is still made use of by the Turks. Among various ancient buildings, is a temple as entire and as unimpaired by the ravages of time as if but recently erected. Its arrangement and construction are admirable; its figure is oval, and without, as well as within, it is supported by three rows of marble columns, decorated on their bases and capitals:

behind each column there is a pilaster of corresponding style and proportion. The Christians of the country assert that this is the very same structure which was dedicated to the Unknown God, and in which St. Paul preached: at present it is used as a mosque, and the Turks assemble there to pray. The city enjoys a very serene air, and the most malignant stars divest themselves of their baleful influences when they turn towards this country. This may easily be perceived, both from its fertility, and from the marbles and stones, which, during the long period that they have been exposed to the atmosphere, are not in the least worn or decayed. You may sleep out of doors bare-headed without experiencing the smallest inconvenience; in a word, the air which you breathe is so agreeable and so temperate, that you perceive a great difference on your departure. As to the inhabitants of the country, they are all Greeks, and are cruelly and barbarously treated by the Turks residing there, though their number is but small. There is a cadi, who administers justice, a sherif, called soubachy, and some janissaries sent hither every three months by the Porte. All these officers received the Sieur Deshayes with great respect when we visited the place, and exempted him from all expences, at the cost of the Grand Signor.

"On leaving Athens you pass through the great plain which is full of olive-trees, and watered by several streams that increase its fertility. After proceeding for a full hour, you reach the shore, where is a most excellent harbour, which was formerly defended by a chain. The people of the country call it the Lion's Harbour, from a large lion of stone which is still to be seen there; but by the ancients it was denominated the harbour of Piræus. It was at this place that the Athenians assembled their fleet, and were accustomed to embark."

The ignorance of Deshayes' secretary, for it is not Deshayes himself who writes, is astonishing; but we see what profound admiration was excited by the view of

the monuments of Athens, when the finest of those monuments still existed in all its glory.

French consuls. The establishment of French consuls in Attica preceded by some years the visit of Deshayes.

A. D. 1630. Stochove. I conceived, at first, that Stochove had been at Athens in 1630; but, on comparing his text with that of Deshayes, I am convinced that this Flemish gentleman merely copied from the French ambassador.

A. D. 1635. Ant. Pacific. Father Antonio Pacifico published, in 1636, at Venice, his Description of the Morea, a work without method, in which Sparta is taken from Misitra.

A. D. 1645. French Missionaries. A few years afterwards Greece witnessed the arrival of some of those missionaries, who spread the name, the glory, and the love of France over the whole face of the globe. The Jesuits of Paris settled at Athens about the year 1645, the Capuchins in 1658, and in 1669, Father Simon purchased the Lantern of Demosthenes, which became the place of entertainment for strangers.

A. D. 1668. De Monceaux. De Monceaux visited Greece in 1668. We have an extract from his travels printed at the end of Bruyn's. He has described antiquities, in the Morea, of which not a vestige is left. De Monceaux travelled with l'Aisné by order of Louis XIV.

The French missionaries whilst engaged in works of charity were not unmindful of those pursuits which were calculated to reflect honour on their country. Father

A. D. 1672. Fath. Babin. Babin, a Jesuit, published, in 1672, an *Account of the present State of the City of Athens*. Spon was the editor of this work. Nothing so complete and so circumstantial on the antiquities of Athens had yet appeared.

A.D.1674. Nointel and Galland. M. de Nointel, the French ambassador to the Porte, passed through Athens in 1674; he was accompanied by Galland, the learned orientalist. He had drawings made of the basso-relievos of the Parthenon. The originals have perished, and we think

ourselves extremely fortunate in still possessing the copies of the Marquis de Nointel. None of these, however, has yet been published, except that which represents the pediment of the temple of Minerva.*

A. D. 1675. Guillet, or La Guilletiere.

In 1675, Guillet, under the assumed name of La Guilletière, published his *Ancient and Modern Athens*. This work, which is a mere romance, occasioned a violent quarrel among the antiquaries. Spon detected Guillet's falsehoods: the latter was nettled, and wrote an attack in the form of a dialogue, on the Travels of the physician of Lyons. Spon now determined not to spare his antagonist; he proved that Guillet, or La Guilletière, had never set foot in Athens, that he had composed his rhapsody from memoirs procured from the missionaries, and produced a list of questions transmitted by Guillet to a capuchin of Patras: nay, more, he gave a catalogue of one hundred and twelve errors, more or less gross, committed by the author of *Ancient and Modern Athens* in his romance.

Guillet, or La Guilletière, is consequently entitled to no credit as a traveller, but his work, at the time of its publication, was not without a degree of merit. Guillet made use of the accounts which he obtained from the Fathers Simon and Barnabas, both of whom were missionaries at Athens; and he mentions a monument, the *Phanari tou Diogenis*, which was not in existence in the time of Spon.

A. D. 1676. Spon and Wheeler.

The Travels of Spon and Wheeler, performed in 1675 and the following year, appeared in 1678. Every reader is acquainted with the merits of this work, in which the arts and antiquities are handled with a critical skill before unknown. Spon's style is heavy and incorrect; but it possesses the candour and the ease which characterize the publications of that day.

A. D. 1676. Winchelsea.

The Earl of Winchelsea, ambassador from the court of London, also visited Athens in 1676, and had several fragments of sculpture conveyed to England.

While the general attention was thus directed to

* In the atlas to the new edition of the Travels of Anacharsis.

A. D. 1676. Guillet, or La Guilletiere. Attica, Laconia was neglected. Guillet, encouraged by the sale of his first imposture, produced in 1676 his *Ancient and Modern Lacedæmon.* Meursius had published his different treatises *de Populis Atticæ, de Festis Græcorum*, &c. &c.; and thus furnished a stock of materials, ready prepared for any writer who chose to treat of Greece. Guillet's second work is full of the grossest blunders on the locality of Sparta. The author insists that Misitra is Lacedæmon; and it was he who first gained credit for that egregrious error. "Nevertheless," says Spon, "Misitra does not stand on the site of Sparta, as I know from M. Giraud, Mr. Vernon, and others."

Giraud. Giraud had been the French consul at Athens for eighteen years when Spon travelled in Greece. He understood the Turkish and Greek languages, as well as the vulgar Greek. He had begun a description of the Morea, but, as he afterwards entered into the service of Great Britain, his manuscript probably fell into the hands of his last employers.

Vernon. Vernon, an English traveller, has left nothing but a letter printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1676. He gives a rapid sketch of his travels in Greece. "Sparta," says he, "is a desert place: Misitra, which is four miles off, is inhabited. You find at Sparta almost all the walls of the towers and the foundations of the temples, with many columns demolished, as well as their capitals. A theatre is yet standing, perfect and entire. It was formerly five miles in circumference, and is situated about a quarter of a mile from the river Eurotas."

It should be observed, that Guillet, in the preface to his last work, mentions several manuscript memoirs on Lacedæmon. "The least defective," says he, "are in the possession of M. Saint Challier, secretary to the French embassy in Piedmont.

We have now arrived at another epoch in the history of the city of Athens. The travellers whom we have hitherto quoted beheld some of the most beautiful monuments of Pericles in all their integrity. Pococke,

Chandler, and Leroi, admired them only in their ruins. In 1687, while Louis XIV. was erecting the colonnade of the Louvre, the Venetians were demolishing the temple of Minerva. I shall speak hereafter of this deplorable event, a consequence of the victories of Konigsmark and Morosini.

Pacifico.

In this same year, 1687, appeared at Venice the Notizia del Ducato d'Atene, by Pietro Pacifico, a small work which displays no marks of taste or pains.

A. D. 1688. Coronelli.

Father Coronelli, in his *Geographical Description of the Morea reconquered by the Venetians,* has shown erudition; but he furnishes no new information, and his quotations and his maps should not be implicitly relied on. The petty military transactions extolled by Coronelli form a striking contrast with the places which are the theatre of them. Among the heroes of this conquest, we remark, however, a prince de Turenne, who fought near Pylos, says Coronelli, with the intrepidity natural to all the members of his house. Coronelli confounds Sparta with Misitra.

Fanelli.

The *Atene Attica* of Fanelli takes up the history of Athens from its origin, and brings it down to the period at which the author wrote. His work is of little importance as far as regards antiquities; but it contains curious particulars of the siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, and a plan of that city, of which Chandler seems to have availed himself.

A. D. 1704. Paul Lucas.

Paul Lucas enjoys a high reputation among the class of travellers, and I am astonished at it: not but that he amuses us with his fables; the battles which he fights single-handed against fifty robbers—the prodigious bones which he meets with at every step—the cities of giants which he discovers—the three or four thousand pyramids which he finds on a public road, and which nobody besides himself ever saw, are diverting stories enough: but then he mangles all the inscriptions that he copies; his plagiarisms are incessant, and his description of Jerusalem is taken verbatim from that of Deshayes. Lastly, he speaks of Athens as if he had

never been there, and what he says of that city is one of the most glaring falsehoods that ever traveller had the impudence to publish.

"Its ruins," says he, "are, as may be supposed, the most remarkable part of Athens. In fact, though the houses are very numerous in that city, and the climate delicious, there are scarcely any inhabitants. Here you find an accommodation that you meet with no where else; whoever pleases may live here without paying any rent, the houses being given away for nothing. For the rest, if this celebrated city surpasses all those of antiquity in the number of monuments which it has consecrated to posterity; it may likewise be asserted that the excellence of its climate has preserved them in better condition than those of any other place in the world, at least, of all such as I have seen. It would seem as if elsewhere people had taken delight in the work of destruction; and war has, in almost every country, occasioned ravages which, while they have ruined the inhabitants, have at the same time disfigured all the monuments of their better days. Athens alone, either accidentally, or from that respect which must necessarily be commanded by a city, once the seat of the sciences, and to which the whole world is under obligation—Athens, I say, was alone spared in the universal destruction. In every part of it you meet with marbles of astonishing beauty and magnitude; they were profusely introduced; and at every step you discover columns of granite and of jasper."

Athens is very populous; houses are not given away there, neither are columns of granite and jasper to be met with at every step: in a word, seventeen years prior to 1704 the monuments of that celebrated city had been demolished by the Venetians. The most singular circumstance is, that we were already in possession of M. de Nointel's drawings and Spon's Travels when Paul Lucas printed this account, worthy of a place in the Arabian Nights.

A. D. 1718. Pellegrin. The Narrative of the Travels of the

Sieur Pellegrin, in the kingdom of Morea, is dated 1718. The author seems to have been a man of little education, and still less science. His paltry pamphlet of one hundred and eighty-two pages is a collection of anecdotes of gallantry, songs, and wretched poetry. The Venetians had remained masters of the Morea from 1685; they lost it in 1715. Pellegrin has sketched the history of this last conquest of the Turks, which is the only interesting part of his work.

A. D. 1728. Fourmont.

The Abbé Fourmont went to the Levant, by order of Louis XV. in quest of inscriptions and manuscripts. I shall have occasion to mention in the present work some of the discoveries made at Sparta by that learned antiquary. His travels have remained in manuscript, and only some fragments of them are known; their publication would be highly desirable, as we possess nothing complete respecting the monuments of the Peloponnese.

A. D. 1739. Pococke.

Pococke visited Athens on his return from Egypt. He has described the monuments of Attica with that accuracy which communicates a knowledge of the arts, but excites no enthusiasm for them.

A. D. 1740. Wood, Dawkins, and Bouverie.

Wood, Dawkins, and Bouverie, were just then making their literary tour in honour of Homer.

A. D. 1758. Leroi.

The first picturesque tour of Greece was that of Leroi. Chandler accuses the French artist of a violation of truth in some of his drawings; and I have myself remarked in them superfluous ornaments. Leroi's sections and plans have not the scrupulous fidelity of Stuart's; but, taking it altogether, his work is a monument honourable to France. Leroi was at Lacedæmon, which he clearly distinguishes from Misitra, and where he recognized the theatre and the *dromos*.

A. D. 1759. Sayer.

I know not, if the *Ruins of Athens* by Robert Sayer be not an English translation of Leroi's book, with new engravings of the plates. I

must likewise acknowledge my ignorance of Pars' work, which Chandler mentions with commendation.

A. D. 1761. Stuart. In 1761, Stuart enriched his country with his celebrated work, intituled, *Antiquities of Athens*. It is a grand undertaking, particularly useful to artists, and executed with that accuracy of admeasurement, which is, at the present day, considered such a high recommendation: but the general effect of the prints is not good; the whole together is deficient in that truth which pervades the details.

A. D. 1764. Chandler. Chandler's Travels, which speedily followed Stuart's *Antiquities*, might enable us to dispense with all the others. In this work the doctor has displayed uncommon fidelity, a pleasing and yet profound erudition, sound criticism, and exquisite taste. I have only one fault to find with him, which is, that he frequently mentions Wheeler, but never introduces the name of Spon without a marked reluctance. Spon certainly deserves to be noticed when the partner of his labours is spoken of: Chandler, as a scholar and a traveller, ought to have forgotten that he was an Englishman. In 1805, he published his last work on Athens, which I have not been able to procure.

A. D. 1773. Riedesel. Riedesel visited the Peleponnese and Attica in 1773. He has filled his little work with many grand reflections on the manners, laws, and religion of the Greeks and Turks. The baron travelled in the Morea three years after the Russian expedition. A great number of monuments had perished at Sparta, at Argos, and at Megalopolis, in consequence of this invasion; in the same manner as the antiquities of Athens owed their final destruction to the expedition of the Venetians.

A. D. 1778. Choiseul. Chabert. The first volume of M. de Choiseul's magnificent work appeared at the beginning of 1778. This performance I shall have frequent occasion to mention with deserved commendation. I shall merely remark in this place, that M. de Choiseul has not yet published the Monuments of Attica and of

the Peloponnese. The author was at Athens in 1784; and it was the same year, I believe, that M. Chabert determined the latitude and longitude of the temple of Minerva.

A. D. 1780. Foucherot and Fauvel.

The researches of Messrs. Foucherot and Fauvel began about 1780, and were prosecuted in the succeeding years. The memoirs of the latter describe places and antiquities heretofore unknown. M. Fauvel was my host at Athens, and of his labours I shall speak in another place.

A. D. 1780. Villoison.

Our great Greek scholar, d'Ansse de Villoison, travelled over Greece nearly about this period, but we have not reaped the benefit of his studies.

A. D. 1785. Lechevalier.

M. Lechevalier paid a hasty visit to Athens in 1785.

A. D. 1794. Scrofani.

The travels of M. Scrofani bear the stamp of the age, that is to say, they are philosophical, political, economical, &c. To the study of antiquity they contribute nothing; but the author's observations on the soil, population, and commerce of the Morea are excellent and new.

At the time of M. Scrofani's travels, two Englishmen ascended the most elevated summit of the Taygetus.

A. D. 1797. Dixo and Nicolo Stephanopoli.

In 1797, Messrs. Dixo and Nicolo Stephanopoli were sent to the republic of Maina by the French government. These travellers highly extol that republic, which has been the subject of much discussion. For my part, I have the misfortune to consider the Mainottes as a horde of banditti, of Sclavonian extraction, and no more the descendants of the ancient Spartans than the Druses are the offspring of the Count de Dreux. I cannot therefore share the enthusiasm of those who behold in these pirates of Taygetus the virtuous heirs of Lacedæmonian liberty.

A. D. 1798. Poucqueville.

M. Poucqueville would certainly be the best guide for the Morea, if he had been able to visit all the places that he has described. He was unfortunately a prisoner at Tripolizza.

Lord Elgin, Swinton, and Hawkins. About this time Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, caused researches and ravages to be made in Greece, which I shall have occasion to praise and to deplore. Soon after him, his countrymen Swinton and Hawkins visited Athens, Sparta, and Olympia.

A. D. 1803. Bartholdi. The *Fragments designed to contribute to the Knowledge of Modern Greece* conclude the list of all these travels. They are indeed but fragments.

Let us now sum up, in a few words, the history of the monuments of Athens. The Parthenon, the temple of Victory, great part of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, another monument denominated by Guillet *the Lantern of Diogenes*, were seen in all their beauty by Zygomalas, Cabasilas, and Deshayes.

De Monceaux, the Marquis de Nointel, Galland, Father Babin, Spon, and Wheeler, also admired the Parthenon while yet entire; but the Lantern of Diogenes had disappeared, and the temple of Victory had been blown up by the explosion of a powder-magazine;* so that no part of it was left standing but the pediment.

Pococke, Leroi, Stuart, and Chandler, found the Parthenon half destroyed by the bombs of the Venetians, and the pediment of the temple of Victory demolished. Since that period the ruins have kept continually increasing. I shall relate in what manner they were augmented by Lord Elgin.

The learned world consoles itself with the drawings of M. de Nointel, and the picturesque tours of Leroi and Stuart. M. Fauvel has taken casts of two cariatides of the Pandroseum and some basso-relievos of the temple of Minerva. A metope of the same temple is in the hands of M. de Choiseul. Lord Elgin took away several others, which, perhaps, perished with the ship that foundered at Cerigo. Messrs. Swinton and Hawkins possess a bronze trophy found at Olympia. The mutilated statue of Ceres Eleusina is also in England.

* This accident happened in 1656.

Lastly, we have in *terra cotta* the choragic monument of Lysicrates. It is a melancholy reflection, that the civilized nations of Europe have done more injury to the monuments of Athens in the space of one hundred and fifty years, than all the barbarians together in a long series of ages; it is cruel to think that Alaric and Mahomet II. respected the Parthenon, and that it was demolished by Morosini and Lord Elgin.

SECOND MEMOIR.

I HAVE already observed that it is my intention to inquire in this Second Memoir into the authenticity of the christian traditions relative to Jerusalem. The history of that city, being involved in no obscurity, has no occasion for preliminary explanations.

The traditions respecting the Holy Land derive their certainty from three sources; from history, from religion, and from places or local circumstances. Let us first consider them in an historical point of view.

Christ, accompanied by his Apostles, accomplished at Jerusalem the mysteries of his passion. The writings of the four Evangelists are the earliest documents that record the actions of the Son of Man. The acts of Pilate, preserved at Rome, in the time of Tertullian,* attested the principal event of that history, the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Redeemer expired. Joseph of Arimathea obtained the sacred body, and deposited it in a tomb at the foot of Calvary. The Messiah rose again on the third day, appeared to his apostles and disciples, gave them his instructions, and then returned to the right hand of his Father. At this time the church commences at Jerusalem.

It is natural to suppose that the first apostles and the relatives of our Saviour, according to the flesh, who

* Apolog. advers. Gent.

composed this first church in the world, were perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances attending the life and death of Jesus Christ. It is essential to remark, that Golgotha was out of the city as well as the Mount of Olives; whence it follows, that the apostles might the more freely perform their devotions in the places sanctified by their divine master.

The knowledge of these places was not long confined within a narrow circle of disciples; Peter, in two harangues, converted eight thousand persons at Jerusalem;* James, the brother of our Saviour, was elected the first bishop of this church, in the year 35 of our era;† and was succeeded by Simeon, the cousin of Jesus Christ.‡ We then find a series of thirteen bishops of Jewish race, who occupy a space of one hundred and twenty-three years, from Tiberius to the reign of Adrian. The names of these bishops are: Justus, Zaccheus, Tobias, Benjamin, John, Mathias, Philip, Seneca, Justus II. Levi, Ephraim, Joseph, and Jude.§

If the first christians of Judea consecrated monuments to their religious worship, is it not probable that they erected them in preference on those spots which had been distinguished by the miracles of their faith? Can it be doubted, that in those times there existed sanctuaries in Palestine, when the believers possessed such at Rome and in all the provinces of the empire? When St. Paul and the other apostles gave exhortations and laws to the churches of Europe and Asia, to whom did they address themselves, unless to a congregation of believers meeting in one common place, under the direction of a pastor? Is not this even implied by the word *Ecclesia*, which in Greek signifies either *an assembly*, or *a place of assembly?* St. Cyril takes it in the latter sense.||

* Acts of the Apostl. c. 2. and 4.
† Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. II. c. 2.
‡ Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 11—33.
§ Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 35. and lib. IV. c. 5.
|| Catech. XVIII.

The election of the seven deacons in the A. D. 33
year 33 of the christian era;* and the first council
held in 51,† show that the apostles had A. D. 51.
particular places of meeting in the Holy City. We find no difficulty in believing also, that the Holy Sepulchre was honoured from the first institution of christianity under the name of *Martyrion*, or *the Testimony*. At least, St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, preaching in 347, in the church of Calvary, says, "This temple does not bear the name of *church* like the others, but is called μαρτύριον, *Testimony*, as the prophet predicted.‡

At the commencement of the troubles in A. D. 70.
Judea, during the reign of Vespasian, the christians of Jerusalem withdrew to Pella,§ and as soon as the city was demolished, they returned to dwell among its ruins. In the space of a few months,‖ they could not have forgotten the position of their sanctuaries, which being, moreover, without the walls, must not have suffered much from the siege. Simeon, the successor of James, governed the church of Judæa, when Jerusalem was taken, since we find the same Simeon, at the age of one hundred and twenty years, receiving the crown of martyrdom during the reign of Trajan.¶ The A. D. 117.
succeeding bishops, whose names I have mentioned, fixed their residence on the ruins of the Holy City, and preserved the christian traditions repecting it.

That the holy places were generally known A. D. 137.
in the time of Adrian is demonstrated by an undeniable fact. That emperor, when he re-built Jerusalem, erected a statue of Venus on Mount Calvary, and another of Jupiter on the holy sepulchre. The grotto of Bethle-

* Acts. c. 6. † Acts. c. 15.

‡ S. Cyr. Cat. XVI. Illum.

§ Euseb. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 5.

‖ Titus appeared before Jerusalem about Easter, in the year 70, and the city was taken in the month of September, the same year.

¶ Eus. Hist. Eccl. lib. III. c. 33.

hem was given up to the rites of Adonis.* The folly of idolatry thus published by its imprudent profanations the silly doctrine of the Cross, which it was so much to its own interest to conceal. The faith made such rapid progress in Palestine before the last insurrection of the Jews, that Barcochehas, the ringleader on this occasion, persecuted the Christians to oblige them to renounce their religion.†

No sooner was the Jewish church of Jerusalem dispersed by Adrian, in the year of Christ 137, than we find the church of the Gentiles established in that city. Mark was its first bishop, and Eusebius gives us a list of his successors till the time of Dioclesian. These were: Cassian, Publius, Maximus, Julian, Caius, Symmachus, Caius II. Julian II. Capiton, Valens, Dolichian, Narcissus, the thirtieth after the apostles,‡ Dius, Germanion, Gordius,§ Alexander,‖ Mazabanes,¶ Hymenæus,** Zabdas, Hermon,†† the last bishop before the persecution of Dioclesian.

A. D. 162. Under Commod.
A. D. 211. Under Severus.
A. D. 217. Und. Car.
A. D. 251. Under Gall.
A. D. 284. Madrin.

Adrian, though so zealous in behalf of his deities, did not persecute the Christians, except those of Jerusalem, whom he doubtless looked upon as Jews, and who were in fact of the Israelitish nation. The apologies of Quadratus and Aristides are supposed to have made an impression upon him.‡‡ He even wrote a letter to Minucius Fundanus, governor of Asia, forbidding him to punish the believers without just cause.§§

A. D. 126.

It is probable that the Gentiles, converted to the faith, lived peaceably at Ælia, or New Jerusalem, till

* Hieron. Epist. ad Paul—Ruff. Sozom. Hist Eccl. lib. II. c. 1.—Socrat. Hist. Eccl. lib. I. c. 17.—Sev. lib. II.—Niceph. lib. XVIII.

† Eus. lib. IV. c. 8.

‡ Eus. lib. V. c. 12.

§ Eus. lib. VI. c. 10.

‖ Id. lib. VI. c. 10. 11.

¶ Id. lib. VII. c. 5.

** Id. lib. VII. c. 28.

†† Id. lib. VII. c. 31.

‡‡ Tillem. Persec. sous Adr.—Eus. lib. VI. c. 3.

§§ Eus. lib. VI. c. 8.

the reign of Dioclesian: this is indeed evident from the list of bishops of that church given above. When Narcissus filled the episcopal chair, the deacons were in want of oil at the feast of Easter: Narcissus we are told performed a miracle on that occasion.* The Christians at this period therefore celebrated the mysteries of their religion in public at Jerusalem, and had consequently altars consecrated to their worship.

A. D. 162. Under Commod.

Alexander, another bishop of Ælia, during the reign of the Emperor Severus, founded a library in his diocese:† now this circumstance must pre-suppose peace, leisure, and prosperity; proscripts never open a public school of philosophy.

A. D. 162.

If the faithful were not at this time allowed the possession of Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and Bethlehem, to celebrate their festivals, the memory of those sanctuaries could not at least be effaced. The very idols served to mark their places; nay more, the Pagans themselves hoped that the Temple of Venus, erected on the summit of Calvary, would not prevent the Christians from visiting that sacred mount; for they rejoiced in the idea that the Nazarenes, when they repaired to Golgotha to pray, would appear to be paying adoration to the daughter of Jupiter.‡ This is a striking proof of the perfect knowledge of the sacred places retained by the church of Jerusalem.

There are writers who go still farther, and assert, that, prior to the persecution of Dioclesian, the Christians of Judea had regained possession of the Holy Sepulchre.§ It is certain that St. Cyril, speaking of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, positively says: "It is not long since Bethlehem was a country place, and Mount Calvary a garden, the traces of which are yet visible."‖ What then had become of the profane edifices? There is every reason to believe

A. D. 326. Under Constant.

* Eus. lib. VI. c. 9. † Eus. lib. VI. c. 20.
‡ Sozom. lib. II. c. 1. § Epitom. Bell. Sacror. tom. VI.
‖ Cateches. XII. and XIV.

that the Pagans of Jerusalem, finding their number too small to maintain their ground against the increasing multitude of the faithful, by degrees forsook the temples of Adrian. If the church, yet exposed to persecution, durst not rebuild its altars at the sacred tomb, it enjoyed at least the consolation of worshipping there unmolested, and of beholding the monuments of idolatry mouldering into ruin.

A. D. 327. We have now arrived at an epoch when the Holy places begin to shine with a lustre no more to be effaced. Constantine, having placed the Christian religion upon the throne, wrote to Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem. He ordered him to cover the tomb of our Saviour with a magnificent church.* Helena, the emperor's mother, went herself to Palestine, and directed search to be made for the Holy Sepulchre. It had been buried under the foundation of Adrian's edifices. A Jew, apparently a Christian, who, according to Sozomenes, had preserved memorials of his forefathers, pointed out the place where the tomb must have been. Helena had the glory to restore to religion the sacred monument. She likewise discovered three crosses, one of which is said to have been recognised by its miracles, as the cross on which the Redeemer suffered.† Not only was a magnificent church erected at the Holy Sepulchre, but two others were built by Helena; one over the manger of the Messiah at Bethlehem, and the other on the Mount of Olives, in memory of the ascension of the Lord.‡ Chapels, oratories, and altars, by degrees marked all the places consecrated by the acts of the Son of Man: the oral traditions were committed to writing, and thus secured from the treachery of memory.

Eusebius, in his *History of the Church,* his *Life of Constantine,* and his *Onomasticum urbium et locorum Sacræ Scripturæ,* has, in fact, described the holy places

* Eus. in Const. lib. III. c. 25-43. Socr. lib. I. c. 9.
† Soc. c. 17.—Sozom. lib. III. c. 1.
‡ Eus. in Const. lib. II. c. 1.

as we see them at the present day. He speaks of the Holy Sepulchre, of Calvary, of Bethlehem, of the Mount of Olives, and the grotto where Christ revealed the mysteries to the apostles.* After him comes St. Cyril, whom I have already quoted more than once: he shows us the sacred stations such as they were before and after their embellishment by Constantine and St. Helena. Socrates, Sozomenes, Theodoret, Evagrius, then give the succession of several bishops from Constantine to Justinian: Macarius,† Maximus,‡ Cyril, § Herennius, Heraclius, Hilarius,‖ John,¶ Sallust, Martyrius, Elias, Peter, Macarius II,** and John,†† the fourth of that name.

A. D. 328. Under Constant. A. D. 361. Under Jul. A. D. 364. Under Val. Theod. and Arcad.

St. Jerome, who retired to Bethlehem about the year 385, has left us, in various parts of his works, the most complete delineation of the sacred places.** "It would be too long," says he, in one of his letters,‡‡ "to go through all the ages, from the ascension of the Lord, to the time in which we live, to relate how many bishops, how many martyrs, how many teachers, have visited Jerusalem, for they would have thought themselves possessed of less piety and learning had they not adored Jesus Christ on the very spot where the gospel began to diffuse its light from the summit of the cross."

A. D. 476. Under Justin. A. D. 579. Under Tiber. II.

St. Jerome declares, in the same letter, that pilgrims from India, Ethiopia, Britain, and Hibernia,‖‖ resorted to Jerusalem, and sung in their various languages the praises of Christ around his tomb. He says that alms were sent from all parts to Calvary; he mentions the principal places of devotion in Palestine, and adds that, in the city of Jerusalem alone, there were so many

* Eus. in Const. lib. III. c. 43.
† Socrat. lib. I. c. 17.
‡ Socrat. lib. II. c. 24.—Sozom. lib. II. c 20.
§ Id. lib. III. c. 20.
‖ Sozom. lib. IV. c. 30.
¶ Sozom. lib. VII. c. 14.
** Evagr. lib. IV. c. 37.
†† Evagr. lib. V. c. 14.
‡‡ Epist. XXII. De situ et nom. loc. hebraic. &c.
§§ Epist. ad Marcel.
‖‖ Epist. XXII.

sanctuaries that it was impossible to visit them all in one day. This letter is addressed to Marcella, and is conjectured to have been written by St. Paula and St. Eustochium, though it is ascribed in manuscripts to St. Jerome. Could then the believers, who, from the days of the apostles to the conclusion of the fourth century, had frequented the tomb of our Saviour, could they, I ask, be ignorant of the situation of that tomb?

A. D. 404. The same father of the church, in his letter to Eustochium, on the death of Paula, thus describes the stations visited by the pious Roman lady:—

"She prostrated herself," says he, "before the cross, on the top of Calvary; at the Holy Sepulchre she embraced the stone which the angel rolled away, and kissed, with particular reverence, the spot where the body of Christ was laid. She saw on Mount Sion the pillar where our Saviour was bound and scourged with rods; the pillar then supported the portal of a church. She desired to be conducted to the place where the disciples were assembled when the Holy Ghost descended upon them. She then repaired to Bethlehem, and stopped by the way at Rachael's sepulchre. She adored the manger of the Messiah, and pictured to herself the wise men and the shepherds as still present there. At Bethphage she found the monument of Lazarus, and the habitation of Martha and Mary. At Sichar she admired a church erected over Jacob's well, where Christ conversed with the Samaritan woman, and lastly, she found at Samaria the tomb of St. John Baptist."*

This letter is of the year 404; consequently more than fourteen centuries have elapsed since it was written. Read all the accounts of the Holy Land, all the travels from Arculfe's to mine, and you will see that the pilgrims have invariably found and described the places marked by St. Jerome. Surely this is at least a high and imposing antiquity.

A proof that the pilgrimages to Jerusalem were of

* Epist. ad Eustoch.

older date than the time of St. Jerome, as that learned writer has expressly said, is to be found in the Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem. This Itinerary was composed, according to the ablest critics, in 333, for the use of the pilgrims from Gaul.* Mannert is of opinion that it was a sketch of the route for some person charged with a commission by the prince:† but it is much more natural to suppose that it was designed for a general purpose; and this is the more probable as the holy places are there described.

So much is certain, that Gregory of Nyssa A. D. 379. censured the abuse, as early as his time, of pilgrimages to Jerusalem.‡ He had himself visited the holy places in 379; he particularly mentions Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, the Mount of Olives, and Bethlehem. We find this journey among the works of the pious bishop, under the title of *Iter Hierosolymæ*. St. Jerome likewise endeavoured to dissuade Paulina from undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.§ A. D. 404.

It was not only priests, recluses, bishops, and doctors that flocked from all quarters to Palestine at the period of which we are treating; but likewise females of high rank, even princesses and empresses. I have already mentioned Paula and Eustochium, and must not omit the two Melanias.‖ The monastery of Bethlehem was filled with the most illustrious families of Rome who fled thither from Alaric. Fifty years before, Eutropia, widow of Maximian Hercules, had made the tour of Palestine, and destroyed the relics of idolatry which still appeared at the fair of Turpentine near Hebron.

In the age succeeding that of St. Jerome, we never lose sight of Calvary. It was then that Theodoret wrote his Ecclesiastical History, in which we find frequent mention of the Christian Sion. We have a still more distinct view of it in the *Lives of the Anchorites*, by the same author. St. Peter, one of their number, A. D. 430.

* See Wess. Pref. in Itin. p. 5. 37. 47.—Berg. Chem. de l'Emp.
† Geog. I. ‡ Epist. ad Ambros.
§ Epist. ad Paulin. ‖ Epist. XXII.

performed the sacred journey.* Theodoret himself passed through Palestine, where he surveyed with astonishment the ruins of the Temple.† The two pilgrimages of the empress Eudocia, wife of Theodosius the younger, took place in this century. She caused monasteries to be erected at Jerusalem, and there ended her
A. D. 450. days in retirement. ‡

A. D. 500. The commencement of the sixth century furnishes us with the Itinerary of Antoninus of Placentia: he describes all the stations like St. Jerome. In this account, I remark the *burial-place of pilgrims,* at the gate of Jerusalem, which plainly evinces the affluence of these pious travellers. The author found Palestine covered with churches and monasteries. He says, that the Holy Sepulchre was adorned with precious stones, jewels, crowns of gold, necklaces, and bracelets. §

A. D. 573. Gregory of Tours, the earliest historian of the French monarchy, also speaks in this century of the pilgrimages to Jerusalem. One of his deacons, having gone to the Holy Land, had, with four other travellers, beheld a miraculous star at Bethlehem. ‖ According to the same historian, there was then at Jerusalem a spacious monastery for the reception of travellers.¶ It was, without doubt, the same establishment that Brocard found two hundred years after.

A. D. 593. In the same century also it was that Justinian exalted the Bishop of Jerusalem to the patriarchal dignity. The emperor presented to the Holy Sepulchre the sacred vessels which Titus had carried away from the Temple. These vessels, which in 455 had fallen into the hands of Genseric, were recovered by Belisarius at Carthage.**

* Hist. Relig. c. 6. † Serm. II. De Fine et Judicio.
‡ Evagr. c. 20.—Zonar. in Theod. II. This illustrious Athenian lady has already been mentioned in the first Memoir.
§ Itin. de Loc. Terr. Sanct.
‖ Greg. Tur. de Martyr. lib. I. c. 10. ¶ Id. c. 11.
** Procop. de Bell. Vand. lib. XI.

Cosroes took Jerusalem in 613. Heraclius restored to the tomb of Christ the real cross which the Persian monarch had taken away. Twenty-three years afterwards, Omar made himself master of the Holy City, which continued under the yoke of the Saracens till the time of Godfrey de Bouillon. In another part of this work will be found the history of the church of the Holy Sepulchre during these calamitous ages. It was saved by the invincible constancy of the Believers of Judea: they never abandoned it, and the pilgrims, emulating their zeal, ceased not to throng to the sacred shore.

A. D. 613.

A. D. 636.

Some years after Omar's conquest, Arculfe visited Palestine. Adamannus, abbot of Iona, a British island, drew up a description of the Holy Land, from the account of the French bishop. This curious description is yet extant. Seranius published it in 1619, at Ingolstadt, under this title: *De Locis Terræ Sanctæ, lib.* 3. An extract from it may be found in the works of the venerable Bede: *De Situ Hierusalem et Locorum Sanctorum liber.* Mabillon has introduced the performance of Adamannus into his great collection: *Acta S. S. Ordin. Benedicti* II. 514.

Arculfe describes the holy places as they were in the time of St. Jerome, and as we behold them at the present day. He represents the church of the Holy Sepulchre as a circular building: he found churches and oratories at Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, in the garden of the same name, and in that of Gethsemane. He admired the magnificent church at Bethlehem. These are precisely the same objects as are still shown, and yet this description is of about the year 690, if we place the death of Adamannus in 704.* It is to be observed that, in the time of St. Arculfe, Jerusalem still went by the name of Ælia.

A. D. 690.

In the eighth century, we have two narratives of *Travels to Jerusalem*, by St. Guille-

A. D. 700.

A. D. 765.

* Guil. Cav. Script. Eccl. Hist. litter. p. 328.

baud:* in which the same places continue to be described, and the same traditions to be faithfully repeated. These narratives are short, but the essential stations are marked. The learned William Cave † mentions a manuscript of the venerable Bede, *in bibliotheca Gualtari Copi, cod.* 169, under the title of *Libellus de Sanctis Locis.* Bede was born in 672, and died in 732. Whatever may be the nature of this little work, it must be placed in the eighth century.

A. D. 800. During the reign of Charlemagne, at the commencement of the ninth century, the caliph Haroun al Raschid ceded to the French emperor the property of the Holy Sepulchre. Charles sent alms to Palestine, for one of his capitularies is extant, with this head: *De Eleemosynâ mittendâ ad Jerusalem.* The patriarch of Jerusalem had solicited the protection of the monarch of the west. Eginhard adds, that Charlemagne protected the Christians beyond sea. ‡ At this period the Latin pilgrims possessed an hospital to the north of Solomon's Temple, near the convent of St. Mary; and Charlemagne made a present of a library to this establishment. We are informed of these particulars by Bernard, a monk, who was in Palestine about the year 870.

A. D. 870. His account, which is very circumstantial, gives all the positions of the sacred places. §

A. D. 905. Elias, the third of that name, patriarch of Jerusalem, wrote to Charles the Fat, at the commencement of the tenth century, soliciting his assistance towards the rebuilding of the churches of Judea. "We shall not," says he, "enter into any recapitulation of our misfortunes; they must be well known to you from the pilgrims who daily come to visit the holy places, and who return to their own country." ‖

* Canisii Thesaur. Mon. Eccles. et Hist. a Barn. tom. II. p. 1. —Mabil. II. 372.

† Guil. Cav. Script. Eccl. Hist. litter. p. 330.

‡ In Vit. Car. Mag.

§ Mabill. Act. S. S. Ord. S. Ben. sect. III. part 2.

‖ Acherii Spicileg. tom. II. Edit. à Barr.

The eleventh century, which terminates A. D. 1000.
with the crusades, furnishes several travellers in the Holy Land. Oldric, bishop of Orleans, witnessed the ceremony of the sacred fire at the Holy Sepulchre.* Glaber's chronicle, it is true, should be read with caution; but we have here to record a fact, not to discuss a point of criticism. Allatius, in *Symmictis, sive Opusculis*, &c. has also handed down to us the journey to Jerusalem of Eugesippus, a Greek. Most of the sacred places are described in it, and this account agrees with all that we know on the subject. In the
course of this century, William the Conqueror A. D. 1069.
sent considerable alms to Palestine. Finally, the travels of Peter the Hermit, which were attended with such important consequences, and the crusades themselves, prove how strongly the attention of the Christian world was attracted to that remote region where the mystery of salvation was accomplished.

Jerusalem continued in the hands of French A. D. 1100.
princes eighty-eight years; and the historians of the collection *Gesta Dei per Francos* have recorded every thing that occurred in the Holy Land during that period. Benjamin of Tudela visited Judea about the
year 1173. A. D. 1173.

When Saladin had retaken Jerusalem from A. D 1187.
the crusaders, the Syrians ransomed the
church of the Holy Sepulchre for a considerable sum,† and pilgrims still continued to visit Palestine in defiance of all the dangers attending the expedition.

Phocas in 1208,‡ Willebrand of Oldenberg A. D. 1200.
in 1211, Jacob Vetraco, or of Vetri, in 1231,§ and Brocard, a Dominican friar, in 1283,‖ visited the sacred places, and repeated, in their Travels, all that had been said before them on the subject.

* Glaber. Chronic. lib. IV. Apud Duch. Hist. Franc.
† Sanut. Lib. Secret. Fidel. Cruc. Sup. Terr. Sanct. II.
‡ Itiner. Hieros. ap. Allat. Symmict.
§ Lib. de Terr. Sanct.
‖ Descript. urb. Jerus. et Loc. Terr. Sanct.

A. D. 1300. For the fourteenth century we have Ludolph,* Mandeville,† and Sanuto.‡

A. D. 1400. For the fifteenth, Breidenbach,§ Tuchor,‖ and Langi.¶

A. D. 1500. For the sixteenth, Heyter,** Salignac,†† Pascha,‡‡ &c.

A. D. 1600. For the seventeenth, Cotovic, Nau, and a hundred more.

A. D. 1700. For the eighteenth, Maundrell, Pococke, Shaw, and Hasselquist.§§

These travels, which are multiplied *ad infinitum*, are all repetitions of each other, and confirm the traditions relative to Jerusalem in the most invariable and striking manner.

What an astonishing body of evidence is here! The apostles saw Jesus Christ; they knew the places honoured by the Son of Man; they transmitted the tradition to the first Christian church of Judea; a regular succession of bishops was established, and religiously preserved the sacred tradition. Eusebius appeared, and the history of the holy places commenced. It was continued by Socrates, Sozomenes, Theodoret, Evagrius, and St. Jerome. Pilgrims thronged thither from all parts. From this period to the present day an uninterrupted series of travels for fourteen centuries gives us the same facts and the same descriptions. What tradition was ever supported by such a host of witnesses? He who has doubts on this subject must refuse credit to every thing: and, besides, I have not made all the use of the crusades that I might have done. To all these

* De Terr. Sanct. et Itin. Hierosol.
† Descript. Jerusalem. ‡ Lib. Secret. Fidel. Cruc.
§ Peregrinat. ad Sepulch. Dom.
‖ Reise-beschreib. zum heil. grab.
¶ Hierosol. Urb. Templ. ** Lib. Hist. Part. Orient.
†† Itin. Ierosol. et Terr. Sanct.
‡‡ Peregrin. cum exact. Descript. Jerusalem.
§§ I shall add no more to this list, which, perhaps, is already too long. In the following sheets will be found the names of many other travellers that are here omitted.

historical proofs I shall add some reflections on the nature of religious traditions, and on the local situation of Jerusalem.

It is certain that religious traditions are not so easily lost as those which are purely historical. The former are in general treasured in the memory of but a small number of enlightened persons, who may forget the truth, or disguise it according to their passions: the latter are circulated among a whole nation, and mechanically transmitted from father to son. If the principles of religion are rigid, as is the case with Christianity; if the slightest deviation from a fact or an idea becomes a heresy, it is the more probable that whatever relates to that religion will be preserved from age to age with scrupulous fidelity.

I know that, in a long series of years, an extravagant piety, an indiscreet zeal, the ignorance attached to the times and to the inferior classes of society, may overload a religion with traditions which will not stand the test of criticism; but the ground-work still remains. Eighteen centuries, all pointing out the same facts and the same monuments in the same places, cannot err. If certain objects of devotion have been mistakenly multiplied at Jerusalem, this is no reason for rejecting the whole as an imposture. Let us not, moreover, forget that Christianity was persecuted in its cradle, and that it has almost always continued to suffer at Jerusalem. Now it is well known what fidelity prevails among partners in affliction: to such every thing becomes sacred, and the remains of a martyr are preserved with greater respect than the crown of a monarch. The child that can scarcely lisp is already acquainted with this treasure: carried at night by his mother to perilous devotions, he hears the singing, he beholds the tears of his kindred and friends, which engrave upon his tender memory objects that he can never afterwards forget; and, at an age when he might naturally be expected to display nothing but cheerfulness, frankness, and levity,

he learns to be grave, discreet, and prudent—adversity is premature old age.

I find in Eusebius a remarkable proof of this veneration for a sacred relic. He relates that, in his time, the Christians of Judea still preserved the chair of St. James, the brother of our Saviour, and the first bishop of Jerusalem. Gibbon himself could not forbear admitting the authenticity of the religious traditions current in Palestine. "They," (the Christians) says he, "fixed by unquestionable tradition the scene of each memorable event;"—an acknowledgment of considerable weight from a writer so well-informed, and at the same time so prejudiced against religion.

Finally, the traditions concerning places are not so apt to be distorted as those relative to facts, because the face of the earth is not so liable to change as that of society. This is judiciously remarked by d'Anville, in his excellent Dissertation on ancient Jerusalem.* "The local circumstances," says he, "and such as are determined by Nature herself, have no share in the changes which time and the fury of man have made in Jerusalem." Accordingly, d'Anville, with wonderful sagacity, discovers in the modern city the whole plan of ancient Jerusalem.

The scene of the Passion, if we extend it from the Mount of Olives to Calvary, occupies no more than a league of ground; and in this little space how many objects may be traced with the greatest ease! In the first place, there was a hill denominated the Mount of Olives, which overlooks the city and the Temple on the east; this hill is yet there, and has not changed. There was the brook Cedron, and this stream is the only one that passes near Jerusalem. There was an eminence at the gate of the ancient city where criminals were put to death: this eminence is easily discoverable between Mount Sion and the gate of Judg-

* For this Dissertation, see Appendix No. I.

ment, of which some vestiges still exist. It is impossible to mistake Sion, because it is still the highest hill in the city. "We are assured," says the great geographer already quoted, "of the limits of the city in that part which Sion occupied. It is this part that advances farthest towards the south; and you are not only fixed in such a manner that you cannot comprehend a greater space on that side, but the utmost breadth to which the site of Jerusalem can possibly extend in this place is determined on the one hand by the declivity of Sion, which faces the west, and on the other, by its opposite extremity towards Cedron."

This reasoning is excellent, and any one would suppose that it was suggested to d'Anville by an ocular examination of the place.

Golgotha then was a small eminence of Mount Sion, to the east of that mount, and to the west of the gate of the city: this eminence, on which now stands the church of the Resurrection, is still perfectly distinguishable. We know that Christ was buried in the garden at the foot of Calvary: now this garden and the house belonging to it could not disappear at the foot of Golgotha, a hill, whose base is not so large that a building situated there could possibly be lost.

The Mount of Olives and the brook Cedron fix, in the next place, the valley of Jehosaphat; and the latter determines the position of the Temple on Mount Moria. The Temple furnishes the site of the Triumphal Gate, and Herod's palace, which Josephus places to the east, in the lower part of the city, and near the Temple. The Prætorium of Pilate was nearly contiguous to Antonia's tower, the foundations of which are known. The tribunal of Pilate and Calvary being thus ascertained, the last scene of the Passion may safely be placed upon the road leading from the one to the other; especially as a fragment of the gate of Judgment is yet left to guide us. This road is the *Via dolorosa,* so celebrated in the accounts of all the pilgrims.

The scenes of the acts of Christ without the city are

not marked with less certainty by the places themselves. The garden of Olivet, beyond the valley of Jehosaphat and the brook Cedron, is manifestly at this day in the position assigned to it by the gospel.

I could add a multitude of facts, conjectures, and reflections, to those which I have adduced; but it is time to conclude this Introduction, already of too great length. Whoever will examine with candour the reasons advanced in this Memoir must admit, that if any thing on earth has been demonstrated, it is the authenticity of the Christian traditions concerning Jerusalem.

TRAVELS TO JERUSALEM.

PART THE FIRST.

GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

Motives for Travelling—Milan—Venice—Trieste—Embarkation for the Morea—Aspect of the Mediterranean Sea—A Storm—Fano, or Calypso's Island—Sunset—Effect of Climate on Taste—Corfu—Cefalonia—St. Maura—Zante—Modon—The Aga—Banditti—The Author Lands—History of Modon—Departure—Order of March—Journey to Coron.

To the principal motive which impelled me after so many peregrinations to leave France once more, were added other considerations. A voyage to the East would complete the circle of studies which I had always promised myself to accomplish. In the deserts of America I had contemplated the monuments of Nature; among the monuments of man, I was yet acquainted with only two species of antiquities, the Celtic and the Roman: I had still to visit the ruins of Athens, of Memphis, and of

Carthage. I was therefore solicitous to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem :

Qui devoto
Il grand sepolcro adora, e scioglie il voto.

At the present day it may appear somewhat strange to talk of vows and pilgrimages ; but in regard to this subject I have no sense of shame, and have long ranged myself in the class of the weak and superstitious. Probably I shall be the last Frenchman that will ever quit his country to travel to the Holy Land, with the idea, the object, and the sentiments, of an ancient pilgrim. But if I have not the virtues which shone of yore in the Sires de Coucy, de Nesle, de Castillon, de Montfort, faith at least is left me ; and by this mark I might yet be recognized by the ancient crusaders.

" And when I was about to depart and commence my journey," says the Sire de Joinville, " I sent for the Abbé de Cheminon, to reconcile myself with him. And I girded myself with my scarf, and took my staff in my hand, and presently I set out from Joinville, without ever entering the castle afterwards, till my return from the voyage beyond sea. And so as I went from Bleicourt to Saint Urban, when I was obliged to pass near the castle of Joinville, I durst not turn my face that way, lest I should feel too great regret, and my heart should be too strongly affected."

On quitting my country again, the 13th July, 1806, I was not afraid to turn my head, like the Seneschal of Champagne ; almost a stranger in my native land, I left behind me neither castle nor cottage.

From Paris to Milan the route was not new to me : at Milan I took the road to Venice : all around, the country appeared nearly like the Milanese, one

dull but fertile morass. I gave a few moments to the monuments of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua. On the 23rd, I arrived at Venice, and spent five days in examining the remains of its former grandeur. I was shown some good pictures by Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and his brother, Bassano, and Titian. I sought in a deserted church the tomb of the latter, and had some difficulty to find it, as I had once before at Rome to discover the sepulchre of Tasso. After all, the ashes of a religious and unfortunate poet are not very much out of their place in an hermitage. The bard of Jerusalem seems to have sought a last asylum in this obscure spot, to escape the persecutions of men: he fills the world with his fame, and himself reposes unknown, beneath the orange tree of St. Onuphrius.

I left Venice on the 28th, and at ten at night embarked for *terra firma*. We had a breeze from the south-east sufficient to fill the sail, but not to ruffle the sea. As the vessel proceeded, I beheld the lights of Venice sink into the horizon; and distinguished, like spots upon the surface of the deep, the shadows of the different islands scattered along the coast. These islands, instead of being covered with forts and bastions, are occupied by churches and monasteries. The sound of the clocks belonging to the hospitals and lazarets reached our ears, and excited no ideas but those of tranquillity and succour, in the midst of the empire of storms and dangers. We approached so near to one of these retreats as to perceive the monks watching our gondola as it passed: they looked like old mariners, who, after long peregrinations, have returned to port. Perhaps they gave their benediction to the voyager, recollecting that, like him, they had themselves been strangers in the land of Egypt.

I reached the main land before daybreak, and took a post-chaise to carry me to Trieste. I turned not out of my road to visit Aquileia: I felt no temptation to examine the breach by which the Goths and Huns penetrated into the native country of Horace and Virgil, or to seek the traces of those armies which were the instruments of the wrath of the Almighty. On the 29th, at noon, I entered Trieste. The city is regularly built, and seated in a very fine climate, at the foot of a chain of sterile mountains: it contains no monument of antiquity. The last breeze of Italy expires on this shore, for here the empire of barbarism commences.

M. Seguier, the French consul at Trieste, had the kindness to undertake to procure me a passage. He met with a ship ready to sail for Symrna, the captain of which took me on board with my attendant. It was agreed that he should set me on shore as he passed on the coast of the Morea; that I should proceed by land across the Peloponnesus; that the vessel should wait for me some days at the Cape of Attica; and that, if at the expiration of this time I failed to make my appearance, she should then pursue her voyage.

We weighed anchor at one in the morning of the 1st of August. The wind was contrary as we left the harbour. Istria exhibited a low tract of coast, bordered in the interior of the country by a chain of mountains. The Mediterranean, placed in the centre of the civilized world, studded with smiling islands, and washing shores planted with the myrtle, the palm, and the olive, instantly reminds the spectator of that sea which gave birth to Apollo, to the Nereids, and to Venus; whereas, the ocean, deformed by tempests, surrounded by unknown regions, was well calculated to be the

cradle of the phantoms of Scandinavia, or the domain of those Christian nations who form such an awful idea of the greatness and omnipotence of God.

On the 2nd, about noon, the wind became favourable, but the clouds which gathered in the west announced an approaching storm. We heard the first clap of thunder off the coast of Croatia: at three o'clock the sails were furled, and a taper was set up in the captain's cabin, at the feet of an image of the Blessed Virgin. I have elsewhere remarked how affecting is that religion which ascribes the dominion over tempests, or rather the power of appeasing them, to a feeble woman. Sailors on shore may turn free-thinkers as well as any others, but human wisdom is disconcerted in the hour of danger: man then becomes religious; and the torch of philosophy cheers him in the midst of a storm, much less than a lamp lighted up before Madonna.

At seven in the evening the tempest was at its height. Our Austrian captain began a prayer amid torrents of rain and peals of thunder. We prayed for Francis II., for ourselves, and for the mariners *sepolti in questo sacro mare.* The sailors, some standing and uncovered, others prostrate upon the deck, also prayed responsive to the captain.

The storm continued during part of the night. All the sails being furled, and the crew having gone below, I remained almost alone by the steersman at the helm. In this situation I had formerly passed whole nights on the most tempestuous seas; but I was then young, and the roar of the billows, the solitude of ocean, winds, rocks, and dangers, were to me so many sources of enjoyment. I have perceived in this last voyage that the face of objects

has changed for me. I am now capable of duly appreciating all those reveries of early youth; and yet such is the inconsistency of man, that I again listened to the syren voice of Hope, that I again went forth to collect images, and to seek colours with which to adorn pictures, destined perhaps to draw down upon me vexations and persecution. I paced the quarter-deck, and from time to time scrawled a note with my pencil by the light of the lamp placed near the compass in the steerage. The man at the helm looked at me with astonishment: he took me I suppose for a French naval officer, busily engaged like himself with the ship's course—he knew not that my compass was not so good as his, and that he should make the port with greater certainty than I.

The next day, August 3rd, the wind having settled in the north-west, we swiftly passed the isles of Pommo and Pelagosa. Leaving the last of the islands of Dalmatia on our left, we descried on our right Mount St. Angelo, the ancient Garganus, which covers Manfredonia, near the ruins of Siponntum on the coast of Italy.

On the 4th it fell calm: a breeze sprung up at sun-set, and we continued our course. At two o'clock, the night being magnificent, I heard a cabin-boy singing the commencement of the seventh canto of the Jerusalem:

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrose piante, &c.

The tune was a kind of recitative, very high in the intonation, and descending to the lowest notes towards the conclusion of the verse. This picture of rural felicity delineated by a mariner in the midst of the sea, appeared to me more enchanting than ever. The ancients, our masters in every thing, well knew the effect of these moral contrasts. The-

ocritus has sometimes placed his swains on the margin of the deep; and Virgil loves to bring together the recreations of the husbandman, and the labours of the mariner:

> Invitat genialis hyems, curasque resolvit:
> Ceu pressæ cum jam portum tetigêre carinæ,
> Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuêre coronas.

On the 5th the wind was violent: it brought us a greyish bird, nearly resembling a lark; it was hospitably received. Sailors are in general pleased with whatever forms a contrast to their turbulent life: they delight in every thing connected with the remembrance of rural life, as the barking of dogs, the crowing of the cock, the flight of land birds. At eleven in the morning of the same day, we were at the gates of the Adriatic; that is to say, between Cape Otranto in Italy and Linguetta in Albania.

I was now on the frontiers of Grecian antiquity, as well as on the confines of Latin antiquity. Pythagoras, Alcibiades, Scipio, Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, Augustus, Horace, Virgil, had crossed this sea. What different fortunes all those celebrated characters consigned to the inconstancy of these same billows! And I, an obscure traveller, passing over the effaced track of the vessels which carried the great men of Greece and Italy, was repairing to their native land in quest of the Muses; but I am not Virgil, and the gods no longer dwell upon Olympus.

We advanced towards the island of Fano: it bears, together with the rock of Merlera, the name of Othonos or Calypso's island, in some ancient maps. D'Anville seems to distinguish it by this appellation; and M. Lechevalier adduces the authority of this geographer in support of his opinion that Funo was the place where Ulysses so long de-

plored his absent country. Procopius somewhere observes, that, if one of the small islands surrounding Corfu be taken for the island of Calypso, this will give probability to Homer's narrative. In this case, indeed, a boat would suffice to proceed from this island to that of Scheria (Corcyra, or Corfu;) but the passage must have been attended with great difficulties. Ulysses departs with a favourable wind, and, after a voyage of eighteen days, he perceives Scheria rising like a shield above the surface of the deep. Now if Fano be Calypso's island, it is close to Scheria. Instead of requiring a navigation of eighteen whole days to descry the coast of Corfu, Ulysses must have seen it from the wood where he constructed his vessel. Pliny, Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, the anonymous author of Ravenna, throw no light on this subject; but Wood and the moderns may be consulted respecting the geography of Homer. All these, with Strabo, place the island of Calypso in that part of the Mediterranean situated between Africa and Malta.

For the rest, Fano shall be with all my heart the enchanted island of Calypso, though to me it appeared but a small heap of whitish rocks: I will there plant, if you please, with Homer, "a forest, dried by the sun's fervid rays, of pines and alders filled with the nests of sea-crows;" or with Fenelon, "I will there find groves of orange-trees, and mountains whose singular shapes form an horizon as diversified as the eye could wish." I envy not him who would not behold nature with the eyes of Fenelon and of Homer.

The wind having lulled about eight o'clock in the evening, and the sea being perfectly smooth, the ship remained motionless. Here I enjoyed the first sun-set and the first night beneath the sky of

Greece. To the left we had the island of Fano, and that of Corcyra stretching away to the east; beyond these were seen the high lands of the continent of Epire; the Acroceraunian mountains, which we had passed, formed to the northward behind us a circle which terminated at the entrance of the Adriatic; on our right, that is to the west, the sun went down beyond the coast of Otranto; and before us was the open sea, extending to the shores of Africa.

The colours produced by the setting sun were not brilliant; that luminary descended between clouds which he tinged with a roseate hue; he sunk below the horizon, and twilight supplied his place for half an hour. During this short interval, the sky was white in the west, light blue at the zenith, and pearl grey in the east. The stars, one after another, issued from this admirable canopy; they appeared small, not very bright, but shed a golden light, so soft that it is impossible for me to convey any idea of it. The horizon of the sea, skirted with a slight vapour, was blended with that of the sky. At the foot of Fano, or the island of Calypso, was seen a flame, kindled by fishermen. With a little stretch of imagination, I might have seen the Nymphs setting fire to the ship of Telemachus; and, had I been so disposed, I might have heard Nausicaa sportively conversing with her companions, or Andromache's lamentation on the banks of the false Simoïs, since I could perceive at a distance, through the transparent night, the mountains of Scheria and Buthrotum.

Prodigiosa veterum mendacia vatum.

The climate operates more or less upon the taste of nations. In Greece, for instance, a suavity, a softness, a repose, pervade all nature, as well as the works of the ancients. You may almost conceive, as it were by intuition, why the architecture of the

Parthenon has such exquisite proportions; why ancient sculpture is so unaffected, so tranquil, so simple, when you have beheld the pure sky, and the delicious scenery of Athens, of Corinth, and of Ionia. In this native land of the Muses, Nature suggests no wild deviations; she tends, on the contrary, to dispose the mind to the love of the uniform and of the harmonious.

The calm continued on the 6th, and I had abundant leisure to survey Corfu, in ancient times, alternately called Drepanum, Macria, Scheria, Corcyra, Ephisa, Cassiopea, Ceraunia, and even Argos. Upon this island Ulysses was cast naked after his shipwreck. Would to God that the country of Alcinous had never been celebrated, but for fictitious misfortunes! In spite of myself, I called to mind the troubles of Corcyra, which Thucydides has so eloquently related. It seems, however, as if Homer, in singing the gardens of Alcinous, had attached something poetical and marvellous to the destinies of Scheria. There Aristotle expiated, in banishment, the errors of a passion which philosophy has not always the strength to surmount. Alexander, in his youth, having quitted the court of his father Philip, landed at Corcyra, and the islanders beheld the first step of the armed stranger, who was destined to visit all the nations of the globe. Several natives of Corcyra won crowns at the Olympic games; their names were immortalized by the verses of Simonides and the statues of Polycletus. Consistently with its twofold destiny, Corcyra continued to be, under the Romans, the theatre of glory and misfortune. Cato, after the battle of Pharsalia, met Cicero, at Corcyra. What a fine subject to work upon would be the interview between these two Romans! What men! what sorrows! what

vicissitudes of fortune! We should behold Cato offering to relinquish to Cicero the command of the last republican legions, because Cicero had been consul. They would then separate; the one to tear out his bowels at Utica, the other to carry his head to the triumvirs. Not long afterwards Anthony and Octavia celebrated at Corcyra that fatal marriage, which proved the source of so much affliction to the world; and scarcely had half a century elapsed, when Agrippina repaired to the same place to pay funeral honours to Germanicus: as if this island were destined to furnish two historians, rivals in genius as in language,* with the subject of the most admirable of their pictures.

Another order of things and events, of men and manners, frequently brings forward the name of Corcyra, at that time Corfu, in the histories of Byzantium, of Naples, and of Venice, and in the collection entitled *Gesta Dei per Francos.* It was from Corfu that the army of crusaders, which seated a French gentleman on the throne of Constantinople, took its departure. But, were I to say any thing concerning Apollidorus, bishop of Corfu, who distinguished himself by his doctrine at the Council of Nice, concerning St. Arsenius and George, likewise prelates of this island; were I to observe that the church of Corfu was the only one which escaped the persecution of Dioclesian, or that Helena, the mother of Constantine, set out from Corfu on her pilgrimage to the east; I should be afraid of exciting a smile of compassion in the face of the free-thinker. How is it possible to bring in the names of St. Jason and St. Sopistratus, apostles of the Corcyræans, during the reign of Claudius, after

* Thucydides and Tacitus.

having mentioned Homer, Aristotle, Alexander, Cicero, Cato, and Germanicus? And yet is a martyr to independence a greater character than a martyr to truth? Is Cato, devoting himself for the liberties of Rome, more heroic than Sopistratus, suffering himself to be burned in a brazen bull, for proclaiming to men that they are brethren, that they ought to love and succour one another, and exalt themselves to the presence of the true God by the practice of virtue?

I had abundant leisure for these reflections on beholding the shores of Corfu, off which we were detained by a profound calm. The reader perhaps wishes for a favourable wind, to waft me to Greece, and to relieve him from my digressions: such a wind we had on the morning of the 7th. A breeze from the north-west sprung up, and we passed Cefalonia. On the 8th, we had on our left Leucate, now St. Maura, which was blended in the view with a lofty promontory of the island of Ithaca and the low-lands of Cefalonia. You no longer discover in the country of Ulysses either the forest of Mount Nereus, or the thirteen pear-trees of Laertes. These last have disappeared, as well as the two still more venerable trees of the same kind, which Henry IV. gave for a watchword to his army at the battle of Ivry. I paid my distant salutations to the cottage of Eumæus and to the tomb of the faithful dog. We know of but one dog celebrated for his ingratitude; he was called Math, and belonged, if I recollect rightly, to one of the kings of England, of the house of Lancaster. History has been at the pains to record the name of this ungrateful animal, as she preserves that of a man who continues faithful amidst adversity.

On the 9th, we coasted along Cefalonia, and

rapidly approached Zante, the *nemorosa Zacynthos.* The inhabitants of this island were looked upon in ancient times as being of Trojan origin: they pretended to be the descendants of Zacynthus, the son of Dardanus, who conducted a colony hither. They founded Saguntum in Spain; they were fond of the arts, and delighted in hearing the verses of Homer sung: they frequently afforded an asylum to proscribed Romans, and it has even been asserted that Cicero's ashes were found among them. If Zante has actually been the refuge of exiles, gladly would I decree it any honours, and subscribe to its appellations of *Isola d'oro* and *Fior di Levante.* The latter reminds me that the hyacinth originally came from Zante, and that this island received its name from the flower which it had produced: thus, in order to confer honour on a mother, the ancients sometimes added the name of her daughter to her own. In the middle ages, we find a tradition that is not generally known, relative to the island of Zante. Robert Guiscard, duke of Apulia, died at Zante, on his way to Palestine. It had been foretold that he should expire at Jerusalem; whence it has been concluded, that in the fourteenth century the whole island, or some place in it, was thus denominated. At the present day Zante is celebrated for its springs of petroleum, as it was in the time of Herodotus, and its currants rival those of Corinth.

Between the Norman pilgrim Robert Guiscard, and myself a Breton pilgrim, it is indeed a good many years; but in this interval the Seigneur de Villamont, my countryman, passed by Zante. He set out in 1588, from the duchy of Bretagne for Jerusalem. "Courteous reader," says he, at the commencement of his travels, "thou wilt receive

this my little work, and correct, if thou pleasest, the faults which it may happen to contain; and, receiving it with as good a will as I present it to thee, thou wilt give me courage in future not to be sparing of the good things which I have had leisure and opportunity to collect; serving France according to my desire."

The Seigneur de Villamont did not land at Zante: he came, like me, in sight of the island, and, like me, was driven by a strong west wind towards the Morea. I awaited with impatience the moment when I should discover the coasts of Greece; I kept my eyes fixed on the horizon, and fancied every cloud to be the wished-for object. On the morning of the 10th I was upon deck before the sun had risen. As he issued from the deep, I perceived confused and lofty mountains in the distance; they were the mountains of Elis. Glory must surely be something real, since it makes the heart of him who is but the judge of it throb with such violence. At ten we passed Navarin, the ancient Pylos, covered by the island of Sphacteria; names equally celebrated, the one in fable, the other in history. At noon we came to an anchor off Modon, formerly Methone, in Messenia. In another hour I was on shore, I trod the classic soil of Greece, I was but ten leagues from Olympia, thirty from Sparta, on the road which Telemachus followed when repairing to Menelaus to make inquiries respecting his father; and it was not yet a month since I quitted Paris.

Our ship had anchored half a league from Modon, in the passage formed by the continent and the islands of Sapienza and Cabrera, formerly Œnussæ. Viewed from this point, the coast of Peloponnesus, towards Navarin, appears dreary and barren. Be-

yond this coast, at some distance inland, rise mountains, seemingly of white sand, covered by withered herbage; these were nevertheless the Egalean mountains, at the foot of which Pylos was built. Modon has the appearance of a town of the middle ages, surrounded with Gothic fortifications, half in ruins. Not a vessel in the harbour, not a creature upon the shore; all was silence, solitude, and desolation.

I went into the ship's boat with the captain to get intelligence on land. We approached the beach; I was ready to spring out upon a desert shore, and to salute the native country of arts and of genius, when we were hailed from one of the gates of the town. We were obliged to change our course, and make for the castle of Modon. We perceived at a distance, on the top of a rock, some janissaries, completely armed, and a number of Turks drawn thither by curiosity. As soon as we were within hearing, they called out to us in Italian, *Ben venuti!* Like a true Greek, I took notice of these first words of good omen that greeted my ears on the shore of Messenia. The Turks plunged into the water for the purpose of hauling our boat to land, and assisted us to leap upon the rock. They all spoke at once, and asked a thousand questions of the captain in Greek and Italian. We entered by the half-ruined gate of the town, and advanced into a street, or rather into a real camp, which instantly reminded me of the beautiful expression used by M. de Bonald: "The Turks have encamped in Europe." It is scarcely possible to conceive how just is this expression in its fullest extent, and in all its bearings. These Tartars of Modon were seated before their doors, cross-legged, on a kind of stalls or wooden tables, beneath the shade of tattered canvas, extended from one house to another. They

were smoking their pipes and drinking coffee; and, contrary to the idea which I had formed of the taciturnity of the Turks, they laughed and made a good deal of noise.

We repaired to the Aga, a poor wretch lying upon a sort of camp-bed in a penthouse: he received me with great kindness. The object of my voyage being explained to him, he replied that he would take care that I should be furnished with horses and a janissary, to conduct me to Coron, to the French consul, M. Vial: that I should find no difficulty in traversing the Morea, because the roads were clear, since examples had been made of three or four hundred banditti; and that there were now no impediments to travelling.

The history of these three or four hundred banditti is as follows:—Near Mount Ithome there was a band of about fifty robbers, who infested the roads. The Pacha of the Morea, Osman Pacha, repaired to the spot; he surrounded the village where the robbers were accustomed to take up their quarters. It would have been too tedious and troublesome for a Turk to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty; all within the Pacha's enclosure were despatched like wild beasts. The robbers, it is true, were exterminated; but with them perished three hundred Greek peasants, who were accounted as nothing in this affair.

From the house of the Aga we proceeded to the habitation of the German vice-consul, for France had not then an agent at Modon. He resided in the quarter of the Greeks, without the town. In all those places that are military posts, the Greeks live separate from the Turks. The vice-consul confirmed what the Aga had told me respecting the state of the Morea; he offered me hospitality for

the night, which I accepted, and returned for a moment to the ship in a galley-boat, which was afterwards to carry me back to the shore.

I left Julian, my French servant, on board, with directions to wait for me in the ship at the promontory of Attica, or at Smyrna, if I should miss the vessel. I fastened round me a girdle, containing what specie I possessed; I armed myself at all points, and took into my service a Milanese, named Joseph, a tinman of Smyrna. This man spoke a little modern Greek, and he agreed for a stipulated sum to act as my interpreter. I took leave of the captain, and went with Joseph into the boat. The wind was violent and contrary. It took five hours to reach the harbour, from which we were not more than half a league distant, and were twice near upsetting. An old Turk, with a grey beard, animated eyes, deeply sunk beneath bushy brows, and long and extremely white teeth, guided the helm, sometimes in silence, at others shouting wildly. He was no bad representation of Time carrying a traveller in his bark to the desert shores of Greece. The vice-consul was waiting for me on the beach. We went to our lodgings in the Greek town. By the way I admired some Turkish tombs, overarched with spreading cypresses, and the waves breaking at their base. Among these tombs I perceived female figures, covered with white veils, and looking like ghosts; this was the only circumstance that reminded me at all of the country of the Muses. The cemetery of the Christians adjoins that of the Mussulmans; it is in a ruinous state, without sepulchral stones, and without trees: water-melons, growing here and there among these forsaken tombs, resemble, both in their form and the paleness of their colour, human skulls, which the

survivors have not taken the trouble to bury. Nothing can be more dreary than these two cemeteries, where you observe the distinctions of tyrant and slave, even in the equality and independence of death.

The Abbé Barthelemy considered Methone as so uninteresting in antiquity, that he has taken notice of nothing but its spring of bituminous water. Inglorious, amid so many cities founded by the gods or celebrated by the poets, Methone occurs not in the songs of Pindar, which, with the works of Homer, constitute the brilliant archives of Greece. Demosthenes, recapitulating the history of Messenia, in his oration in behalf of the Megalipolitans, makes no mention of Methone. Polybius, a native of Megalopolis, who gives excellent advice to the Messenians, maintains the same silence. Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius name not one hero, not one philosopher, of that place. Athenæus, Aulus Gellius, and Macrobius, record nothing of Methone. Finally, Pliny, Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and the anonymous writer of Ravenna, merely mention its name in enumerating the towns of Messenia: but Strabo and Pausanias will have it that Methone is the Pedasus of Homer. According to Pausanias, it derives the name of Methone or Mothone from a daughter of Œneus, a companion of Diomed, or from a rock which obstructs the entrance of the port. Methone frequently occurs in ancient history, but never as the scene of any important event. Thucydides speaks of some bodies of Hoplites from Methone, in the Peloponnesian war. From a fragment by Diodorus Siculus, we find that Brasidas defended this place against the Athenians. The same writer terms it a town of Laconia, because Messenia was a con-

quest of Lacedæmon, which sent to Methone a colony of Nauplians, who were not expelled from their new settlement when Epaminondas recalled the Messenians. Methone shared the fate of Greece when the latter passed under the Roman yoke. Trajan granted privileges to Methone. The Peloponnese having become an appendage of the Eastern Empire, Methone underwent the same revolutions as the rest of the Morea. Laid waste by Alaric, and perhaps still more cruelly ravaged by Stilico, it was dismembered from the Greek empire, in 1124, by the Venetians. Restored to its former masters in the following years, it again fell under the dominion of Venice in 1204. A Genoese corsair dispossessed the Venetians in 1208. The doge Dandolo recovered it from the Genoese. In 1498 it was taken from Venice by Mahomet II., who made himself master of all Greece. Morosini reconquered it in 1686 from the Turks, who again obtained possession of the country in 1715. Three years afterwards, Pellegrin visited this town, of which he has given a description, intermingled with the scandalous chronicle of all the French consuls. Such is the obscure history of Methone from Homer to the present day. As to what befel Modon at the time of the expedition of the Russians in the Morea, the reader is referred to the first volume of the Travels of M. de Choiseul, and the History of Poland by Rhullières.

The German vice-consul, who lives in a wretched, plastered hut, cordially invited me to a supper, consisting of water-melons, grapes, and black bread: a person must not be nice in regard to victuals when he is so near to Sparta. I then retired to the chamber prepared for me, but was unable to close my eyes. I heard the barking of a Laconian dog,

and the whistling of the winds of Elis; how then was it possible for me to go to sleep? At three in the morning of the 11th, the Aga's janissary came to apprize me that it was time to set out for Coron.

We immediately mounted our horses. I shall describe the order of the cavalcade, as it continued the same throughout the whole journey.

At our head appeared the guide, or Greek postilion, on horseback, leading a spare horse provided for remounting any of the party, in case an accident should happen to his steed. Next came the janissary, with his turban on his head, two pistols and a dagger at his girdle, a sabre by his side, and a whip to flog the horses of the guide. I followed, armed nearly in the same manner as the janissary, with the exception of a fowling-piece. Joseph brought up the rear. This Milanese was a short fair man, with a large belly, a florid complexion, and an affable look; he was dressed in a complete suit of blue velvet: two large horse-pistols stuck under a tight belt raised up his waistcoat in such a grotesque manner, that the janissary could never look at him without laughing. My baggage consisted of a carpet to sit down upon, a pipe, a coffee-pot, and some shawls to wrap round my head at night. We started at the signal given by our guide, ascending the hills at full trot, and descending over precipices in a gallop. You must make up your mind to it: the military Turks know no other paces, and the least sign of timidity, or even of prudence, would expose you to their contempt. You are, moreover, seated on Mameluke saddles, with wide short stirrups, which keep your legs constantly bent, which break your toes, and lacerate the flanks of your horse. At the slightest trip the elevated pommel comes in most painful contact

with your belly; and if you are thrown the contrary way, the high ridge of these saddles breaks your back. In time, however, you find the utility of these saddles, in the sureness of foot which they give to the horse, especially in such hazardous excursions.

You proceed from eight to ten leagues with the same horses. About half-way they are suffered to take breath, without eating; you then mount again and continue your journey. At night you sometimes arrive at a kan, the ruins of a forsaken house, where you sleep among all sorts of insects and reptiles, on a worm-eaten floor. At this kan you can demand nothing unless you have a post firman; so that you must procure provisions as you can. My janissary went a-foraging in the villages, and sometimes brought back fowls, which I insisted on paying for. We had them broiled upon the green branches of the olive, or boiled with rice to make a *pilau*. Seated on the ground about this repast, we tore our victuals to pieces with our fingers; and, when the meal was finished, we went to the first brook to wash our beards and hands. Such is now-a-days the mode of travelling in the country of Alcibiades and Aspasia.

It was still dark when we left Modon. I fancied myself wandering among the wilds of America: here was the same solitude, the same silence. We passed through woods of olive-trees, proceeding in a southerly direction. At daybreak we found ourselves on the level summits of the most dreary hills that I ever beheld. For two hours we continued our route over these elevated plains, which being ploughed up by the torrents, resembled forsaken fallows, interspersed with the sea-rush and bushes of a species of briar. Large bulbs of the mountain

lily, uprooted by the rains, appeared here and there on the surface of the ground. We descried the sea to the east, through a thinly sown wood of olives. We then descended into a valley, where we saw some fields of barley and cotton. We crossed the bed of a torrent, now dried up; it was full of rose-laurels, and of the agnus-castus, a shrub with a long, pale, narrow leaf, whose purple and somewhat woolly flower shoots out nearly into the form of a spindle. I mention these two shrubs because they are met with over all Greece, and are almost the only decorations of those solitudes, once so rich and gay, at present so naked and dreary. Now I am upon the subject of this dry torrent, I shall observe that in the native country of the Illissus, the Alpheus, and the Erymanthus, I have seen but three rivers whose urns were not exhausted; these were the Pamisus, the Cephisus, and the Eurotas. I must also beg pardon for the kind of indifference, and almost of impiety, with which I shall sometimes write the most celebrated and the most harmonious names. In Greece a man becomes familiarized, in spite of himself, with Themistocles, Epaminondas, Sophocles, Plato, and Thucydides; and it requires profound devotion not to pass Citæron, Mænalos, or Lycæon, as he would ordinary hills.

CHAPTER II.

Mount Temathea—Turkish Cemetery—Coron—Its History and present State—The River Pamisus—Nissi—Ruins of Messene—Ruined Villages—River Balyra—A courteous Turk—Dangerous Défile—A Kan—Site of Megalopolis—Greek Songs—Adventure with two Turkish Officers—Tripolizza—Interview with the Pacha—Ruins of a Greek Convent—Desert Country.

On leaving the valley which I have just mentioned, we began to ascend fresh mountains. My guide several times repeated to me names which I had never heard; but, to judge from their position, these mountains must form part of the chain of Mount Temathea. We soon entered a wood of olive-trees, rose-laurels, agnus-castus, and cornel-trees. This wood was overlooked by rugged hills. Having reached the top of these, we beheld the gulf of Messenia, skirted on all sides by mountains, among which the Ithome was distinguished by its insulated situation, and the Taygetus by his two pointed peaks. I saluted these famous mountains with all the fine verses that I knew in their praise.

A little below the summit of Temathea, as we descended towards Coron, we perceived a wretched Greek farm-house, the inhabitants of which fled on our approach. As we proceeded, we discovered below us the road and harbour of Coron, in which

we saw several ships at anchor: the fleet of the Captain-pacha lay on the other side of the gulf towards Calamate. On reaching the plain, which lies at the foot of the mountains, and extends to the sea, we left on our right a village, in the middle of which stood a kind of fortified castle: the whole, that is to say, both the village and the castle, were in a manner surrounded by an immense Turkish cemetery, covered with cypresses of all ages. My guide, pointing to these trees, called them *Parissos*. One of the ancient inhabitants of Messenia would have related to me the whole history of the young man of Amyclæ, only half the name of which is preserved by the Messenian of the present day: but this name, disfigured as it is, pronounced on the spot, within sight of a cypress and of the summit of Taygetus, afforded me a pleasure which the poet will comprehend. I had one consolation in beholding the tombs of the Turks; they showed me that the barbarian conquerers of Greece had also found their end in this country, which they have ravaged. In other respects, these tombs were a pleasing object. The rose-laurel there grew at the foot of the cypresses, which resembled large black obelisks; white turtle-doves and blue pigeons fluttered and cooed among their branches; the grass waved about the small funeral columns crowned with turbans; and a fountain, built by a sherif, poured its waters into the road for the benefit of the traveller. Fain would I have lingered awhile in this cemetery, where the laurels of Greece, overtopped by the cypress of the East, seem to renew the memory of the two nations whose ashes repose in this spot.

From this cemetery to Coron is nearly two hours' journey. We proceeded through an uninterrupted wood of olives; the space between the trees being

sown with wheat, which was half cut down. The ground, which at a distance has the appearance of a level plain, is intersected by rough and deep ravines. M. Vial, then the French consul at Coron, received me with that hospitality for which the consuls of the Levant are so remarkable. I delivered to him one of the letters of recommendation to the French consuls, which M. de Talleyrand had, at the request of M. d'Hauterive, politely furnished me with.

M. Vial had the goodness to lodge me in his house. He dismissed my janissary from Modon, and gave me one of his own janissaries to travel with me through the Morea, and to conduct me to Athens. The Captain-pacha being at war with the Mainottes, I could not proceed to Sparta by way of Calamate, which you may take, if you please, for Calathion, Cardamyle, or Thalamæ, on the coast of Laconia, almost opposite to Coron. It was therefore determined that I should make a long circuit; that I should endeavour to find the defile of the gates of Leondari, one of the hermæums of Messenia; that I should proceed to Tripolizza, to obtain from the Pacha of the Morea the firman necessary for passing the isthmus; that I should return from Tripolizza to Sparta, and thence go by the mountain road to Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth.

Corone, like Messene and Megalopolis, is not a place of very high antiquity, since it was founded by Epaminondas on the ruins of the ancient Epea. Coron has hitherto been taken for the ancient Corone, agreeably to the opinion of d'Anville. On this point I have some doubts. According to Pausanias, Corone was situated at the foot of Mount Temathea, near the mouth of the Pamisus: Coron, on the contrary, is at a considerable distance from that river; it stands on an eminence, nearly in the

position in which the same Pausanias places the temple of Apollo Corinthus, or rather in the position of Colonides.* At the bottom of the gulf of Messenia, on the sea-shore, you meet with ruins, which may be the remains of the ancient Corone, unless they belong to the village of Ino. Coronelli is mistaken in supposing Coron to be the ancient Pedasus, which, according to Strabo and Pausanias, must be sought in Methone.

The modern history of Coron very closely resembles that of Modon. Coron was alternately in the possession of the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Turks, and at the same periods as the latter place. The Spaniards besieged and took it from the Infidels in 1633. The knights of Malta distinguished themselves at this siege, which was of some note. On this subject Vertot has fallen into an extraordinary error, as he supposes Coron to be Cheronæa, the birth-place of Plutarch, which is not, any more than the other, the Cheronæa where Philip enslaved Greece. Having again fallen under the dominion of the Turks, Coron was once more besieged, and taken by Morosini in 1685. At this siege were two of my countrymen. Coronelli mentions only the commander de la Tour, who there fell gloriously; but Giacomo Diedo speaks also of the Marquis de Courbon. I was pleased to find at my outset the traces of French honour in the genuine country of glory—in the country of a people who were such good judges of valour. But where are not such traces to be discovered? At Constantinople, at Rhodes, in Syria, in Egypt, at Carthage, I was shown the camp of the French, the tower of the French, the castle of the French. The Arab has pointed out to me the

* This is also the opinion of M. de Choiseul.

tombs of our soldiers beneath the sycamores of Cairo, and the Siminole under the oaks of Florida.

It was also in this same town of Coron that M. de Choiseul began his splendid collection of views.* Thus chance conducted me to the same spot where my countrymen had earned the double wreath of talents and of arms, with which Greece delighted to crown her sons. If I have myself run without glory, but not without honour, the two careers in which the citizens of Athens and of Sparta acquired such high renown, I am consoled by the reflection, that other Frenchmen have proved more fortunate than I.

M. Vial took the trouble to show me Coron, which is but a heap of modern ruins; he also pointed out to me the spot from which the Russians cannonaded the town in 1770, a fatal epoch for the Morea, whose population has since been swept away by the massacres of the Albanians. The narrative of Pellegrin's travels is dated from 1715 to 1719; according to that writer, the territory of Coron then comprehended eighty villages; I am doubtful if five or six could now be found within the same district. The rest of this devastated tract belongs to Turks, who possess three or four thousand olive-trees, and who consume the patrimony of Aristomenes in a harem at Constantinople. Tears started into my eyes, on observing the hand of the Greek slave steeped, to no purpose, in that oil, which nerved the arms of his forefathers to triumph over tyrants.

The consul's house overlooked the Gulf of Coron. From my window I beheld the sea of Messenia, painted with the most beautiful azure; on the other side of that sea rose the lofty chain of the snow-

* For his *Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce.*

capped Taygetus, which Polybius justly compares to the Alps, but to the Alps beneath a more lovely sky. On my right extended the open sea, and on my left, at the extremity of the Gulf, I discovered Mount Ithome, detached like Vesuvius, which it also resembled in its truncated summit. I had not power to force myself from this spectacle: what reflections are excited by the prospect of the desert coasts of Greece, where nought is heard, save the eternal whistling of the wind, and the roaring of the billows! The report of guns, fired from time to time against the rocks of the Mainottes, alone interrupted these dismal sounds, by a sound still more dismal; and nothing was to be seen upon this whole extent of sea but the fleet of this chief of the barbarians. It reminded me of those American pirates, who hoisted their bloody flag in an unknown region, and took possession of an enchanting country in the name of slavery and death; or rather fancy transformed them into the ships of Alaric, quitting the smoking ruins of Greece, carrying off the plunder of the temples, the trophies of Olympia, and the broken statues of liberty and the arts.

On the 12th, at two in the morning, I quitted Coron, overwhelmed with the civilities and attentions of M. Vial, who gave me a letter for the Pacha of the Morea, and another for a Turk at Misitra. I embarked with Joseph and my new janissary in a skiff, which was to convey me to the mouth of the Pamisus, at the bottom of the Gulf of Messenia. A fine passage of a few hours carried us into the bed of the largest river of the Peloponnese, where our little bark grounded for want of water. The janissary went in quest of horses to Nissi, a considerable village, three or four miles up the Pamisus. This river was covered with a mul-

titude of wild fowl, and I amused myself with watching their sports till the return of the janissary. Nothing would be so pleasing as natural history, if it were always connected with the history of man: we should with delight behold the migratory birds quitting the unknown tribes of the Atlantic to visit the renowned banks of the Cephisus and the Eurotas. Providence, in order to confound our vanity, has permitted the animals to know before man the real extent of the abode of man; and an American bird might probably attract the attention of Aristotle in the rivers of Greece, when the philosopher had not the slightest suspicion of the existence of a new world. Antiquity would furnish us in its annals with numberless curious approximations; the progresses of nations and of armies would be found connected with the pilgrimages of some solitary bird, or with the peaceful migrations of the antelope or the camel.

The janissary returned with a guide and five horses: two for the guide, and the three others for me, Joseph, and himself. We passed through Nissi, which seems not to have been known in ancient times. I saw the waywode for a moment: he was a young and very affable Greek, who offered me confectionary and wine; but I declined his hospitality, and pursued my route to Tripolizza.

We directed our course towards Mount Ithome, leaving the ruins of Messene on our right. The Abbé Fourmont, who visited these ruins seventy years ago, counted thirty-eight towers then standing. I think M. Vial informed me that nine of these yet remain entire, together with a considerable fragment of the exterior wall. M. Poucqueville, who travelled through Messenia ten years before me, was not at Messene. We arrived about three in the

afternoon at the foot of Ithome, the modern Mount Vulcano, according to d'Anville. I was convinced, by an examination of this mountain, how difficult it is thoroughly to understand the ancient writers without having seen the places of which they treat. It is evident, for instance, that Messene and the ancient Ithome could not comprise the mountain within their limits, and that we ought to adopt the signification assigned to the Greek particle περὶ by M. Lechevalier, who, on occasion of the pursuit of Hector by Achilles, observes, that it ought to be rendered *before* Troy, and not *round* Troy.

We passed through several villages, Chafasa, Scala, Cyparissa, and several others recently destroyed by the pacha, during his last expedition against the banditti. In all these villages I observed but one female; with her blue eyes, her majestic stature, and her beauty, she was no disgrace to the blood of the Heraclides. Messenia was almost invariably unfortunate: a fertile country frequently proves a baneful boon to its inhabitants. From the desolation which reigned around me, it might have been supposed that the ferocious Spartans had again been ravaging the native land of Aristodemus. A great man undertook to avenge a great man: Epaminondas reared the walls of Messene. Unfortunately this town may be charged with the death of Philopœmen. The Arcadians revenged it, and removed the ashes of their countryman to Megalopolis. I passed with my little caravan over precisely the same roads as the funeral procession of the last of the Greeks had taken about two thousand years ago.

Having skirted Mount Ithome, we crossed a brook, which runs to the north, and may, possibly, be one of the sources of the Balyra. I have never

defied the Muses; they have not struck me blind like Thamyris; and if I have a lyre, I have not thrown it into the Balyra, at the risk of being transformed after my death into a nightingale. I mean yet to pay my devotions to the Nine for a few years longer: after which I shall forsake their altars. Anacreon's crown of roses has no attractions for me: the fairest crown of an old man is his silver hair, and the recollections of an honourable life.

Andania must have been lower down on the Balyra. I should have rejoiced in the discovery at least of the site of the palace of Merope: but Andania was too far out of our track to think of looking for its ruins. An uneven plain, covered like the savannas of Florida, with long grass and droves of horses, conducted me to the extremity of the basin, formed by the junction of the lofty mountains of Arcadia and Laconia. Lycæon was before us, but a little to the left, and we were probably treading the soil of Stenyclarus. There I heard not Tyrtæus singing at the head of the battalions of Sparta; but in his stead I met at this place with a Turk mounted on a good horse, and attended by two Greeks on foot. Perceiving me to be a Frank by my dress, he rode up to me, saying in French: "A pretty country forsooth is this Morea for travelling! In France, from Paris to Marseilles, I found beds and inns every where. I am excessively fatigued: I have come from Coron by land, and am going to Leondari. To what place are you bound?"—"To Tripolizza," was my reply. "Well then," rejoined the Turk, "we will proceed together to the kan of the gates, but I am shockingly fatigued, my dear sir." This courteous Turk was a merchant of Coron, who had been in France, from

Marseilles to Paris, and from Paris back to Marseilles.*

It was dark when we arrived at the entrance of the defile, on the confines of Messenia, Arcadia, and Laconia. Two parallel ranges of mountains form this hermæum, which opens from north to south. The road gradually rises on the Messenian side, and goes down again by a very gentle descent towards Laconia. This is, perhaps, the hermæum where, according to Pausanias, Orestes, haunted by the first apparition of the Eumenides, bit off one of his fingers.

Our caravan soon entered this narrow passage. We marched in silence and in file.† This road, notwithstanding the summary mode of administering justice adapted by the pacha, was unsafe, and we held ourselves in readiness for whatever might happen. At midnight we arrived at the kan, situated in the midst of the defile. The sound of running water and a large tree announced this pious foundation of a servant of Mahomet. In Turkey, all the public institutions owe their existence to private individuals; the state performs nothing for the state. These institutions are the effect of a spirit of religion, and not of the love of country, a sentiment unknown there. Now it is worthy of remark, that all these fountains, all these kans, all these bridges, are of the earliest times of the empire, and are falling into ruin: I cannot recollect having observed one single modern fabric upon the

* It is remarkable, that M. Poucqueville met nearly at the same place with a Turk who spoke French. Perhaps it was the same man.

† I know not whether this is the same hermæum as M. Poucqueville and his companions in misfortune passed in coming from Navarin.

road. Hence, we cannot but infer, that the religious fervour of the Mussulmans is abating, and that with religion the social order of the Turks draw near to its dissolution.

We entered the kan through a stable: a ladder, in the form of a reversed pyramid, led us into a dusty loft. The Turkish merchant threw himself upon a mat, exclaiming, "And this is the best kan in the Morea! From Paris to Marseilles I found beds every where." I strove to cheer his spirits, by offering him half of the supper which I had brought from Coron. "Ah! my dear sir," cried he, "I am so fatigued that I am ready to die." He then groaned, grasped his beard, and wiped his forehead with a shawl, repeatedly ejaculating: "Allah! Allah!" He nevertheless ate with a good appetite a portion of the supper which he had at first refused.

Quitting this good fellow,* at daybreak on the 13th, I continued my journey. Our progress was very slow: instead of the janissary of Modon, who seemed bent on riding his horse to death, I had one of a very different disposition. My new guard was a very meagre little man, much marked with the small-pox, speaking lowly and deliberately, and so full of the dignity of his turban, that you would have taken him for some upstart favourite of fortune. So grave a personage was not disposed to gallop, except when the importance of the occasion required; as, for instance, when he perceived any passengers coming. The irreverence with which I interrupted the order of march, sometimes running before, at others to the right or left, and in any di-

* This man, half Turk and half Greek, as M. Fauvel has since informed me, is always travelling about. He has not the best of characters, on account of some transactions, highly advantageous to himself, relating to the equipment of an army.

rection where I thought I discovered any vestiges of antiquity, was highly displeasing to him, but he durst not complain. In other respects I found him trusty and very disinterested for a Turk.

Another circumstance likewise contributed to retard our progress. The velvet, in which Joseph was dressed in the dog-days of the Morea, made him extremely uncomfortable. At the least motion of the horse, he clung to the saddle; his hat dropped on one side, his pistols on the other; these were to be picked up, and poor Joseph to be set to rights again upon his horse. His excellent temper shone with new lustre in the midst of all his troubles, and his good humour was absolutely unalterable.

Thus we were three tedious hours in clearing the hermæum, which in this part strongly resembles the passage of the Appennines between Perouse and Tarni. We entered a cultivated plain which extends to Leondari. We were now in Arcadia, and on the frontiers of Laconia.

It is generally admitted, notwithstanding the opinion of d'Anville, that Leondari is not Megalopolis. It is asserted that the former is the ancient Leuctra of Laconia, and in this conjecture M. Barbié du Bocage coincides. Where, then, is Megalopolis? Perhaps at the village of Sinano. To satisfy myself on this subject, I should have been obliged to go out of my way, and to undertake researches foreign to the object of my journey. Besides, Megalopolis, which is not celebrated for any memorable action, or for any master-piece of the arts, could not have tempted my curiosity, except as a monument of the genius of Epaminondas, and the birth-place of Philopœmen and Polybius.

Leaving Leondari, a quite modern town on the

right, we passed through a wood of aged evergreen oaks, the venerable remains of a sacred forest. A prodigious vulture, perched on the top of a dead tree, seemed to be waiting there for the passing of an augur. We beheld the sun rise on Mount Boreon, at the foot of which we alighted, to climb a road cut in the rock. Roads of this kind were denominated ladder-roads in Arcadia.

I was not able to discover in the Morea either any Greek roads or Roman ways. Turkish causeways, two feet and a half broad, carry you over low and marshy spots. As there is not a single wheel carriage in this part of the Peloponnese, these causeways are sufficient for the asses of the peasants and the horses of the soldiery. Nevertheless, Pausanias and Peuttinger's map lay down several roads in the districts through which I passed, especially in the vicinity of Mantinea. Bergier has followed them very accurately in his Roads of the Empire.*

We found ourselves in the neighbourhood of one of the sources of the Alphæus. I eagerly measured with my eye the ravines to which we came: all were silent and dry. The road leading from Boreon to Tripolizza first crosses desert plains, and then abruptly descends into a long stony valley. The sun scorched us. From some thinly scattered and parched bushes were suspended grasshoppers, which were silent at our approach, but renewed their chirping as soon as we had passed. Nothing was to

* Peuttinger's map cannot be erroneous, at least in regard to the existence of the roads, since they are marked in that curious monument, which is nothing but a book of the roads of the ancients. The difficulty lies only in the calculation of the distances, and especially with reference to Gaul, where the abbreviation *leg*. may sometimes be taken for *lega*, or *legio*.

be heard but this monotonous sound, the trampling of our horses, and the plaintive notes of our guide. When a Greek postilion mounts his horse, he begins a song, which he continues till the end of the journey. It almost always consists of a long story in rhyme, with which the descendants of Linus beguile the tedious hours. The stanzas are numerous, the tune melancholy, and very much like the airs of our old French ballads. One in particular, which must be very common, for I heard it all the way from Coron to Athens, reminded me in a striking manner of the song :

Mon cœur, charmé de sa chaine, &c.

Were these tunes introduced into the Morea by the Venetians? or did the French, excelling in the ballad, happen to chime in with the genius of the Greeks? Are these tunes ancient? If they be, do they belong to the second school of music among the Greeks, or owe their origin to the Olympic ages. These questions I leave to the decision of more competent judges than myself. But I can still fancy that I hear the songs of my unfortunate guides, in the night, in the day-time, at sun-rise, at sun-set, in the solitudes of Arcadia, on the banks of the Eurotas, in the deserts of Argos, of Corinth, and of Megara—places where the voice of the Menades no longer resounds, where the concerts of the Muses have ceased, where the wretched Greek seems only to deplore in doleful strains the calamities of his country,

——————— soli periti
Cantare Arcades.*

* Spon could not help noticing in Greece a tune exactly like that of *Reveillez vous, belle endormie ;* and he even amused himself with composing words for it in modern Greek.

Three leagues from Tripolizza, we met two officers of the pacha's guards, who were travelling post like myself. They were belabouring the horses and the postilion with whips of rhinoceros skin. They stopped when they saw me, and asked for my arms, which I refused to give them. The janissary desired Joseph to tell me that their only motive was curiosity, and that I might demand their arms if I pleased. On this condition, I agreed to gratify the saphis: we exchanged arms; they examined my pistols for a considerable time, and at last discharged them over my head.

I had been cautioned never to put up with the jokes of a Turk, if I would not expose myself to a thousand insults. I have since found, at various times, the very great utility of this advice: a Turk becomes as tractable, if he sees that you are not afraid of him, as he is insolent if he perceives that you are intimidated. I should, however, have had no need of such a caution on this occasion: the joke seemed to be carried too far for me not to resent it. Clapping spurs to my horse, I rode up to the Turks, and fired their own pistols, so close to their faces that the priming scorched the whiskers of the younger spahi. An explanation ensued between these officers and the janissary, who told them that I was a Frenchman. There are no Turkish civilities but what they paid me on receiving this intimation. They offered me a pipe, charged my arms, and returned them to me. I thought it right to keep the advantage which they gave me, and merely directed Joseph to load their pistols for them. These two hair-brained fellows then tried to persuade me to ride a race with them, which I declined, and they left us. It will be seen in the sequel that I was not the first Frenchman they had ever heard of,

and that their pacha was well acquainted with my countrymen.

An accurate description of Tripolizza, the capital of the Morea, is given by M. Poucqueville. I had not yet seen a completely Turkish town: its red roofs, its minarets, and its domes, therefore, struck me in a pleasing manner at the first view. Tripolizza is, nevertheless, situated in a very naked part of the valley of Tegea, and beneath one of the summits of the Mænalion, which seemed to be destitute of trees and verdure. My janissary took me to a Greek, who was acquainted with M. Vial. The consul, as I have already mentioned, had given me a letter for the pacha. The day after my arrival, being the 14th of August, I went to his excellency's drogman. I requested him to expedite the delivery of my travelling firman as much as possible, and of the order necessary for passing the isthmus of Corinth. This drogman, a young man with an intelligent and subtle countenance, answered in Italian, that, in the first place, he was not well; that, in the next, the pacha had just gone to his women; that a pacha was not to be talked to in that manner; that I must wait, and that the French were always in a hurry.

I replied, that it was only out of form that I had applied for firmans, as my French passport sufficed for travelling in Turkey, now at peace with my country; and that, since they had not the leisure to favour me with them, I would set off without firmans, and without delivering the consul's letter to the pacha.

I went away, but in an hour the drogman sent for me. I found him more tractable, either judging from my tone that I was a person of consequence, or apprehensive lest I should find means to lay my

complaints before his master. He told me that he was going to *his Greatness*, to speak to him concerning my business.

Accordingly, two hours afterwards, a Tartar came to fetch me, and conducted me to the residence of the pacha. His palace is a large quadrangular building of wood, with a very spacious court in the centre, and galleries running round the four sides of this court. I was directed to wait in an apartment, where I found some Greek priests and the patriarch of the Morea. These papas and their patriarch talked much, and had precisely the loose and debased manners of the Greek courtiers in the times of the eastern empire. I had reason to suppose, from the bustle which I observed, that a brilliant reception was preparing for me: the idea of this ceremony threw me into some embarrassment. My clothes were the worse for wear, my boots covered with dust, my hair in disorder, and my beard like Hector's—*barba squalida*. I had wrapped myself in my cloak, and looked more like a soldier who had passed the night in the open field, than a stranger going to the levee of a grandee.

Joseph, who pretended to be an adept in eastern etiquette, had forced me to put on this cloak, as he disliked my short coat: he insisted on attending me with the janissary, in order to do me honour. He accordingly walked behind me, without boots, barefooted and bare-legged, and with a red handkerchief tied over his hat. Thus handsomely equipped, he was unluckily stopped at the door of the palace. The guards would not suffer him to pass; and I had such difficulty to refrain from laughing, that I could not seriously protest against his exclusion. His pretension to the turban was the cause of his disappointment, and he had only a distant prospect of the honours to which he had aspired.

After two hours' tedious delay, expectation, and impatience, I was introduced into the pacha's apartment. I beheld a man, about forty years old, with a handsome countenance, seated, or rather reclined, on a divan, dressed in a silk caftan, having a dagger enriched with diamonds at his girdle, and a white turban on his head. An old man, with a long beard, respectfully occupied a place on his right—perhaps it might be the executioner. The Greek drogman was sitting at his feet, while three pages, standing, held pastils of amber, silver nippers, and fire for lighting the pipe. My janissary remained at the door of the room.

I advanced, saluted his excellency by putting my hand on my heart, presented the consul's letter, and, availing myself of the privilege enjoyed by the French, I took a seat without waiting to be invited. Osman enquired whence I came, whither I was going, and what was my business with him. I replied, that I was going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem; that on my way to the holy city of the christians I had visited the Morea, to see the Roman antiquities;* that I requested a travelling firman, by means of which I might procure horses, and an order for passing the isthmus. The pacha answered, that I was welcome, that I might see whatever I pleased, and that he would grant me the firmans. He then asked if I was a military man, and if I had accompanied the French expedition in Egypt. This question embarrassed me, being totally ignorant of the drift of it. I replied that I had formerly served my country, but had never been in Egypt. Osman immediately relieved me from my perplexity: he frankly told me that he had been taken prisoner by

* The Greeks are called Romans by the Turks; consequently whatever belongs to the former people is distinguished by the same appellation.

the French at the battle of Aboukir; that he had been extremely well treated by my countrymen, and should never forget them.

I had not expected the honours of coffee, and yet I obtained them: I then complained of the insult offered to one of my attendants, and Osman proposed to me to order twenty strokes of the bastinado to be inflicted before my face on the fellow who had detained Joseph. This indemnity I declined, and was satisfied with the good-will of the pacha. I quitted him, highly pleased with my interview; though it is true that I was obliged to pay pretty handsomely at the door for the flattering distinctions which I had received. How fortunate, if the Turks in office were to employ this simplicity of manners and of justice for the benefit of the people whom they govern! On the contrary, they are tyrants, who, tortured by the thirst of gold, without remorse spill innocent blood to appease it.

I returned to the house of my host, preceded by my janissary, and followed by Joseph, who had forgotten his disgrace. I passed near some ruins, which appeared to me to be of antique construction. I now awoke from a species of distraction, into which I had been thrown by the late scenes with the two Turkish officers, the drogman, and the pacha. I found myself all at once in the midst of the fields of the Tegeans; and I, a Frank, in a short coat and a large hat, had just received an audience of a Tartar, in a long robe and turban, in the heart of Greece.

M. Barbié du Bocage justly complains of the inaccuracy of our maps of the Morea, in which even the capital of that province is very often omitted. This negligence arises from a change in the Turkish government in this part of Greece. There was for-

merly a sangiac, who resided at Coron. The Morea having become a pachalik, the pacha has fixed his residence at Tripolizza, as a more central point. As to situation, I have remarked that the Turks are perfectly indifferent to the beauties of nature. In this respect they have not the delicacy of the Arabs, for whom the charms of climate and position have strong allurements, and who to this very day deplore the loss of Grenada.

Tripolizza, however, though very obscure, is not wholly unknown. M. Poucqueville writes the name Tripolitza: Pellegrin speaks of it, and calls it Trepolezza; d'Anville, Trapolizza; M. de Choiseul, Tripolizza; and other travellers have followed this orthography. D'Anville observes that Tripolizza is not Mantinea. It is a modern town, which appears to have been erected between Mantinea, Tegea, and Orchomenus.

A Tartar brought me in the evening my travelling firman and the order for passing the isthmus. The Turks, in establishing themselves on the ruins of Constantinople, have manifestly retained several of the customs of the conquered nation. The institution of posts in Turkey is nearly the same as that introduced by the Roman emperors: you pay for no horses; the weight of your baggage is fixed; and, wherever you go, you may insist on being gratuitously supplied with provisions. I would not avail myself of these magnificent but odious privileges, which press heavily on a people unfortunate enough without them, but paid wherever I went for my horses and entertainment, like a traveller without protection and without firman.

Tripolizza being an absolutely modern town, I left it on the 15th for Sarte, which I was anxious to reach. I was obliged to retrace my steps, as it

were, which would not have been the case had I first visited Laconia, going by way of Calamate. Proceeding westward, at the distance of a league from Tripolizza, we stopped to examine some ruins. They proved to be those of a Greek convent, destroyed by the Albanians, at the time of the Russian expedition; but in the walls of this convent may be discerned fragments of beautiful architecture, and stones covered with inscriptions worked into them. I spent a considerable time in attempting to make out one to the left of the principal door of the church. The letters were in the best style, and the inscription appeared to me to run alternately from right to left, and from left to right: which is not always an indication of high antiquity. The characters were reversed from the position of the stone, which was split, placed very high, and partly covered with mortar. I could decypher nothing but the word ΤΕΓΕΑΤΕΣ, which rejoiced me almost as much as if I had been a member of the Academy of Inscriptions. Tegea must have stood in the vicinity of this convent. In the neighbouring fields are found great numbers of medals. I bought three of a peasant, but they afforded me no light. He sold them very dear, for the Greeks have begun to learn of travellers the value of their antiquities.

I must not forget to mention that in wandering among these ruins I discovered a much more modern inscription. This was the name of M. Fauvel, written with a lead pencil upon a wall. None but a traveller can know what pleasure is felt on meeting unexpectedly, in a remote and unknown spot, with a name that reminds you of your country.

We continued our route in a north-western direction. After travelling for three hours over half

cultivated lands, we entered a desert, which extends to the valley of Laconia. The dry bed of a torrent served us for a road: we followed its windings through a labyrinth of mountains of no great height, all resembling each other, their summits being naked, and their sides covered with a species of dwarf evergreen oak, with leaves like the holly. On the edge of this channel, and nearly in the centre of these hills, we came to a kan, overshadowed by two sycamores, and cooled by a little fountain. We allowed some rest to our beasts, for we had been ten hours on horseback. The only refreshment we could meet with was goat's milk and a few almonds. We set out again before sunset, and stopped at eleven in a narrow valley, on the bank of another channel, which retained a small quantity of water.

The road which we were pursuing passed through no place of celebrity: it might, at most, have been traversed perhaps by the troops of Sparta, when they marched to attack those of Tegea, in the early wars of Lacedæmon. There was nothing upon this road but a temple of Jupiter Scotitas, towards the passage of Hermes; and all these mountains together must have formed different branches of Parnon, Cronius, and Olympus.

CHAPTER III.

The first Kan of Laconia—Misitra—Ibrahim Bey—His sick Child—A Turkish Breakfast—Conversation with a Minister of the Law—The Stranger's Apartment—Amyclæ—Parori—Fountains—Return to Misitra—Description of the Town—View from the Battlements of the Castle—Situation of Sparta—Inquiries on that subject—Visit to the Archbishop—His Library—The Bazar.

On the 20th at daybreak we saddled our horses. The janissary said his prayers, washed his elbows, his beard, and his hands, turned towards the east, as if to summon the light, and we set off. As we approached Laconia, the mountains began to be more elevated, and to exhibit a few clumps of trees: the valleys were narrow and rugged; and some of them, though upon a smaller scale, reminded me of the Grande Chartreuse, and the magnificent forests in the back-ground. At noon, we discovered a kan, as wretched as that where we stopped the preceding day, though it was decorated with the Ottoman flag. These were the only two habitations we had met with in a space of twenty-two leagues: so that fatigue and hunger obliged us to make a longer stay than was agreeable, in this filthy kennel. The master of the place, an aged Turk, with a most repulsive countenance, was

sitting in a loft above the stables of the kan; the goats clambered up to him, and surrounded him with their excrements. In this sweet place he received us, and, without condescending to rise from his dunghill, to direct some refreshment to be brought for the Christian dogs, he shouted with a terrible voice, when a poor Greek boy, quite naked, and his body swollen with fever and flogging, brought us some ewe's milk in a vessel disgustingly dirty. I was obliged to go out to drink even this at my ease, for the goats and their kids crowded round me to snatch a piece of biscuit which I held in my hand. I had eaten of the bear and the sacred dog with the savages: I have since partaken of the repast of the Bedouins, but I never met with any thing to be compared with this first kan of Laconia. It was nearly on the same spot, however, that the flocks of Menelaus grazed, and that he entertained Telemachus. "They repaired to the palace of the king; the attendants conducted the victims; they also brought generous wine, while their wives, their foreheads adorned with clean fillets, prepared the repast."*

We left the kan about three in the afternoon. At five, we reached an elevation of the mountains, whence we descried before us Mount Taygetus, which I had already seen from the opposite side, Misitra situated at its foot, and the valley of Laconia.

We descended by a kind of staircase cut in the rock, as at Mount Boreon; and perceived a light bridge of a single arch, elegantly thrown over a small river, and connecting two high hills. On reaching the river, we forded its limpid current,

* Odyss. Book IV.

among tall reeds and beautiful rose-laurels in full flower. This river, which I thus passed without knowing its name, was the Eurotas. A tortuous valley opened before us, winding round several small hills, nearly alike in form, and having the appearance of artificial mounts, or tumuli. We followed these windings, and at nightfall arrived at Misitra.

M. Vial had given me a letter for one of the principal Turks of Misitra, named Ibrahim Bey. We alighted in his court-yard, and his slaves ushered me into the stranger's apartment, which was full of Mussulmans, travellers like myself, and Ibrahim's guests. I took my place among them on the divan, and, like them, hung up my arms against the wall over my head. Joseph and my janissary did the same. Nobody asked me who I was, or whence I came: each continued to smoke, to sleep, or to converse with his neighbour, without taking the least notice of me.

Our host, to whom M. Vial's letter had been carried, soon entered the room. Ibrahim, about sixty years old, had a mild and open countenance. He came to me, took me cordially by the hand, blessed me, endeavoured to pronounce the word *bon*, half in French, half in Italian, and seated himself by my side. He spoke in Greek to Joseph, desiring him to tell me that he begged I would excuse him, if he did not receive me so well as he could have wished; that he had a little child ill; *un figliolo*, he repeated in Italian, and this almost turned his head—*mi fa torna la testa*, said he;—at the same time pressing his turban with both his hands. I should certainly not have gone to Sparta to look for paternal affection in all the simplicity of nature; and yet an aged Tartar displayed this moving

sentiment on the tomb of those mothers who, when delivering the shield to their sons, addressed them in these words:—ἢ τὰν, ἢ επὶ τάν—*either this, or upon this.*

Ibrahim left me in a few minutes to go and attend his son. He ordered a pipe and coffee to be brought me; but, as it was past the usual hour for supper, I was obliged to do as well as I could without pilau, though I should have liked it exceedingly well, having eaten scarcely any thing for the last twenty-four hours. Joseph took a sausage out of his bag, and slipped a bit now and then into his mouth, unperceived by the Turks; he secretly offered some to the janissary, who turned away with a look of mingled pity and horror.

I made up my mind, and lay down on the divan in a corner of the room. A grated window opened upon the valley of Laconia, on which the moon threw an admirable light. Leaning on my elbow, I gazed on the sky, the valley, the summits of Taygetus, brilliant or sombre, according as they were in the light or shade. I could scarcely persuade myself that I was in the native country of Helen and Menelaus. I gave way to those reflexions which every person may make, and myself with more reason than many others, on the vicissitudes of humany destiny. How many places had already witnessed my slumbers, either peaceful or perturbed! How many times, by the radiance of the same luminaries, had I, in the forests of America, on the roads of Germany, on the moors of England, in the plains of Italy, on the bosom of the ocean, indulged in the same ideas respecting the agitations of life!

An old Turk, apparently a man of high distinction, drew me from these reflexions to convince me in a still more sensible manner that I was far from

my country. He lay at my feet on the divan: he turned, he sat up, he sighed, he called his slaves, he sent them away again, and waited for daylight with impatience. Daylight came (August 17): the Tartar, surrounded by his attendants, some kneeling, others standing, took off his turban, looked at himself in a bit of broken glass, combed his beard, curled his whiskers, and rubbed his cheeks to give them animation. Having thus finished his toilet, he majestically departed, slipshod, and giving me a look of infinite disdain.

My host entered some time afterwards, with his son in his arms. This poor child, sallow, and wasted with a fever, was stark naked. He had amulets and various kinds of spells hanging from his neck. The father set him on my knee, and I was obliged to listen to the history of his illness. The boy had taken all the bark in the Morea; he had been bled (and this was the real disease); his mother had fastened charms about him, and placed a turban over the tomb of a Santon, but all in vain.

Ibrahim concluded with asking if I knew of any remedy. I recollected that, when I was a child, I had been cured of a fever by the plant, little centaury; I recommended the use of it with all the gravity of a professional man. But what was centaury? I pretended that the virtues of centaury had been discovered by a certain physician of that neighbourhood, named Chiron, who scampered over the mountains on horseback. A Greek declared that he had known this Chiron, who resided at Calamate, and generally rode a grey horse. We were still in consultation, when we were interrupted by the entrance of a Turk, whom I knew by his green turban to be a minister of the law. He came up to us, took the child's head between both his hands, and

devoutly pronounced a prayer: such is the character of piety; it is affecting, it is respectable, even in the most mischievous religions.

I had sent the janissary to procure horses and a guide, with the intention of first visiting Amyclæ, and then the ruins of Sparta, where I supposed myself to be. While I awaited his return, Ibrahim sent me in breakfast in the Turkish style. I was still reclined on the divan: beside me was set an extremely low table; a slave supplied me with the necessaries for washing: a pullet hashed in rice was then brought on a wooden platter, and I helped myself with my fingers. After the pullet, a kind of ragout of mutton was sent up in a copper basin, and this was followed by figs, olives, grapes, and cheese, to which, according to Guillet, Misitra owes its name.* Between each dish a slave poured water over my hands, and another gave me a towel of coarse but very white cloth. I declined, from courtesy, to drink any wine; and, after my coffee, I was offered soap for my mustaches.

During this repast, the chief of the law had, through the medium of Joseph, asked me several questions. He was desirous to know my motive for travelling, as I was neither a merchant nor a physician. I replied that I was travelling to see foreign nations, and especially the Greeks, who were dead. This produced a laugh. He replied, that as I had come to Turkey, I ought to have learned the Turkish language. I hit upon a reason for my travels, much more comprehensible to him, when I told him that I

* M. Scrofani has followed him in this opinion. If Sparta derived its name from the brooms growing in its territory, and not from Spartus, the son of Amyclus, or Sparte, the wife of Lacedæmon, that of Misitra might certainly have been borrowed from cheese.

was a pilgrim going to Jerusalem. *Hadgi! hadgi!** exclaimed he, and was perfectly satisfied. Religion is a sort of universal language, understood by all mankind. This Turk was unable to conceive how I could quit my country from the mere motive of curiosity; but he thought it perfectly natural that I should undertake a long journey, with a view to offer up my prayers at a tomb, to pray to God for some blessing, or for deliverance from some affliction. Ibrahim, who, when he brought his son, had asked if I had any children, was persuaded that I was going to Jerusalem for the purpose of obtaining issue. I have seen the savages of the new world indifferent to my foreign manners, but attentive only, like the Turks, to my arms and my religion, that is to say, to the two things which protect man in his spiritual and corporeal relations. This unanimous coincidence of all nations in regard to religion, and this simplicity of ideas, have appeared to me to be worthy of remark.

For the rest, this stranger's apartment, in which I took my repast, exhibited an impressive scene, which forcibly reminds me of the ancient manners of the East. All Ibrahim's guests were not rich; very far from it: some even were actually beggars. They, nevertheless, sat upon the same divan with Turks, who had a numerous retinue of horses and slaves. Joseph and my janissary were treated like myself, except that they were not invited to my table. Ibrahim saluted all his guests with equal cordiality, spoke to all, and supplied all with refreshments. Among them were mendicants in rags, to whom the slaves respectfully carried coffee. Here we recognised the charitable precepts of the Koran, and the virtue of hospitality, which the Turks have

* A pilgrim! a pilgrim!

learned of the Arabs; but this fraternity of the turban steps not beyond the threshold of the door: for the slave who has drunk coffee with his host perhaps has his head cut off at his departure, by order of this same host. I have, nevertheless, read, and been informed, that in Asia there are still Turkish families who retain the manners, the simplicity, and the candour of the early ages, and I believe it, for Ibrahim is certainly one of the most venerable men I ever met with.

The janissary returned with a guide, who offered me horses not only for Amyclæ, but also for Argos. He asked a price which I agreed to give. The minister of the law who witnessed the bargain rose in a transport of anger. He told me, through my interpreter, that, since I was travelling to study the characters of people, I ought to know that I had to deal with rogues; that these fellows were robbing me; that they demanded an extraordinary price, though I had no occasion to give them any thing, since I was provided with a firman; and, finally, that I was completely their dupe. He then departed, boiling with indignation; but I could perceive that he was not so much animated by a love of justice, as shocked at my stupidity.

At eight in the morning I set out for Amyclæ, now Sclabochorion, accompanied by my new guide, and a Greek cicerone, very good tempered, but extremely ignorant. We took the road to the plain at the foot of Taygetus, following shady and very agreeable by-paths, leading between gardens, irrigated by streamlets which descended from the mountain, and planted with mulberry, fig, and sycamore trees. We also saw in them abundance of water-melons, grapes, cucumbers, and herbs of different kinds. From the beauty of the sky, and the similarity of

produce, a traveller might imagine himself to be in the vicinity of Chambery. We passed the Tiasa, and arrived at Amyclæ, where I found nothing but the ruins of a dozen Greek chapels, demolished by the Albanians, situated at some distance from one another, in the midst of cultivated fields. The temple of Apollo, that of Eurotas at Onga, the tomb of Hyacinthus, have all disappeared. I could not discover a single inscription; though I sought with care the celebrated necrology of the priestesses of Amyclæ, which the Abbé Fourmont copied in 1731 or 1732, and which records a series for nearly a thousand years before Christ. Destructions succeed each other with such rapidity in Greece, that frequently one traveller perceives not the slightest vestige of the monuments which another has admired only a few months before him. Whilst I was searching for fragments of antique ruins among heaps of modern ones, I saw a number of peasants approach with a papa at their head. They removed a board set up against the wall of one of the chapels, and entered a sanctuary which I had not yet discovered. I had the curiosity to follow them, and found that the poor creatures resorted with their priests to these ruins to pray: they sung litanies before an image of the *Panagia*,* daubed in red upon a wall that had been painted blue. How widely different was this ceremony from the festival of Hyacinthus! The triple pomp, however, of the ruins of adversity, and of prayers to the true God, surpassed, in my opinion, all the splendours of the earth.

My guides urged me to depart, because we were on the frontiers of the Mainottes, who, notwithstanding modern accounts, are very great robbers.

* The All-holy, the Virgin Mary.

We recrossed the Tiasa, and returned to Misitra by the mountain road. I shall here notice an error which still creates much confusion in the maps of Laconia. We give indiscriminately the modern name of Iris or Vasilipotamos to the Eurotas. La Guilletière, or, rather, Guillet, cannot conceive where Niger picked up this name Iris; and M. Poucqueville seems to be equally puzzled by it. Niger and Meletius, who write Neris by corruption, are not, however, totally wrong. The Eurotas is known at Misitra by the name of Iri, and not Iris, as far as its junction with the Tiase; it then takes the appellation of Vasilipotamos, which it retains throughout the rest of its course.

In our way over the mountain, we arrived at the village of Parori, where we saw a large fountain, called Chieramo. It issues copiously from the side of a rock; a weeping willow shades it above, and below stands a prodigious plane-tree, round which travellers seat themselves upon mats to take their coffee. I cannot tell whence this weeping willow was brought to Misitra; it is the only one that I have seen in Greece.* Common opinion, I believe, makes the *salix babylonica* a native of Asia Minor, though it perhaps travelled to us from China through the East. The same may be said of the pyramidal poplar, which Lombardy received from the Crimea and Georgia, and the family of which has been discovered on the banks of the Mississipi above the Illinois.

Great numbers of marbles have been broken and buried in the vicinity of the fountain of Parori: several have inscriptions, the letters and words of

* I am not sure, however, that I have not seen some others in the garden of the aga of Naupli di Romania, at the bottom of the gulf of Argos.

which may be distinguished. With time and money, some discoveries might possibly be made in this place; though it is probable that most of these inscriptions were copied by the Abbé Fourmont, who collected no fewer than three hundred and fifty in Laconia and Messenia.

Keeping along the side of Taygetus, about midway between the summit and its base, we came to a second fountain called Panthalama, which derives its name from the stone whence the water issues. On this stone is seen a piece of antique sculpture, badly executed, representing three nymphs dancing with garlands. Lastly, we found a third fountain, named Tritsella, above which is a grotto that contains nothing remarkable.* You may if you please take one of these three fountains for the Dorcia of the ancients; but then it would be situated at far too great a distance from Sparta.

At the fountain of Tritsella we found ourselves behind Misitra, and almost at the foot of the ruined castle which commands the town. It stands on the summit of a rock of nearly a pyramidal form. Alighting from our horses, we ascended on foot to the castle, through the Jews' suburb, which winds spirally round the rock to the base of the castle. This suburb was totally destroyed by the Albanians; the walls alone are standing, and through the aperture of the doors and windows you still perceive traces of the flames which consumed these ancient retreats of wretchedness. Children, as mischievous as the Spartans, from whom they are descended, lurk in these ruins, lying in wait for the traveller, and, at the moment he is passing, tumble down upon him fragments of walls and masses of rock. I

* M. Scrofani mentions these fountains.

narrowly escaped falling a victim to these Lacedæmonian amusements.

The Gothic castle which crowns this scene of desolation is itself falling to ruin: from the dilapidation of the battlements, the cracks in the arches, and the mouths of cisterns, you cannot walk there without danger. It has neither doors, nor guards, nor guns; but you are amply compensated for the trouble you have taken to climb to the top of this building by the view which you there enjoy.

Beneath you, on the left, is the destroyed part of Misitra, that is, the Jews' suburb, which I have mentioned above. At the extremity of this suburb you perceive the archiepiscopal church of St. Dimitri, surrounded by a group of Greek houses with gardens. At your feet lies the quarter called Katochorion, or the town below the castle. Beyond Katochorion is Mesochorion, middle town, which contains extensive gardens, and Turkish houses painted green and red. Here you perceive also bazars, kans, and mosques.

On the right, at the foot of Taygetus, you see in succession the three villages through which I had passed: Tritsella, Panthalama, and Parori.

From the town itself issue two streams. The first is called Hebriopotamos, Jews' river, and runs between Katochorion and Mesochorion. The other is named Panthalama, after the fountain of the Nymphs, from which it springs. These two streams, over which there is a small bridge, have authorized Guilletière to set them down for the Eurotas and the bridge Babyx, under the generic name Γέφυρος, which, in my opinion, he ought to have written Γέφυρα. At Magoula these two rivulets conjointly discharge themselves into the river of

Magoula, the ancient Cnacion, which is itself soon lost in the Eurotas.

Surveyed from the castle of Misitra, the valley of Laconia is truly admirable. It extends nearly from north to south, is bordered on the west by Taygetus, and on the east by Mounts Thornax, Barosthenes, Olympus, and Menelaion; small hills obstruct the northern extremity of the valley, descend to the south, diminishing in height, and terminate in the eminences on which Sparta is seated. From Sparta to the sea stretches a level and fertile plain watered by the Eurotas.

Here then was I mounted on one of the battlements of the castle of Misitra, exploring, contemplating, and admiring all Laconia. But methinks I hear the reader inquire, when will you speak of Sparta? Where are the ruins of that city? Are they comprised within Misitra? Are no traces of them remaining? Why did you run away to Amyclæ before you had examined every corner of Lacedæmon? You merely mention the name of the Eurotas, without pointing out its course, without describing its banks. How broad is it? Of what colour are its waters? Where are its swans, its reeds, its laurels? The minutest particulars ought to be related, when you are treating of the birthplace of Lycurgus, of Agis, of Lysander, of Leonidas. Every body has seen Athens, but very few travellers have penetrated as far as Sparta: none of them has completely described its ruins, and the very site of that renowned city is problematical.

I should long since have satisfied the reader, had I not, at the very moment when he espies me on the top of the castle of Misitra, been asking myself all the questions which he has just put to me.

Those who have read the introduction to these Travels, will have seen that I spared no pains to obtain all the information possible relative to Sparta. I have traced the history of that city from the Romans till the present day; I have mentioned the travellers and the books that have treated of modern Lacedæmon, but unfortunately their accounts are so vague, that they have given rise to two contradictory opinions. According to Father Pacifico, Coronelli, the romancing Guillet, and those who have followed them, Misitra is built on the ruins of Sparta; and according to Spon, Vernon, the Abbé Fourmont, Leroi, and d'Anville, the ruins of Sparta are at a considerable distance from Misitra. Hence it is evident, that the best authorities adopt the latter opinion. D'Anville in particular is precise, and seems to scout the contrary notion: "The place," says he, "occupied by this city (Sparta) is called Palæochori, or the old town; the new town, under the name of Misitra, which is erroneously confounded with Sparta, lies at a distance from it towards the west."* Spon, contesting the point against La Guilletière, makes use of expressions equally strong, on the authority of Vernon and the Consul Giraud. The Abbé Fourmount, who discovered so many inscriptions at Sparta, could not be mistaken in regard to the site of that city: we have not indeed the result of his observations; but Leroi, who recognized the theatre and the dromos, could not have been ignorant of the true situation of Sparta. The best geographical works, following these great authorities, have been careful to apprize the reader, that Misitra is by no means the ancient Lacedæmon. There are even some who fix with

* *Geog. Anc. Abrég.* tom. I. p. 270.

tolerable accuracy the distance between the two places, which they state to be about two leagues.

Here we have a striking instance of the difficulty of restoring truth when an error has once taken root. In spite of Spon, Fourmont, Leroi, and D'Anville, the generality of people have continued to look upon Misitra as the ancient Sparta, and myself among the rest. Two modern travellers, Scrofani and Poucqueville, contributed to mislead me. I had not taken notice that the latter, when he describes Misitra as the representative of Lacedæmon, merely repeats the notions of the inhabitants of the country, without giving any opinion of his own. On the contrary, he even seems to incline towards the sentiments adopted by the best authorities: whence I conclude that M. Poucqueville, who is accurate in regard to every thing that he had an opportunity of seeing himself, was deceived by what had been told him concerning Sparta.*

Persuaded, therefore, by an error of my early studies, that Misitra was Sparta, I began with the excursion to Amyclæ, with a view to finish, first, with all that was not Lacedæmon, so that I might afterwards bestow on the latter my undivided attention. Judge then of my embarrassment, when, from the top of the castle of Misitra, I persisted in the attempt to discover the city of Lycurgus in a town absolutely modern, whose architecture exhibited nothing but a confused mixture of the Oriental manner, and of the Gothic, Greek, and Italian styles, without one poor little antique ruin to make

* He even asserts positively that Misitra does not stand on the site of Sparta; but afterwards comes round again to the ideas of the inhabitants of the country. It is obvious, that the author wavers continually between the great authorities which he was acquainted with, and the gossip of some ignorant Greek.

amends. Had but ancient Sparta, like ancient Rome, raised her disfigured head from amidst these new and incongruous monuments! But no—Sparta was overthrown in the dust, buried in the tomb of ages, trodden under foot by Turks, dead, and not a vestige of her existence left behind!

Such were now my reflections. My cicerone scarcely knew a few words of Italian and English. To make him understand me the better, I attempted some sentences in modern Greek; I scrawled with pencil a few words of ancient Greek; I talked Italian and English, and jumbled French along with them all. Joseph endeavoured to explain, but he only increased the confusion: the janissary and the guide (a kind of half negro Jew,) gave their opinion in Turkish, and made matters still worse. We all spoke at once, we bawled, we gesticulated: with our different dresses, languages, and physiognomy, we looked like an assembly of demons, perched at sun-set on the summit of these ruins. The woods and cascades of Taygetus were behind us, Laconia was at our feet, and over our heads the most lovely sky.

This Misitra, said I to the cicerone, is Lacedæmon: is it not?

Signor? Lacedæmon? What did you say?—rejoined he.

Is not this Lacedæmon or Sparta?

Sparta? What do you mean?

I ask you if Misitra is Sparta?

I don't understand you.

What, you a Greek, you a Lacedæmonian, and not know the name of Sparta?

Sparta? Oh, yes! Great republic: celebrated Lycurgus.

Is Misitra then Lacedæmon?

The Greek nodded in affirmation. I was overjoyed.

Now, I resumed, explain to me what I see. What part of the town is that? I pointed at the same time to the quarter before me, a little to the right.

Mesochorion, answered he.

That I know perfectly well; but what part of Lacedæmon was it?

Lacedæmon? I don't know.

I was beside myself. At least show me the river, cried I, and repeated: *Potamos, Potamos.*

My Greek pointed to the stream called the Jews' River.

What! is that the Eurotas? Impossible! Tell me, where is the Vasilipotamos?

The cicerone, after many gestures, pointed to the right, towards Amyclæ.

I was once more involved in all my perplexities. I pronounced the name of Iri, on which my Spartan pointed to the left, in the opposite direction to Amyclæ.

It was natural to conclude from this, that there were two rivers; the one on the right, the Vasilipotamos, the other on the left, the Iri; and that neither of these rivers flowed through Misitra. The reader has seen from the explanation which I have already given of these two names what occasioned my mistake.

But then, said I to myself, where can be the Eurotas? It is clear that it does not pass through Misitra. Misitra therefore is not Sparta, unless the river has changed its course and removed to a distance from the town, which is by no means probable. Where, then, is Sparta? Have I come so far without being able to discover it? Must I return

without beholding its ruins? I was heartily vexed. As I was going down from the castle, the Greek exclaimed, "Your lordship perhaps means Palæochori?" At the mention of this name, I recollected the passage of d'Anville, and cried out in my turn: "Yes, Palæochori! The old city! Where is that? Where is Palæochori?"

"Yonder, at Magoula," said the cicerone, pointing to a white cottage with some trees about it, at a considerable distance in the valley.

Tears came into my eyes when I fixed them on this miserable hut, erected on the forsaken site of one of the most renowned cities of the universe, now the only object that marks the spot where Sparta flourished, the solitary habitation of a goatherd, whose whole wealth consists in the grass that grows upon the graves of Agis and of Leonidas.

Without waiting to see or to hear any thing more, I hastily descended from the castle, in spite of the calls of my guides, who wanted to show me modern ruins, and tell me stories of agas and pachas and cadis and waywodes; but, passing the residence of the archbishop, I found some papas, who were waiting at the door for the Frenchman, and invited me to enter in the name of the prelate.

Though I would most cheerfully have dispensed with this civility, I knew not how to decline the invitation: I therefore went in. The archbishop was seated in the midst of his clergy, in a very clean apartment, furnished with mats and cushions after the Turkish manner. All these papas and their superior were intelligent and affable. Many of them understood Italian and could speak the language fluently. I related to them in what perplexity I had been involved, in regard to the ruins of Sparta:

they laughed and ridiculed the cicerone, and seemed to me to be much accustomed to foreigners.

The Morea in fact swarms with Levantines, Franks, Ragusans, Italians, and particularly with young physicians, from Venice and the Ionian islands, who repair hither to dispatch the cadis and agas. The roads are very safe: you find tolerably good living, and enjoy a great degree of liberty, provided you possess a little firmness and prudence. It is upon the whole a very easy tour, especially for a man who has lived among the savages of America. There are always some Englishmen to be met with on the roads of the Peloponnese: the papas informed me that they had lately seen some antiquaries and officers of that nation. At Misitra there is even a Greek house called the English Inn, where you may eat roast beef, and drink port wine. In this particular, the traveller is under great obligation to the English: it is they who have established good inns all over Europe, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in Spain, at Constantinople, at Athens, nay, even at the very gates of Sparta, in despite of Lycurgus.

The Archbishop knew the French vice-consul at Athens, and I think he told me that M. Fauvel had been his guest in the two or three excursions which he has made to Misitra. After I had taken coffee, I was shown the Archbishop's palace and the church. The latter, though it cuts a great figure in our books of geography, contains nothing remarkable. The mosaic work of the pavement is common, and the pictures extolled by Guillet absolutely resemble the daubings of the school that preceded Perugino. As to the architecture, nothing is to be seen but domes more or less dilapidated, and more or less numerous. This cathedral, dedi-

cated to St. Dimitri, and not to the Virgin Mary, as some have asserted, has for its share seven of these domes. Since this ornament was employed at Constantinople in the decline of the art, it has been introduced in all the monuments of Greece. It has neither the boldness of the Gothic nor the simple beauty of the antique. When of very large dimensions, it is certainly majestic, but then it crushes the structure which it adorns: when small, it is a paltry cap, that blends with no other member of the architecture, and rises above the entablature for the express purpose of breaking the harmonious line of the ogee.

I observed in the archiepiscopal library some treatises of the Greek fathers, books on controversial subjects, and two or three Byzantine historians, among the rest Pachymeres. It might be worth while to collate the text of this manuscript with the texts which we possess; but it must doubtless have been examined by our two great Grecians, the Abbé Fourmont, and d'Ansse de Villoison. The Venetians, who were long masters of the Morea, probably carried off the most valuable manuscripts.

My hosts officiously showed me printed translations of some French works; such as Telemachus, Rollin, and some modern books printed at Bucharest. Among these translations I durst not say that I found Atala, if M. Stamati had not also done me the honour to impart to my savage the language of Homer. The translation which I saw at Misitra was not finished: the translator was a Greek, a native of Zante, who happened to be at Venice when Atala appeared there in Italian, and from this version he began his in vulgar Greek. I know not whether I concealed my name from pride or modesty; but my petty fame of authorship was so

highly gratified to find itself beside the brilliant glory of Lacedæmon, that the Archbishop's porter had reason to praise my liberality—a kind of liberality of which I have since repented.

It was dark when I left the residence of the Archbishop: we traversed the most populous part of Misitra, and passed through the bazar, asserted in several descriptions to be the Agora of the ancients, under the idea that Misitra is Lacedæmon. This bazar is a wretched market-place, resembling those which are to be seen in our small provincial towns. Paltry shops, shawls, mercery, and eatables, occupy its streets. These shops were then lighted by lamps of Italian manufacture. Two Mainottes were pointed out to me selling, by the light of these lamps, cuttle-fish and the species of marine polypus, distinguished at Naples by the name of *frutti di mare*. These fishermen, who were tall and stout, looked like peasants of Franche Comté: I observed in them nothing extraordinary. I purchased of them a dog of Taygetus: he was of middling size, with a yellow, shaggy coat, very wide nostrils, and a fierce look.

> Fulvus Lacon,
> Amica vis pastoribus.

I called him Argus, the same name which Ulysses gave to his dog. Unluckily, I lost him a few days afterwards in the journey from Argos to Corinth.

We met several women wrapped in their long garments: we turned aside to give them the way, in compliance with a custom originating rather in jealousy than politeness. I could not discern their faces; so that I knew not whether Homer's epithet of Καλλιγυναικα, celebrated for fair women, be yet applicable to Sparta.

I returned to Ibrahim's, after an excursion of thirteen hours, during which I had taken but a few moments' rest. Not only can I easily bear fatigue, heat, and hunger, but I have observed that a strong emotion protects me from weariness and gives me new strength. I am besides convinced, and perhaps more than any other person, that an inflexible determination surmounts every difficulty, and even triumphs over time. I determined not to lie down, to employ the night in taking notes, to proceed the next day to the ruins of Sparta, and then continue my journey without returning to Misitra.

I took leave of Ibrahim; ordered Joseph and the guide to proceed with their horses along the road towards Argos, and to wait for me at the bridge of the Eurotas, which we had already passed in our way from Tripolizza. I kept the janissary only to accompany me to the ruins of Sparta, and, could I have dispensed with his services, I would have gone alone to Magoula; for I had experienced how much you are harassed in the researches you are desirous of making by your attendants, who grow tired and impatient.

CHAPTER IV.

Palæochori, Ruins of ancient Sparta—Sensations on beholding them—Temple of Minerva—View from the Hill of the Citadel—The River Eurotas—Search for the Tomb of Leonidas—Earliest Accounts of the Ruins of Sparta—Bivouac on the bank of the Eurotas—Village of St. Paul—Tragic Event—Singular Conduct of a Greek Peasant—The Guide loses the Way—Dangerous Situation—Marsh of Lerne—Fever—Argos—M. Avramiotti—Supposed Tomb of Agamemnon—Ruins of Mycenæ—Arrival at Corinth.

Having made these arrangements, on the 18th, half an hour before daylight, I mounted my horse with the janissary, and, having given something to the slaves of the kind Ibrahim, I set off at full gallop for Lacedæmon.

We had proceeded at that pace for an hour along a road running direct south-west, when, at break of day, I perceived some ruins and a long wall of antique construction: my heart began to palpitate. The janissary turning towards me pointed with his whip to a whitish-cottage on the right, and exclaimed, with a look of satisfaction, "Palæochôri!" I made up towards the principal ruin, which I perceived upon an eminence. On turning this eminence by the north-west, for the purpose of ascending it, I was suddenly struck with the sight of a vast ruin of semicircular form, which I instantly recognized as

an ancient theatre. I am not able to describe the confused feelings which overpowered me. The hill, at the foot of which I stood, was consequently the hill of the citadel of Sparta, since the theatre was contiguous to the citadel: the ruin which I beheld upon that hill was of course the temple of Minerva Chalciœcos, since that temple was in the citadel, and the fragments of the long wall which I had passed lower down must have formed part of the quarter of the Cynosuri, since that quarter was to the north of the city. Sparta was then before me, and its theatre, to which my good fortune conducted me on my first arrival, gave me immediately the positions of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted, and ran all the way up the hill of the citadel.

Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Menelaion. What a magnificent spectacle! but how melancholy! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless, in a kind of stupor, at the contemplation of this scene. A mixture of admiration and grief checked the current of my thoughts, and fixed me to the spot: profound silence reigned around me. Determined, at least, to make Echo speak in a spot where the human voice is no longer heard, I shouted with all my might—"Leonidas! Leonidas!" No ruin repeated this great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have forgotten her hero.

If ruins to which brilliant recollections are attached demonstrate the vanity of all terrestrial things, it must however be admitted, that names which survive empires, and immortalize ages and places, are not an empty sound. After all, glory should not be too much slighted; for what is

fairer, unless it be virtue? The highest degree of felicity would be to unite them both in this life, and such was the purport of the only prayer which the Spartans addressed to the gods: *ut pulchra bonis adderent!*

When my agitation had subsided, I began to study the ruins around me. The summit of the hill was a platform, encompassed, especially to the north-west, by thick walls. I went twice round it, and counted one thousand five hundred and sixty, and one thousand five hundred and sixty-six ordinary paces; or nearly seven hundred and eighty geometrical paces; but it should be remarked, that in this circuit I comprehend the whole summit of the hill, including the curve formed by the excavation of the theatre in this hill. It was this theatre that Leroi examined.

Some ruins, partly buried in the ground, and partly rising above the surface, indicate, nearly in the centre of this platform, the foundations of the temple of Minerva Chalciœcos*, where Pausanias in vain sought refuge, and lost his life. A sort of flight of steps, seventy feet wide, and of an extremely gentle descent, leads from the south side of the hill down to the plain. This was, perhaps, the way that conducted to the citadel, which was not a place of any great strength till the time of the tyrants of Lacedæmon.

At the commencement of these steps, and above the theatre, I saw a small edifice of a circular form,

* Chalciœcos signifies a house of brass. We must not, however, take the text of Pausanias and Plutarch in a literal sense, and imagine that this temple was entirely of brass. Those writers only mean to say, that it was lined with brass internally, and perhaps faced with it externally. I hope, too, that nobody will confound the two Pausaniases mentioned here, the one in the text, and the other in the note.

three-fourths destroyed: the niches within it seem equally well adapted for the reception of statues or of urns. Is it a tomb? Is it the temple of the armed Venus? The latter must have stood nearly on this spot, and belonged to the quarter of the Egides. Cæsar, who boasted of being descended from Venus, had the figure of the armed Venus engraved on his ring: it was, in fact, the two-fold emblem of the weakness and glory of that great man.

If the reader will place himself with me upon the hill of the citadel, he will then have a view of the following objects around him:

To the east, that is, towards the Eurotas, a hill of an oblong form, and levelled at the top, as if for the purpose of a race-course or hippodrome. Two other hills, one on each side of that just mentioned, form with it two hollows, in which you perceive the ruins of the bridge Babyx and the current of the Eurotas. Beyond the river, the view is bounded by a chain of reddish hills, which compose Mount Menelaion. Beyond these hills, the high mountains which border the gulf of Argos tower aloft in the distance.

In this space seen to the eastward, between the citadel and the Eurotas, looking north and south by east, in a parallel direction to the course of the river, we must place the quarter of the Limnates, the temple of Lycurgus, the palace of King Demaratus, the quarters of the Egides and the Messoates, one of the Leschi, the monument of Cadmus, the temples of Hercules and Helen, and the Platanistæ. In this extensive space, I counted seven ruins standing and above-ground, but absolutely shapeless and dilapidated. As I was at liberty to choose, I gave to one of these ruins the name of

Helen's Temple, and another I called the Tomb of Alcman. In two others I fancied that I beheld the heroic monuments of Ægeus and Cadmus; I thus determined in favour of fable, and assigned nothing to history but the temple of Lycurgus. I prefer, I must confess, to black broth and barley bread, the memory of the only poet that Lacedæmon has produced, and the garland of flowers gathered by the Spartan maidens for Helen in the isle of Platanistæ:

> O ubi campi
> Sperchiusque et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
> Taygetæ!

Now, looking towards the north, as you still stand on the site of the citadel, you see a hill of considerable height, commanding even that on which the citadel was erected, though this contradicts the text of Pausanias. The valley formed by these two hills must have been the site of the public place and the structures that adorned it, as the buildings appropriated to the meetings of the Gerontes and Ephori, the portico of the Persice and other edifices. On this side there are no ruins. To the north-west extended the quarter of the Cynosuri, by which I had entered Sparta, and where I observed the long wall and some other remains.

Let us now turn to the west, and we shall perceive upon a level spot in the rear and at the foot of the theatre three ruins, one of which is of considerable height, and circular, like a tower. In this direction must have lain the quarter of the Pitanates, the Theomelis, the tombs of Pausanias and Leonidas, the Lesche of the Crotanes, and the temple of Diana Isora.

Lastly, if you turn your eye to the south, you will see an uneven space, intersected here and

there by the bases of walls that have been razed to the ground. The stones of which they were composed must have been removed, for they are not to be discovered any where round about. In this part stood the residence of Menelaus; and beyond it, on the road towards Amyclæ, rose the temple of the Dioscuri and of the Graces. This description will be rendered more intelligible, if the reader will turn to Pausanias, or merely to the Travels of Anacharsis.

The whole site of Lacedæmon is uncultivated: the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins, not a bird, not an insect, not a creature, enlivened them, save millions of lizards, which crawled without noise up and down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half wild horses were feeding here and there upon the withered grass; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre; and at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedæmon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula, formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation: its buildings are overthrown, and the index of ruins is itself but a ruin.

I descended from the citadel, and, after walking about a quarter of an hour, I reached the Eurotas. Its appearance was nearly the same as two leagues higher, where I had passed it, without knowing what stream it was. Its breadth before Sparta is about the same as that of the Marne above Charenton. The bed of the river, nearly dry in summer, is sand intermixed with small pebbles, overgrown with reeds and rose-laurels, among which run a few rills of a cool and limpid water. I drank

of it abundantly, for I was parched with thirst. From the beauty of its reeds, the Eurotas certainly deserves the epithet of καλλιδοραξ, given to it by Euripides; but I know not whether it ought to retain that of *olorifer*, for I perceived no swans upon its surface. I followed its current, hoping to meet with some of these birds, which, according to Plato, have, before they expire, a view of Olympus, on which account their dying notes are so melodious: but I was disappointed. Perhaps, like Horace, I am not in the good graces of the Tyndarides, and they would not permit me to discover the secrets of their cradle.

Famous rivers share the same fate as famous nations; at first unknown, then celebrated throughout the whole world, they afterwards sink into their original obscurity. The Eurotas, originally denominated Himera, now flows forgotten under the appellation of Iri; as the Tiber, more anciently Albula, now rolls to the sea the unknown waters of the Teverone. I examined the ruins of the bridge Babyx, which are insignificant. I sought the island of Platanistæ, and imagine that I discovered it below Magoula: it is a piece of ground of a triangular form, one side of which is washed by the Eurotas, while the other two are bounded by ditches full of rushes, where in winter flows the river Magoula, the ancient Cnacion. In this island are some mulberry-trees and sycamores, but no plantains. I perceived no indication that the Turks still continue to make this spot subservient to pleasure; I observed there a few flowers, among others blue lilies, some of which I plucked in memory of Helen: the perishable crown of the beauty yet exists on the banks of the Eurotas, and the beauty herself has disappeared.

The view enjoyed as you walk along the Eurotas is very different from that commanded by the hill of the citadel. The river pursues a winding course, concealing itself, as I have observed, among reeds and rose-laurels, as large as trees; on the left side, the hills of Mount Menelaion, of a bare and reddish appearance, form a contrast with the freshness and verdure of the channel of the Eurotas. On the right, the Taygetus spreads his magnificent curtain; the whole space comprehended between this curtain and the river is occupied by small hills, and the ruins of Sparta. These hills and these ruins have not the same desolate aspect as when you are close to them; they seem, on the contrary, to be tinged with purple, violet, and a light gold colour. It is not verdant meads and foliage of a cold and uniform green, but the effects of light, that produce admirable landscapes. On this account the rocks and the heaths of the bay of Naples will ever be superior in beauty to the most fertile vales of France and England.

Thus, after ages of oblivion, this river, whose banks were trodden by the Lacedæmonians, which Plutarch has celebrated; this river, I say, perhaps rejoiced, amid this neglect, at the sound of the footsteps of an obscure stranger upon its shores. It was on the 18th of August, 1806, at nine in the morning, that I took this lonely walk along the Eurotas, which will never be erased from my memory. If I hate the manners of the Spartans, I am not blind to the greatness of a free people, neither was it without emotion that I trampled on their noble dust. One single fact is sufficient to proclaim the glory of this nation. When Nero visited Greece, he durst not enter Lacedæmon. What a magnificent panegyric on that city!

I returned to the citadel, stopping to survey the ruins which I met with on my way. As Misitra has probably been built with materials from the ruins of Sparta, this has undoubtedly contributed much to the destruction of the edifices of the latter city. I found my companion exactly where I left him: he had sat down, and fallen asleep; having just awoke, he was smoking his pipe, after which he went to sleep again. The horses were peacefully grazing in the palace of King Menelaus; but "Helen had not left her distaff laden with wool of a purple colour, to give them pure corn in a magnificent manger."* Thus, though a traveller, I am not the son of Ulysses; but yet, like Telemachus, I prefer my native rocks to the most enchanting foreign regions.

It was noon, and the sun darted his rays perpendicularly on our heads. We retired to the shade in a corner of the theatre, and ate with a good appetite some bread and dried figs, which we had brought from Misitra: Joseph had taken care of all the rest of our provisions. The janissary was delighted; he thought himself once more at liberty, and was preparing to start, but soon perceived to his no small mortification that he was mistaken. I began to write down my observations, and to take a view of the different places: this occupied me two full hours, after which I determined to examine the monuments to the west of the citadel. I knew that in this quarter the tomb of Leonidas must be situated. We wandered from ruin to ruin, the janissary following me, and leading the horses by the bridle. We were the only living human beings among such numbers of illustrious dead: both of

* Odyss.

us were barbarians, strangers to each other, as well as to Greece; sprung from the forests of Gaul and the rocks of Caucasus, we had met at the extremity of the Peloponnese, the one to pass over, the other to live upon, tombs which were not those of our forefathers.

In vain I examined the smallest stones to discover the spot where the ashes of Leonidas were deposited. For a moment I had hopes of succeeding. Near the edifice, resembling a tower, which I have described as standing to the west of the citadel, I found fragments of sculpture, which I took to be those of a lion. We are informed by Herodotus, that there was a lion of stone on the tomb of Leonidas; a circumstance which is not recorded by Pausanias. I continued my researches with increased ardour, but all my efforts proved fruitless.* I know not whether this was the spot where the Abbé Fourmont discovered three curious monuments. One of them was a cippus, on which was engraven the name of Jerusalem; perhaps a memorial of that alliance between the Jews and the Lacedæmonians which is mentioned in the Maccabees. The two others were the sepulchral inscription of

* On this subject my memory deceived me. The lion spoken of by Herodotus was at Thermopylæ. It is not even related by that historian that the bones of Leonidas were carried to his native land; he asserts, on the contrary, that Xerxes caused the body of the hero to be crucified: consequently the fragments of the lion which I saw at Sparta cannot mark the tomb of Leonidas. It may be supposed that I had not an Herodotus in my hand on the ruins of Lacedæmon: I carried with me from home nothing but Racine, Tasso, Virgil, and Homer, the latter interleaved for the purpose of writing notes. It cannot, therefore, appear surprising that, being obliged to draw upon the resources of my memory, I may have been wrong in regard to the place, without, however, being mistaken respecting the fact. Two neat epigrams on this stone lion, at Thermopylæ, may be seen in the Anthology.

Lysander and Agesilaus. I shall observe that to my countrymen Europe is indebted for the first satisfactory accounts of the ruins of Sparta and Athens.* Deshayes, who was sent to Jerusalem by Louis XIII. passed through Athens about the year 1629: we possess his travels, with which Chandler was not acquainted. In 1672, Father Babin, a Jesuit, published his relation of the *Present State of the City of Athens*. This relation was edited by Spon, before that honest and ingenious traveller had commenced his tours with Wheeler. The Abbé Fourmont and Leroi were the first who threw a steady light upon Laconia, though it is true that Vernon had visited Sparta before them: but nothing of his was published except a single letter, in which he merely mentions that he had seen Lacedæmon, without entering into any details. As for me, I know not whether my researches will be transmitted to posterity, but, at least, I have joined my name to that of Sparta, which can alone rescue it from oblivion. I have fixed the site of that celebrated city; I have, if I may so express myself, rediscovered all these immortal ruins. An humble fisherman, in consequence of shipwreck, or rather by accident, often determines the position of rocks which had escaped the observation of the most skilful pilot.

There were at Sparta a great number of altars and statues dedicated to Sleep, to Death, to Beauty

* On the subject of Athens, we have certainly the two letters from the collection of Martin Crusius, written in 1584; but not only do they contain scarcely any information, but they were written by Greeks, natives of the Morea, and consequently are not the fruit of the researches of modern travellers. Spon likewise mentions the manuscript in the Barberini Library at Rome, which is dated two hundred years anterior to his travels, and in which he found some drawings of Athens.

(Venus Morpho), divinities of all mankind; and to Fear armed, probably that with which the Lacedæmonians inspired their enemies. Not a vestige of these is now left, but I perceived upon a kind of socle these four letters ΛΑΣΜ. Could they have formed part of the word ΓΕΛΑΣΜΑ? Could this have been the pedestal of the statue of Laughter, which Lycurgus erected among the grave descendants of Hercules? The altar of Laughter, existing alone in the midst of entombed Sparta, would furnish a fair subject of triumph for the philosophy of Democritus.

Night drew on apace, when I reluctantly quitted these renowned ruins, the shade of Lycurgus, the recollection of Thermopylæ, and all the fictions of fable and history. The sun sank behind the Taygetus, so that I had beheld him commence and finish his course on the ruins of Lacedæmon. It was three thousand five hundred and forty-three years since he first rose and set over this infant city. I departed with a mind absorbed by the objects which I had just seen, and indulging in endless reflections. Such days enable a man to endure many misfortunes with patience, and, above all, render him indifferent to many spectacles.

We pursued the course of the Eurotas for an hour and a half, through the open country, and then fell into the road to Tripolizza. Joseph and the guide had encamped on the other side of the river, near the bridge, and had made a fire of reeds, in spite of Apollo, who was consoled by the sighing of these reeds for the loss of Daphne. Joseph was abundantly provided with necessaries: he had salt, oil, water-melons, bread, and meat. He dressed a leg of mutton like the companion of Achilles, and served it up on the corner of a large stone, with

wine from the vineyard of Ulysses, and the water of the Eurotas. I made an excellent supper, having just that requisite which Dionysius wanted to relish the black broth of Lacedæmon.

After supper, Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served me for a pillow: I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down under a laurel on the bank of the Eurotas. The night was so pure and so serene, and the Milky Way shed such a light, reflected by the current of the river, that you might see to read by it. I fell asleep, with my eyes fixed on the heavens, having the beautiful constellation of Leda's swan exactly over my head. I still recollect the pleasure which I formerly received from thus reposing in the woods of America, and especially from awaking in the middle of the night. I listened to the whistling of the wind through the wilderness, the braying of the does and stags, the roar of a distant cataract; while the embers of my half-extinguished fire glowed beneath the foliage of the trees. I loved even to hear the voice of the Iroquois, when he shouted in the recesses of his forests, and when, in the brilliant star-light, amid the silence of nature, he seemed to be proclaiming his unbounded liberty. All this may afford delight at twenty, because then life suffices, in a manner, for itself, and there are in early youth a certain restlessness and inquietude, which incessantly encourage the creation of chimæras — *ipsi sibi somnia fingunt;* but in maturer age the mind contracts a relish for more solid pursuits, and loves, in particular, to dwell on the illustrious examples recorded in history. Gladly would I again make my couch on the banks of the Eurotas, or the Jordan, if the heroic shades of the three hundred Spartans, or the twelve sons of Jacob, were to visit my slumbers;

but I would not go again to explore a virgin soil, which the ploughshare has never lacerated. Give me now ancient deserts, where I can conjure up at pleasure the walls of Babylon, or the legions of Pharsalia — *grandia ossa;* plains whose furrows convey instruction, and where, mortal as I am, I trace the blood, the tears, the sweat of human kind.

Joseph awoke me, according to my directions, at three in the morning of the 19th. We saddled our horses and set off. I turned my head toward Sparta, and cast a farewell look on the Eurotas: I was unable to check that sensation of melancholy, which will intrude itself when we are surveying a grand ruin, and leaving places which we shall never more behold.

The road leading from Laconia into the country of Argos was, in ancient times, as at the present day, one of the wildest and most rugged in Greece. For some time we pursued the way to Tripolizza; then, turning to the east, we descended into the defiles of the mountains. We proceeded at a rapid rate in the ravines, and under trees which obliged us to lie down upon our horses' necks. From one of the branches of these trees I received so violent a blow on the head, that I was thrown senseless to the distance of ten paces. As my horse galloped on, my fellow travellers, who happened to be before me, did not immediately perceive my accident; their cries, when they turned back to me, roused me from my swoon.

At four in the morning, we reached the summit of a mountain, where we allowed our horses a little rest. The cold became so intense that we were obliged to kindle a fire of heath. I cannot assign a name to this place, of little note in antiquity; but it must be situated near the sources of the Lænus,

in the chain of Mount Eva, and not far from Prasiæ, on the gulf of Argos.

At noon we arrived at a considerable village, named St. Paul, very near the sea. The only topic of conversation among its inhabitants was a tragic event, of the particulars of which they were anxious to inform us.

A girl of this village, having lost her father and mother, and being the mistress of a small fortune, was sent by her relations to Constantinople. At the age of eighteen she returned to her native village. She could speak the Turkish, French, and Italian languages, and when any foreigners passed through St. Paul, she received them with a politeness which excited suspicions of her virtue. The principal peasants had a meeting, in which, after discussing among themselves the conduct of the orphan, they resolved to get rid of a female whom they deemed a disgrace to the village. They first raised the sum fixed by the Turkish law for the murder of a Christian woman; they then broke by night into the house of the devoted victim, whom they butchered; and a man, who was in waiting for the news of the execution, hastened to the pacha with the price of blood. What caused such an extraordinary sensation among all these Greeks of St. Paul was not the atrocity of the deed, but the greediness of the pacha of the Morea. He too regarded the action as a very simple matter, and admitted that he had been paid the sum required for an ordinary murder; but observed that the beauty, the youth, the accomplishments, of the orphan, gave him a just claim to a farther indemnity. He therefore dispatched two janissaries the very same day to demand an additional contribution.

The village of St. Paul is an agreeable place. It

is supplied with water by fountains, shaded with wild pines, *pinus silvestris*. We here found one of those Italian doctors who are dispersed all over the Morea: I had him to bleed me. I tasted some excellent milk in a very clean house, very much resembling a Swiss cottage. A young native of the Morea seated himself opposite to me: he looked like Meleager, both in person and in dress. The Greek peasants are not attired like the Levantine Greeks who are to be seen in France. They wear a tunic, which reaches to their knees, and is fastened by a girdle; their wide drawers are covered by the skirts of this tunic; and they cross upon their bare legs the strings which tie their sandals. With the exception of the covering for the head, they are absolutely the ancient Greeks without cloak.

My new companion, seated, as I have said, opposite to me, watched all my motions with extreme curiosity. He kept his eyes fixed on me without uttering a word; and even bent forward to look into the earthen vessel out of which I was eating my milk. I rose, and he rose too; I sat down again, and he did the same. I presented him with a cigar; he was delighted, and made signs for me to smoke with him. On my departure he ran after me for half an hour, without ever speaking, and without my being able to discover what he wanted. I gave him money, but he threw it away; the janissary would have driven him back, on which he prepared to fight the janissary. I was affected, I knew not why; perhaps from observing that I, a civilized barbarian, was an object of curiosity to a barbarized Greek.*

* The Greeks of these mountains pretend to be the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians. They assert that the Mainottes are but an assemblage of foreign banditti, and they are perfectly right.

Having procured fresh horses, we left St. Paul at two in the afternoon, and pursued the road towards the ancient Cynuria. About four, our guide called out that we were going to be attacked: we, indeed, perceived on the mountain a few armed men, who, after looking at us for some time, suffered us to pass unmolested. We entered among the Parthenian hills, and descended to the bank of a river, whose channel conducted us to the sea. We descried the citadel of Argos, Naupli opposite to us, and the mountains of Corinth towards Mycenæ. From the spot which we had now reached, it was still three hours' journey to Argos: we had to turn the extremity of the gulf, and cross the marsh of Lerne, which extended from the place where we stood to the city. We passed the garden of an aga, where I remarked Lombardy poplars, intermixed with cypress, orange, lemon, and many other trees which I had not yet seen in Greece. The guide soon afterwards missed the way, and led us along narrow causeways, which formed the separation between small ponds and inundated rice-fields. In this embarrassing situation night overtook us: at every step we were obliged to leap wide ditches, with our horses intimidated by the darkness, the croaking of a host of frogs, and the violet-coloured flames that danced along the marsh. Our guide's horse fell; and, as we marched in a row, we tumbled one over another into a ditch. We all cried out together, so that none of us knew what the others said. The water was deep enough for the horses to swim and be drowned with their riders: my puncture began to bleed afresh, and my head was very painful. At length we miraculously scrambled out of this slough, but found it impossible to proceed to Argos. We perceived, between the reeds, a glimmering light:

we made up towards it, perishing with cold, covered with mud, leading our horses by the bridle, and running the risk of plunging, at every step, into some fresh quagmire.

The light guided us to a farm-house, situated in the midst of the marsh, in the vicinity of the village of Lerne. It was just harvest-time, and we found the reapers lying on the ground. They started up at our approach, and fled like deer. We convinced them that they had nothing to fear, and passed the rest of the night with them on a heap of sheep's dung, which was less filthy and less damp than any other situation that we could find. I should have had a right to quarrel with Hercules, who has not completely destroyed the Lernæan hydra; for, in this unwholesome place, I caught a fever, which never entirely left me till after my arrival in Egypt.

On the 20th, at day-break, I was at Argos. The village which has succeeded that celebrated city is neater and more lively than most of the villages of the Morea. Its situation is very beautiful, at the extremity of the Gulf of Naupli or Argos, a league and a half from the sea: on one side it has the mountains of Cynuria and Arcadia, and on the other the heights of Troezene and Epidaurus.

But, whether my imagination was oppressed by the recollection of the misfortunes and the excesses of the Pelopides, or I was struck by the real truth, the country appeared to me cultivated and desolate, the mountains naked and dreary—a kind of nature fertile in great crimes and in great virtues. I went to survey what are called the remains of Agamemnon's Palace, the ruins of a theatre and of a Roman aqueduct; I ascended to the citadel, solicitous to

see every stone that could possibly have been touched by the hand of the king of kings. What can boast of enjoying any glory beside those families, sung by Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Racine? But when you see, on the spot where they flourished, how very little remains of those families, you are marvellously astonished.

It is a considerable time since the ruins of Argos ceased to correspond with the greatness of its name. In 1756, Chandler found them absolutely in the same state as they were seen by me: the Abbé Fourmont in 1746, and Pellegrin in 1719, were not more fortunate. The Venetians, in particular, have contributed to the demolition of the monuments of this city, by using their materials in the construction of the castle of Palamis. In the time of Pausanias there was at Argos a statue of Jupiter, remarkable for having three eyes, and still more remarkable on another account: it was brought from Troy by Sthenelus, and was said to be the very statue at the foot of which Priam was put to death in his palace by the son of Achilles:

> Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterrima laurus,
> Incumbens aræ, atque umbra complexa Penatis.

But Argos, which doubtless exulted in the possession of the Penates that betrayed the house of Priam, Argos itself soon exhibited a striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune. So early as the reign of Julian the apostate, its glories were eclipsed to such a decree, that, on account of its poverty, it could not contribute to the re-establishment of the Isthmian games. Julian pleaded its cause against the Corinthians; his speech, on that occasion, is still extant in his works. (*Ep.* XXV.) It is one of the most extraordinary documents in the history of

things and of mankind. Finally, Argos, the country of the king of kings, having become in the middle ages the inheritance of a Venetian widow, was sold by her to the republic of Venice, for five hundred ducats and an annuity of two hundred. Coronelli records the bargain. *Omnia vanitas!*

I was received at Argos by Avramiotti, the Italian physician, whom M. Poucqueville saw at Naupli, and on whose grand-daughter he performed an operation for hydrocephalus. M. Avramiotti shewed me a map of the Peloponnese, in which he and M. Fauvel had begun to write the ancient names by the side of the modern ones: it will be a valuable performance, which could not be executed but by persons resident for a number of years on the spot. M. Avramiotti had amassed a fortune, and began to sigh after his native land. There are two things which grow stronger in the heart of man, in proportion as he advances in years—the love of country and religion. Let them be ever so much forgotten in youth, they sooner or later present themselves to us arrayed in all their charms, and excite in the recesses of our hearts an attachment justly due to their beauty.

We conversed, therefore, about France and Italy, for the same reason that the Argive soldier who accompanied Æneas recollected Argos when expiring in Italy. Agamemnon was scarcely mentioned by us, though I was to see his tomb the following day. We talked upon the terrace of the house which overlooks the Gulf of Argos: perhaps that very terrace from which a poor woman hurled the tile that terminated the glory and the adventures of Pyrrhus. M. Avramiotti pointed out to me a promontory on the other side of the Gulf, and said: "It was there that Clytæmnestra stationed the slave

who was to give the signal for the return of the Grecian fleet. But," added he, "you have just come from Venice; I think the best thing I could do would be to return thither."

I left this exile in Greece the following morning at day-break, and, with fresh horses and a fresh guide, took the road to Corinth. I really think that M. Avramiotti was not sorry to get rid of me: though he received me with great politeness, it was easy to perceive that my visit was not perfectly agreeable.

After riding half an hour we crossed the Inachus, the father of Io, so celebrated for Juno's jealousy. In ancient times, the traveller, on leaving Argos, came to the gate Lucina and the altar of the Sun, before he reached the river. Half a league on the other side of it stood the temple of the Mysian Ceres, and beyond that the tomb of Thyeste and the heroic monument of Perseus. We stopped nearly on the eminence where these latter monuments existed at the period when Pausanias travelled. We were going to leave the plain of Argos, on which we have an excellent memoir by M. Barbié du Bocage, and to enter among the mountains of Corinth, when we saw Naupli behind us. The place which we had reached is called Carvathi; and here you must turn out of the road to the right to look for the ruins of Mycenæ. Chandler missed them on his return from Argos, but they are well known from the researches made there by Lord Elgin, in his tour of Greece. M. Fauvel has described them in his Memoirs, and M. de Choiseul Gouffier possesses drawings of them: they had been previously spoken of by the Abbé Fourmont, and seen by Dumonceaux. We had to cross a heath: a narrow path conducted us to these remains, which

are nearly in the same state as in the time of Pausanias; for it is more than two thousand two hundred and eighty years since Mycenæ was destroyed. The Argives razed it to the ground, jealous of the glory which it had acquired by sending forty warriors to die with the Spartans at Thermopylæ.

We first examined the tomb to which has been assigned the appellation of the tomb of Agamemnon. It is a subterraneous edifice, of a circular form, which receives light by a dome, and has nothing remarkable except the simplicity of its architecture. You enter by a trench, which leads to the door of the tomb: this door was adorned with pilasters of a very common species of bluish marble, procured from the neighbouring mountains. It was Lord Elgin who caused this monument to be opened, and the earth with which the interior was filled to be cleared away. A small elliptical door conducts from the principal apartment to another of less dimensions. After an attentive inspection, I am of opinion that the latter is merely an excavation made by the workmen beyond the tomb, for I could not perceive that it had any walls. The use of the little door would still remain to be accounted for; it was perhaps simply another entrance to the sepulchre. Has this building been always buried under the earth, like the rotunda of the Catacombs at Alexandria? Was it, on the contrary, erected upon the surface of the ground, like the tomb of Cecilia Metella at Rome? Had it any exterior decorations, and of what order were they? These are questions which yet remain to be resolved. Nothing has been found in the tomb, and we are not even certain that it is the sepulchre of Agamemnon, mentioned by Pausanias.*

* The Lacedæmonians also boasted that they possessed the ashes of Agamemnon.

On leaving this monument, I crossed a sterile valley, and on the side of the opposite hill I beheld the ruins of Mycenæ. I particularly admired one of the gates of the city, composed of gigantic masses of stone, laid upon the solid rock of the hill, with which they seem to form but one whole. Two colossal lions on each side of this gate are its only ornament. They are represented in relievo, standing, and face to face, like the lions which supported the arms of our ancient chevaliers; but they have lost their heads. I never saw, even in Egypt itself, a more imposing specimen of architecture, and the desert in which it stands adds to its solemnity. It belongs to that species of buildings which Strabo and Pausanias ascribe to the Cyclops, and traces of which have been discovered in Italy. M. Petit Radel maintains that this kind of architecture preceded the invention of the orders: it indisputably belongs to the heroic ages. For the rest, it was a shepherd-boy, stark naked, who shewed me in this solitude the tomb of Agamemnon and the ruins of Mycenæ.

At the foot of the door that I have spoken of is a fountain, which shall be, if you please, the same that Perseus found under a mushroom, and which gave name to Mycenæ; for *myces* is the Greek term for a mushroom, or the hilt of a sword: this story is told by Pausanias. On returning towards the road to Corinth, I heard the ground under my horse's feet sound hollow: I alighted, and discovered the vault of another tomb.

Pausanias reckons up five tombs at Mycenæ: the tomb of Atreus, that of Agamemnon, that of Eurymedon, that of Teledamus and Pelops, and that of Electra. He adds, that Clytæmnestra and Ægisthus were interred without the walls: might

it not then be their tomb that I discovered? I have described the spot to M. Fauvel, who will examine it in his first excursion to Argos. How singular the destiny that brings me from Paris to fix the site of the ruins of Sparta, and to discover the ashes of Clytæmnestra!

Leaving Nemæa on our left, we pursued our route. We reached Corinth in good time, having crossed a kind of plain, intersected by streams of water, and broken by detached hills, resembling the Acro-Corinthus, with which they blend. The latter we perceived long before we arrived at it, like an irregular mass of reddish granite, with a winding line of wall upon its summit. All the travellers in Greece have described Corinth. Spon and Wheeler explored the citadel, where they discovered the lost fountain of Pirene; but Chandler did not ascend to Acro-Corinth, and M. Fauvel informed us, that the Turks will not now permit any person to see it. In fact, I could not obtain leave to walk round about it, notwithstanding the applications of my janissary to that effect. For the rest, Pausanias in his Corinth, and Plutarch in his life of Aratus, have given a complete description of the monuments and localities of Acro-Corinth.

We alighted at a tolerably neat kan, situated in the centre of the village, and not far from the bazar. The janissary was dispatched for provisions; Joseph cooked the dinner, and, while they were thus engaged, I took a stroll in the environs of the place.

CHAPTER V.

Corinth—Present State—Historical Recollections—Journey to Megara—Mount Oneius—Inhumanity of a Turkish Officer—Mount Gerania—Megara—Knowledge of Medicine attributed to the Franks—The Author's Visit to a Patient—Tailless Fowls—Mount Kerato Pyrgo—Conversation with a Greek—Temple of Eleusis—Salamis—Supper at Eleusis—View of Athens—The River Cephisus—Arrival at Athens.

CORINTH stands at the foot of mountains, in a plain which extends to the sea of Crissa, now the Gulf of Lepanto, the only modern name in Greece that vies in beauty with the ancient appellations. In clear weather, you discern, beyond this sea, the top of Helicon and Parnassus; but from the town itself the Saronic sea is not visible. To obtain a view of it, you must ascend to Acro-Corinth, when you not only overlook that sea, but the eye embraces even the citadel of Athens and Cape Colonna. "It is," says Spon, "one of the most delicious views in the world." I can easily believe him, for even from the foot of Acro-Corinth the prospect is enchanting. The houses of the village, which are large, and kept in good repair, are scattered in groups over the plain, embosomed in mulberry, orange, and cypress trees. The vines, which constitute the riches of this district, give a fresh and fertile appearance to the country; they do not climb

in festoons upon trees, as in Italy, nor are they kept low, as in the vicinity of Paris. Each root forms a detached verdant bush, round which the grapes hang, in autumn, like crystals. The summits of Parnassus and Helicon, the Gulf of Lepanto, which resembles a magnificent canal, Mount Oneius covered with myrtles, form the horizon of the picture to the north and east; while the Acro-Corinthus, and the mountains of Argolis and Sicyon, rise to the south and west. As to the monuments of Corinth, there is not one of them in existence. M. Foucherot has discovered among their ruins but two Corinthian capitals, the sole memorial of the order invented in that city.

Corinth, razed to the ground by Mummius, rebuilt by Julius Cæsar and by Adrian, a second time destroyed by Alaric, again rebuilt by the Venetians, was sacked for the third and last time by Mahomet II. Strabo saw it soon after its re-establishment, during the reign of Augustus. Pausanias admired it in Adrian's time: and, to judge from the monuments which he has described, it must have been at that period a magnificent city. It would be interesting to know in what condition it was in 1173, when it was visited by Benjamin of Tudela; but this Spanish Jew gravely relates that he arrived at Patras, "the city of Antipater, one of the four Grecian kings, who divided among themselves the empire of Alexander." He thence proceeded to Lepanto and to Corinth: in the latter he found three hundred Jews, under the superintendence of the venerable rabbis, Leo, Jacob, and Hezekiah; and this was all that Benjamin concerned himself about.

Modern travellers have made us better acquainted with what remains of Corinth after so many calamities. Spon and Wheeler here discovered the ruins

of a temple of the highest antiquity: these ruins consisted of eleven fluted columns without bases, and of the Doric order. Spon asserts, that these columns were not in height above four diameters more than the diameter of the foot of the column; by which I suppose he means that their height was equal to five diameters. Chandler says, that they were only half as high as they ought to have been, according to the correct proportions of their order. Spon is evidently mistaken, since he takes the diameter of the foot of the column instead of the diameter of the middle for the standard of the order. This monument, a drawing of which is given by Leroi, was worthy of being noticed here, because it proves either that the early Doric had not the proportions since assigned to it by Pliny and Vitruvius, or that the Tuscan order, to which this temple bears a close resemblance, did not originate in Italy. Spon thought that he recognised in this monument the temple of Diana of Ephesus, mentioned by Pausanias; and Chandler took it to be the Sisypheus of Strabo. I know not whether these columns still exist; I did not see them, but I have some confused recollection of hearing that they were thrown down, and that the last fragments of them were carried away by the English.*

A maritime people, a king who was a philosopher and who became a tyrant, a Roman barbarian who fancied that the statues of Praxiteles might be replaced like soldiers' helmets; all these recollections render Corinth not very interesting: but, to make some amends, you have Jason, Medea, the fountain of Pirene, Pegasus, the Isthmian games, instituted by Theseus and sung by Pindar; that is to say,

* These columns were or still are near the harbour of Schœnus, and I missed them by not going down to the sea.

fable and poetry, as usual. I shall say nothing of Dionysius and of Timoleon, one of whom was so cowardly as not to die, the other so unfortunate as to live. If I were to ascend a throne, I would not relinquish it but with my life: and never shall I be virtuous enough to kill my brother: I care not therefore about these two men; but I love that boy, who, during the siege of Corinth, melted Mummius himself into tears, by reciting these verses of Homer:

Τρὶς μάκαρες Δαναοὶ καὶ τετράκις οἳ τοτ ὄλοντο
Τροίῃ ἐν ευρείῃ, χαριν Ατρεΐδησι φεροντες.
Ὡς δή εγωγ' ὀφελον θανέειν καί πότμον ἐπισπειν
Ηματι τῷ ὅτε μοι πλεῖστοι χαλκήρεα δοῦρα
Τρῶες ἐπερρίψαν περι Πηλείωνι θανόντι.
Τῷ κ'ἔλαχον κτερέων, καὶ μευ κλέος ἦγον Ἀχαιοί
Νῦν δέ με λευγαλέῳ θανάτῳ εἱμαρτα ἁλῶναι.

"O, thrice and four times blest the Greeks who perished before the vast walls of Ilion supporting the cause of the Atrides! Would to the gods that I had met my fate when the Trojan javelins showered upon me while defending the body of Achilles! Then should I have received the accustomed honours of the funeral pile, and the Greeks would have preserved my name! Now fate decrees that my life should end in an obscure and inglorious death!"

Here is truth, nature, and pathos! here we find a great reverse of fortune, the power of genius, and the feelings of man!

Vases are still made at Corinth, but not such as Cicero so earnestly entreated his friend Atticus to send him. It seems, for the rest, as if the Corinthians had lost the partiality which they had for strangers. While I was examining a marble in a vineyard, I was saluted with a shower of stones;

the descendants of Lais are probably desirous of keeping up the credit of the ancient proverb.

When the Cæsars rebuilt the walls of Corinth, and the temples of the gods rose from their ruins more magnificent than ever, there was an obscure architect, who was rearing, in silence, an edifice which remains standing amid the ruins of Greece. This architect was a foreigner, who gives this account of himself: — "Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck. In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." This man, unknown to the great, despised by the multitude, rejected as "the offscouring of the world," at first associated with himself only two companions, Crispus and Caius, with the family of Stephanas. These were the humble architects of an indestructible temple, and the first believers at Corinth. The traveller surveys the site of this celebrated city; he discovers not a vestige of the altars of paganism, but he perceives some Christian chapels rising from among the cottages of the Greeks. The apostle might still from his celestial abode give the salutation of peace to his children, and address them in the words, "Paul to the church of God, which is at Corinth."

It was near eight in the morning of the 21st, when we set out from Corinth, after a good night's rest. Two roads lead from Corinth to Megara: the one takes you over Mount Gerania, now Palæo Vouni, (the old Mountain); the other along the

Saronic sea and the Scironian rocks. The latter is the most interesting; it was the only one known to ancient travellers, for they make no mention of the first; but the Turks will not now allow you to follow it. They have established a military post at the foot of Mount Oneius, nearly in the middle of the isthmus, so as to command both seas: this is the boundary of the province of the Morea, and you are not permitted to pass the main guard without producing an express order from the pacha.

Having therefore no choice, but being obliged to take the former road, I was under the necessity of giving up the ruins of the temple of the Isthmian Neptune, which Chandler could not find, which were seen by Pococke, Spon, and Wheeler, and which still exist, as I was informed by M. Fauvel. For the same reason I did not explore the traces of the attempts made at different times to cut across the isthmus. The canal begun at Port Schœnus is, according to M. Foucherot, from thirty to forty feet deep, and sixty wide. Such an undertaking might, at the present day, be executed with ease, by means of gunpowder, the distance from sea to sea being no more than five miles, measuring the narrowest part of the neck of land by which they are separated.

A wall, six miles in length, frequently demolished and built up again, obstructed the access to the isthmus, in a place denominated Hexamillia. It was at this spot that we began to ascend Mount Oneius. I frequently stopped my horse amidst pines, laurels, and myrtles, to look behind me. Sorrowfully did I contemplate the two seas, especially that which stretched to the west, and seemed to tempt me with the recollection of France. That sea, how placid! the distance how small! In a few

days I might be again in the arms of my friends!—I surveyed the Peloponnese, Corinth, the isthmus, the place where those once famous games were celebrated. What a desert! what silence! Unfortunate country! unhappy Greeks! Shall France one day be stripped in like manner of her glory? Shall she, in the course of ages, be thus laid waste and trampled under foot?

This image of my country, which all at once mingled itself with the scenes presented to my view, affected me much; and I could not think without pain of the space that I had yet to traverse before I should visit my Penates.

We entered the defiles of Mount Oneius, alternately losing and recovering the view of the Saronic sea and Corinth. From the most elevated part of the mountain, which has assumed the name of Macripylasi, we descended to the *dervene*, that is to say, the main guard. I cannot tell if this spot be the site of the ancient Crommyon; but this I know that the people whom I found there were not more humane than Pytiocamptes.* I shewed the order given me by the pacha: the commandant invited me to smoke a pipe and drink coffee in his barrack. He was a fat man, the picture of apathy and unconcern, who could not stir upon his mat without sighing, as if the slightest motion put him in pain. He examined my arms, and shewed me his, especially a long carbine, which, he said, would carry very far. The guards perceived a peasant, who was scrambling up the mountain, out of the road; they called to him to come down, but he could not hear them. The commandant then rose with difficulty,

* *The bender of pines*, a robber killed by Theseus.

took deliberate aim at the peasant, between the fir-trees, and fired. After this exploit, the Turk returned, and seated himself on his mat with as much calmness and composure as ever. The peasant descended to the guard, to all appearance wounded, for he wept and shewed his blood; on which fifty strokes of the bastinado were administered to cure him.

I rose abruptly, and with feelings the more acute, as it was probably the wish to display his dexterity before me that induced this ruffian to fire at the peasant. Joseph would not translate what I said, and perhaps prudence was necessary on this occasion; but I was too indignant to listen to the suggestions of prudence. I called for my horse, and away I went, without waiting for the janissary, who shouted after me to no purpose. He and Joseph overtook me, when I had advanced a considerable way along the ridge of Mount Gerania. My indignation gradually subsided, from the effect produced by the scenery around me. It seemed as if, on approaching Athens, I had once more entered a civilized country; as if Nature herself had assumed a less dreary aspect. The Morea is almost entirely bare of trees, though it is certainly more fertile than Attica. I enjoyed the ride through a wood of firs, between the trunks of which I caught a view of the sea. The slopes, extending from the water's edge to the foot of the mountain, were covered with olive and carob-trees, and formed one of those landscapes which are very rare in Greece.

The first thing that struck me at Megara was a number of Albanian women, who were, indeed, inferior in beauty to Nausicaa and her companions: they were merrily washing linen at a spring, near

which were seen some shapeless remains of an aqueduct. If this was the fountain of the Sithnides and the aqueduct of Theagenes, Pausanias has extolled them too highly. The aqueducts which I have seen in Greece bear no resemblance to the Roman aqueducts: they are scarcely raised at all above the surface of the ground, and they exhibit not that series of large arches which produces so fine an effect in the perspective.

We alighted at the house of an Albanian, where we found pretty good lodgings. It was not yet six in the evening, and, according to my usual custom, I took a stroll among the ruins. Megara, which yet retains its name, and the harbour of Nisæa, now denominated Dôdeca Ecclêsiais, the twelve churches, though not celebrated in history, formerly contained some fine monuments. Greece, under the Roman emperors, must have nearly resembled Italy during the last century; it was a classic region, every city of which teemed with master-pieces. At Megara were to be seen the twelve superior deities by Praxiteles, a Jupiter Olympius began by Theocosmos and Phidias, and the tombs of Alcmene, Iphigenia, and Tereus. On the last of these the figure of the hoopoe was seen for the first time, whence it was concluded that Tereus was metamorphosed into that bird, as his victims were transformed into the swallow and the nightingale. As I was making a poetical tour, I could do no other than firmly believe, with Pausanias, that the adventures of the daughter of Pandion began and ended at Megara. I perceived, moreover, from Megara, the two summits of Parnassus, and this was sufficient to remind me of the lines of Virgil and La Fontaine:

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela, &c.

Night or darkness, and Jupiter Conius* had temples at Megara, and it may be asserted, that those two deities still continue to reside there. You see here and there some fragments of walls; whether they are part of those which Apollo erected, in conjunction with Alcathous, I cannot tell. The god, while engaged in this work, laid his lyre upon a stone, which has ever since emitted an harmonious sound, when it is touched with a pebble. The Abbé Fourmont collected thirty inscriptions at Megara; Pococke, Spon, Wheeler, and Chandler, found some others, which afford nothing of interest. I did not look for Euclid's school: I should have been much better pleased to discover the house of that pious female who interred Phocion's bones beneath her hearth. After a long excursion, I returned to my host, where I found that I been sent for to visit a patient.

The Greeks, as well as the Turks, have a notion that all the Franks possess a knowledge of medicine and particular secrets. The simplicity with which they apply to a stranger for relief in their diseases has something affecting, and reminds you of ancient manners: it shews a generous confidence placed by man in man. The savages of America have the same practice. I conceive that, in this case, religion and humanity enjoin the traveller to comply with what is requested of him; a look of confidence and cheering words may sometimes restore life to the expiring, and fill a whole family with joy.

A Greek had come to fetch me to visit his daughter. I found the poor creature extended on

* *The Dusty*, from Κονία, dust. This is not absolutely certain; but I have on my side the French translator, who, indeed, follows the Latin version, as the learned Larcher justly observes.

a mat upon the floor, and buried under the rags with which she had been covered. She raised her arm with great reluctance and modesty from beneath these wretched tatters, and dropped it lifeless upon the bed-clothes. She appeared to me to have a putrid fever: I directed the small pieces of money, with which the Albanian females of the lower classes adorn their hair, to be disengaged from her head: the weight of her tresses and of the metal concentrated the heat about the brain. I had with me some camphor, as a preventive against the plague: I divided it with the patient, to whom grapes had been given to eat—a regimen of which I approved. Lastly, we prayed to *Christos* and the *Panagia* (the Virgin Mary), and I promised a speedy cure. This, however, I was far from expecting. I have witnessed the death of so many that I possess too much experience in that way.

At my departure, I found all the village assembled at the door. The women thronged round me, crying: *Crasi! crasi!* wine! wine!—They were anxious to shew their gratitude, by forcing me to drink: this threw a rather ludicrous air over my character of physician. But what signifies that, if I have added at Megara another person to the number of my well-wishers in the various parts of the world through which I have wandered! It is the privilege of the traveller to leave many memorials behind him, and even sometimes to live longer in the hearts of strangers than in the bosoms of his friends.

I returned with painful feelings to the kan. The image of the expiring young woman haunted me all night. I recollected that Virgil, when visiting Greece, like me, was stopped at Megara by the disorder which terminated his life. I was myself tor-

mented with fever; a number of my countrymen, far more unfortunate than myself,* had passed through Megara a few years before; and I became anxious to leave a place, to which something fatal seemed to me to be attached.

We did not, however, get away from our quarters till eleven in the forenoon of the next day, the 22d of August. Our Albanian host was desirous of regaling me, before my departure, with one of those fowls without rump or tail, which Chandler considered as peculiar to Megara, and which were originally brought from Virginia, or perhaps from a small district of Germany. My landlord set a high value on these fowls, concerning which he knew a thousand anecdotes. I informed him, by my interpreter, that I had travelled in the native country of these birds, a country situated at a very great distance beyond the sea, and that there were in this country Greeks living in the recesses of the forests, among savages. It is a fact, that some Greeks, weary of their yoke, have settled in Florida, where the fruits of liberty have effaced the remembrance of their native land. "Those who had tasted of this sweet fruit were unable to relinquish it; but they resolved to remain among the Lotophagi, and forgot their country."†

The Albanian understood not a word of what I said, and only replied by inviting me to eat his fowl and some *frutti di mare*. I should have preferred the fish called *glaucus*, formerly caught on the coast near Megara. Anaxandrides, quoted by Athenæus, declares that Nereus was the first who contrived to eat the head of this excellent fish; Antiphanes insisted that it should be boiled; and Amphis

* The Garrison of Zante. † Odyss.

serves it up whole on a black shield to the seven chiefs, who "affrighted heaven with horrid oaths."

The delay occasioned by the good-nature of my host, and still more by my weariness, prevented our reaching Athens the same day. Leaving Megara, as I have said, at eleven in the forenoon, we first proceeded across the plain, and then ascended Mount Kerato Pyrgo, the Kerata of antiquity. Two detached rocks crown its summit; and on one of them are seen the ruins of a tower which gives name to the mountain. It is on the side of Kerato Pyrgo, towards Eleusis, that we must place the *palæstra* of Cercyon and the tomb of Alope. Not a vestige of them is left: we soon came to the Flowery Well at the bottom of a cultivated valley. I was almost as much fatigued as Ceres, when she sat down on the brink of this well, after seeking Proserpine in vain all over the world. We stopped a few moments in the valley and then pursued our route. As we advanced towards Eleusis, I did not perceive any of the variegated anemones, which Wheeler observed in the fields; but then, indeed, the season for them was over.

About five in the evening, we reached a plain, encompassed with mountains on the north, west, and east. A long narrow arm of the sea washes this plain to the south, and forms the cord to the arc of the mountains. The other side of this arm of the sea is bordered by the shore of an elevated island, the eastern extremity of which approaches so near to one of the promontories of the continent, as to leave but a narrow channel between them. I resolved to halt at a village situated on a hill, which stands near the sea, and forms the western extremity of the circular range of mountains mentioned above.

In the plain were to be seen the ruins of an aqueduct, and many fragments of buildings, scattered among the stubble left from the recent harvest. We alighted at the foot of the hill, and walked up to the nearest cottage, where we found a lodging.

While I was at the door, giving directions about something or other to Joseph, a Greek came up and saluted me in Italian. He immediately gave me his history: he was a native of Athens, and followed the employment of making pitch from the pines of the Geranian hills: he was a friend of M. Fauvel's, and certainly I should see that gentleman. I was delighted at meeting with this man, hoping that I should obtain from him some information respecting the ruins and the places in the neighbourhood of that where I was. I well knew indeed what these places were, but it struck me that an Athenian, and an acquaintance of M. Fauvel's, could not fail to be an excellent cicerone. I therefore requested him to give me some account of the places before me, and to inform me what things were worth seeing. Laying his hand upon his breast, in the manner of the Turks, he made a low bow. "I have," replied he, "often heard M. Fauvel explain all that; but, for my part, I am but an ignorant man, and don't even know whether it is all true or not. In the first place, you see to the west, above the promontory, the top of a mountain perfectly yellow: that is the Telo Vouni (the Little Hymettus). The island on the other side of that arm of the sea is Colouri; M. Fauvel calls it Salamis, and says that in the channel opposite to you a famous battle was fought between the fleets of the Greeks and Persians. The Greeks were stationed in this channel; the Persians on the other side towards the Lion's Port (the Piræus). The king of

those Persians, whose name I have forgotten, was seated on a throne placed at the point of that cape. As to the village where we are, M. Fauvel gives it the name of Eleusis; but we call it Lepsina. He says, that there was once a temple (the temple of Ceres) below this house; and if you will take the trouble to walk a few steps, you may see the spot where stood the mutilated idol of that temple (the statue of Ceres Eleusina); but it has been taken away by the English."

The Greek returned to his work, and left me with my eyes fixed on a desert shore, and a sea where not a vessel was to be seen, but a fishing-boat moored to the rings of a ruined mole.

All the modern travellers have visited Eleusis; all the inscriptions there have been copied. The Abbé Fourmont alone took about a score of them. We have a very learned dissertation on the temple of Eleusis by M. de Sainte Croix, and a plan of it by M. Foucherot. Warburton, Sainte Croix, and the Abbé Barthelemy, have said all that is worth saying on the subject of the mysteries of Ceres. The mutilated statue carried away by two English travellers is taken by Chandler for the statue of Proserpine, and by Spon for that of Ceres. According to Pococke, this colossal bust measures five feet and a half across the shoulders, and the basket which crowns it is more than two feet in height. Spon asserts, that this statue was in all probability the work of Praxiteles; but I know not what foundation he had for this opinion. Pausanias, out of respect for the mysteries, has not described the statue of Ceres, and Strabo is likewise silent on the subject. Pliny, to be sure, informs us that Praxiteles executed a Ceres in marble, and two Proserpines in bronze: the first, having been conveyed to

Rome, cannot be the same that was seen a few years since at Eleusis; and the two Proserpines of bronze are out of the question. To judge from the print which we have of this statue, it might have represented merely a Canephera. If I recollect rightly, M. Fauvel observed to me that this statue, notwithstanding its reputation, was of very inferior workmanship.

I have, therefore, nothing to relate concerning Eleusis, after so many travellers, except that I strolled among its ruins, went down to its port, and paused to survey the Strait of Salamis. The festivities and the glory of Eleusis are past: profound silence pervaded both the land and the sea; no acclamations, no songs, no pompous ceremonies on shore; no warlike shouts, no shock of galleys, no tumult of battle on the waves. My imagination was too confined now to figure to itself the religious procession of Eleusis; now to cover the shore with the countless hosts of Persians watching the battle of Salamis. Eleusis is, in my opinion, the most venerable place in Greece, because the unity of God was there inculcated, and because it witnessed the grandest struggle ever made by men in defence of liberty.

Who would believe that Salamis is, at the present day, almost wholly effaced from the memory of the Greeks! The reader has seen how my Athenian expressed himself. "The island of Salamis," says M. Fauvel in his Memoirs, "has not retained its name; it is forgotten, together with that of Themistocles." Spon relates that he lodged at Salamis with the papas Joannis, "a man," he adds, "less ignorant than any of his parishioners, since he knew that the island was formerly called Salamis; and this information he received from his

father." This indifference of the Greeks, relative to their country, is equally deplorable and disgraceful; they are not only ignorant of its history, but almost all of them are such utter strangers to the language which constitutes their glory, that we have seen an Englishman, impelled by a holy zeal, propose to settle at Athens, for the purpose of teaching the ancient Greek.

I could not think of returning, till night drove me from the shore. The waves, raised by the evening breeze, broke against the beach and expired at my feet. I walked for some time along the shore of that sea which bathed the tomb of Themistocles: and in all probability I was at this moment the only person in Greece who called to mind this great man.

Joseph had purchased a sheep for our supper: he knew that we should reach the house of a French consul the next day. He cared not for Sparta which he had seen, or Athens which he was going to see; but, in his joy at being so near the end of his fatigues, he provided a treat for the whole family of our host. Wife, children, husband, were all in motion; the janissary alone sat still amidst the general bustle, smoking his pipe, and enjoying his exemption from all this trouble, by which, however, he hoped to be a gainer. Since the suppression of the mysteries by Alaric, never had there been such a feast at Eleusis. We sat down to table, that is to say, we squatted upon the floor, around the repast: our hostess had baked some bread, which, though not very good, was soft and smoking from the oven. Fain would I have renewed the cry of Χαῖρε Δήμητερ, *Hail Ceres!* This bread, made from corn of the late harvest, proved the fallacy of a prediction recorded by Chandler. At the period of that tra-

veller's visit, it was a current saying at Eleusis, that, if ever the mutilated statue of the goddess were removed, the plain would cease to be fertile. Ceres is gone to England, and the fields of Eleusis are not the less favoured by that real Deity, who invites all mankind to the knowledge of his mysteries, who is not afraid of being dethroned, who paints the flowers with a thousand lovely hues, who tends the fruits from their first formation to maturity, and bestows, in due measure, sunshine, and rain, and refreshing dews.

This good cheer, and the peace in which we partook of it, I enjoyed the more, as we were indebted for them, in some measure, to the protection of France. Thirty or forty years ago, the coasts of Greece in general, and the ports of Corinth, Megara, and Eleusis, in particular, were infested by pirates. The good order established in our stations in the Levant gradually suppressed this system of plunder; our frigates kept a vigilant look-out; and under the French flag the subjects of the Porte tasted the sweets of security. The recent revolutions in Europe occasioned for a short time other combinations of powers; but the corsairs have not again made their appearance. We drank therefore to the glory of those arms which protected our entertainment at Eleusis, with the same feelings as the Athenians must have expressed towards Alcibiades, when he had conducted the procession of Iacchus in safety to the temple of Ceres.

At length arrived the great day of our entry into Athens. On the 23d, at three in the morning, we were all on horseback, and proceeded in silence along the Sacred Way; and never did the most devout of the initiated experience transports equal to mine. We had put on our best clothes for the

solemn occasion; the janissary had turned his turban, and, as an extraordinary thing, the horses had been rubbed down and cleaned. We crossed the bed of a stream called Saranta-Potamo, or the Forty Rivers, probably the Eleusinian Cephisus, and saw some ruins of Christian churches, which stand on the site of the tomb of that Zarex whom Apollo himself instructed in the art of song. Other ruins indicated the monuments of Eumolpe and Hippothoon. We found the Rhiti, or currents of salt water, where, during the feasts of Eleusis, the populace insulted passengers, in memory of the abuse with which an old woman had once loaded Ceres. Proceeding thence to the extreme point of the canal of Salamis, we entered the defile formed by Mount Parnes and Mount Ægaleon: this part of the Sacred Way was denominated the Mystic. We perceived the monastery of Daphne, erected on the ruins of the temple of Apollo, and the church of which is one of the most ancient in Attica. A little farther we observed some remains of a temple of Venus. The defile then began to widen; we made a circuit round Mount Pœcile, placed in the middle of the road, as if to hide the scenery beyond it, and the plain of Athens suddenly burst upon our view.

The travellers who visit the city of Cecrops usually arrive by the Piræus, or by the way of Negropont. They then lose part of the sight, for nothing but the citadel can be perceived as you approach from the sea: and the Anchesmus intercepts the prospect as you come from Eubœa. My lucky star had conducted me the proper way for viewing Athens in all its glory.

The first thing that struck me was the citadel illumined by the rising sun. It was exactly oppo-

site to me, on the other side of the plain, and seemed to be supported by Mount Hymettus, which formed the back-ground of the picture. It exhibited in a confused assemblage the capitals of the Propylæa, the columns of the Parthenon and of the temple of Erectheus, the embrasures of a wall planted with cannon, the Gothic ruins of the Christians, and the edifices of the Mussulmans.

Two small hills, the Anchesmus and the Museum, rose to the north and south of the Acropolis. Between these two hills, and at the foot of the Acropolis, appeared Athens itself. Its flat roofs, interspersed with minarets, cypresses, ruins, detached columns, and the domes of its mosques crowned with the large nests of storks, produced a pleasing effect in the sun's rays. But, if Athens might yet be recognized by its ruins, it was obvious at the same time, from the general appearance of its architecture and the character of its edifices, that the city of Minerva was no longer inhabited by her people.

A barrier of mountains, which terminates at the sea, forms the plain or basin of Athens. From the point whence I beheld this plain, at Mount Pœcile, it seemed to be divided into three stripes or regions, running in a parallel direction from north to south. The first and the nearest to me was uncultivated, and covered with heath; the second consisted of land in tillage, from which the crops had recently been carried; and the third exhibited a long wood of olives, extending somewhat in the form of a bow, from the sources of the Ilissus, by the foot of the Anchesmus, towards the port of Phalereus. The Cephisus runs through this forest, which, from its venerable age, seems to be descended from that olive-tree which Minerva caused to spring from the

earth. On the other side of Athens, between Mount Hymettus and the city, is the dry channel of the Ilissus. The plain is not perfectly level: a number of small hills, detached from Mount Hymettus, diversify its surface, and form the different eminences which Athens gradually crowned with its monuments.

It is not in the first moment of a strong emotion that you derive most enjoyment from your feelings. I proceeded towards Athens with a kind of pleasure which deprived me of the power of reflexion; not that I experienced any thing like what I had felt at the sight of Lacedæmon. Sparta and Athens have, even in their ruins, retained their different characteristics; those of the former are gloomy, grave, and solitary; those of the latter, pleasing, light, and social. At the sight of the land of Lycurgus, every idea becomes serious, manly, and profound; the soul, fraught with new energies, seems to be elevated and expanded: before the city of Solon, you are enchanted, as it were, by the magic of genius; you are filled with the idea of the perfection of man, considered as an intelligent and immortal being. The lofty sentiments of human nature assumed, at Athens, a degree of elegance which they had not at Sparta. Among the Athenians, patriotism and the love of independence were not a blind instinct, but an enlightened sentiment, springing from that love of the beautiful in general, with which Heaven had so liberally endowed them. In a word, as I passed from the ruins of Lacedæmon to the ruins of Athens, I felt that I should have liked to die with Leonidas, and to live with Pericles.

We advanced towards that little town whose

territory extended fifteen or twenty leagues, whose population was not equal to that of a suburb of Paris, and which, nevertheless, rivals the Roman empire in renown. With my eyes stedfastly fixed on its ruins, I applied to it the verses of Lucretius:

> Primæ frugiferos fœtus mortalibus ægris
> Dediderunt quondam præclaro nomine Athenæ;
> Et recreaverunt vitam, legesque rogârunt;
> Et primæ dediderunt solatia dulcia vitæ.

I know nothing more glorious to the Greeks than these words of Cicero:—"Recollect, Quintius, that you govern Greeks, who civilized all nations by teaching them mildness and humanity, and to whom Rome is indebted for all the knowledge she possesses." When we consider what Rome was at the time of Pompey and Cæsar, what Cicero himself was, we shall find in these words a magnificent panegyric.*

We proceeded rapidly through the two first of the regions into which the plain of Athens appeared to be divided, the waste and the cultivated region. On this part of the road nothing is to be seen of the monument of the Rhodian and the tomb of the courtezan; but you perceive the ruins of some churches. We entered the olive wood; and before we reached the Cephisus we met with two tombs and an altar to Jupiter the Indulgent. We soon distinguished the bed of the Cephisus, between the trunks of the olive-trees which bordered it like aged willows. I alighted to salute the river and to drink of its water; I found just as much as I wanted in a hol-

* Pliny the younger writes in nearly the same terms to Maximus, proconsul of Achaia.

low, close to the bank; the rest had been turned off higher up, to irrigate the plantations of olives. I have always taken a pleasure in drinking at the celebrated rivers which I have passed in my life; thus I have drunk of the water of the Mississippi, the Thames, the Rhine, the Po, the Tiber, the Eurotas, the Cephisus, the Hermus, the Granicus, the Jordan, the Nile, the Tagus, and the Ebro. What numbers on the banks of those rivers might say with the Israelites: *Sedimus et flevimus!*

I perceived, at some distance on my left, the ruins of the bridge over the Cephisus, built by Xenocles of Lindus. I mounted my horse, without looking for the sacred fig-tree, the altar of Zephyrus, or the pillar of Anthemocritus; for the modern road deviates in this part from the ancient Sacred Way. On leaving the olive-wood, we came to a garden surrounded with walls, which occupies nearly the site of the outer Ceramicus. We proceeded for about half an hour, through wheat stubbles, before we reached Athens. A modern wall, recently repaired, and resembling a garden wall, encompasses the city. We passed through the gate, and entered little rural streets, cool, and very clean; each house has its garden, planted with orange and fig-trees. The inhabitants appeared to me to be lively and inquisitive, and had not the dejected look of the people of the Morea. We were shewn the house of the consul.

I could not have had a better recommendation than to M. Fauvel for seeing Athens. He has resided for many years in the city of Minerva, and is much better acquainted with its minutest details than a Parisian is with Paris. Some excellent Memoirs by him have been published; and to him we are indebted for most interesting discoveries relative

to the site of Olympia, the plain of Marathon, the tomb of Themistocles at the Piræus, the temple of Venus in the gardens, &c. Invested with the appointment of consul at Athens, which merely serves him as a protection, he has been, and still is engaged as draughtsman upon the *Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce*. M. de Choiseul Gouffier, the author of that work, had favoured me with a letter for the artist, and I was furnished by the minister* with another for the consul.

* M. de Talleyrand.

CHAPTER VI.

Writers on Athens—M. Fauvel, the French Consul—His House—Dinner—News of Athens—Walk through the City—The Areopagus—The Pnyx—Hill of the Museum—Monument of Philopappus—Migration of Storks—The Citadel—Edifices of Athens—Temple of Minerva—Character of Grecian Architecture—Destruction of the Edifices of Athens by the Moderns—Lord Elgin and the Parthenon—View from the Citadel—Memorials of Travel—The Stadium—The Ilissus—Remarkable Columns—Women of Athens—The Harbours of the Phalereus, Munychia, and Piræus—Supposed Tomb of Themistocles—Solitude of the Piræus—Nature of that Port.

It will certainly not be expected that I should give a complete description of Athens; as to its history from the Romans to the present time, that may be seen in the Introduction to this volume. In regard to the monuments of ancient Athens, the translation of Pausanias, defective as it is, will completely satisfy the generality of readers; and the Travels of Anacharsis leave scarcely any thing more to wish for. The ruins of this famous city have been so amply described in the letters in Crusius's collection, by Father Babin, La Guilletière himself, notwithstanding his falsehoods, Pococke, Spon, Wheeler, Chandler, and particularly by M. Fauvel, that on this subject I could only repeat what they have written. Is it plans, maps, views

of Athens, and its monuments that you want? These you will meet with every where: it is sufficient to mention the works of the Marquis de Nointel, Leroi, Stuart, and Pars. M. de Choiseul in finishing the work, which has been interrupted by so many calamities, will furnish the public with a complete delineation of Athens. The manners and government of the Athenians have been treated of with equal ability by the authors whom I have just mentioned; and, since customs are not variable in the East, as in France, all that Chandler and Guys* have said concerning the modern Greeks is still perfectly correct.

Without making any display of erudition at the expense of my predecessors, I shall therefore give an account of my excursions and my feelings at Athens, day by day, and hour by hour, according to the plan which I have hitherto pursued.

I alighted in M. Fauvel's court-yard, and was so fortunate as to find him at home. I immediately delivered my letters from M. de Choiseul and M. de Talleyrand. M. Fauvel was acquainted with my name: I could not say to him, *Son pittor anch'io*—but at least I was an amateur, fraught with zeal, if not with talents; I was so anxious to study the antique and to make improvement, I had come so far to sketch some poor designs, that the master perceived in me a docile scholar.

A thousand questions first passed between us concerning Paris and Athens, on which we mutually endeavoured to satisfy each other; but Paris was soon forgotten, and Athens engrossed all our attention. M. Fauvel, warmed in his love of the arts

* The latter, however, should be perused with caution, and the reader should be aware of adopting his system.

by a disciple, was as eager to shew me the remains of Athens as I was to see them; but yet he advised me to wait till the heat of the day was over.

In the house of my host there was nothing that betrayed the consul; but the artist and antiquary were every where apparent. How delighted was I to have for my lodging at Athens an apartment full of plaster casts taken from the Parthenon! The walls were hung round with views of the Temple of Theseus, plans of the Propylæa, maps of Attica, and the plain of Marathon. There were marbles on one table, and medals on another, with small heads and vases in *terra cotta*. A venerable dust was to my great regret swept away; a bed was made up for me in the midst of all these curiosities; and, like a conscript who joins the army on the eve of an engagement, I encamped on the field of battle.

M. Fauvel's house has, like most of the houses at Athens, a court in front and a small garden in the rear. I ran to all the windows to discover something or other in the streets; but all in vain. Between the roofs of some neighbouring houses might, however, be perceived a small corner of the citadel. I remained fixed at the window which looked that way, like a school-boy whose hour of recreation has not yet arrived. M. Fauvel's janissary had monopolized my janissary and Joseph, so that I had no occasion to concern myself about them.

At two I was summoned to dinner, consisting of ragouts of mutton and fowls, partly in the French and partly in the Turkish fashion. The wine, which was red, and as strong as our Rhone wines, was of good quality; but to me it tasted so bitter that I could not possibly drink it. In almost all parts of

Greece it is more or less customary to infuse the cones of the pine in the wine-vats; and this communicates to the liquor a bitter and aromatic taste, to which it is some time before you become habituated.* If this custom be, as I presume, of ancient origin, it will explain the reason why the cone of the pine was consecrated to Bacchus. Some honey from Mount Hymettus was brought to table: but it had a strong taste, which I disliked: and, in my opinion, the honey of Chamouni is far preferable. I have since eaten a still more agreeable honey at Kircagach, near Pergamus, in Anatolia; it is white as the cotton from which the bees collect it, and has the firmness and consistency of paste of marshmallows. My host laughed at the wry faces which I made, as he had expected, at the wine and honey of Attica; but, as some compensation for the disappointment, he desired me to take notice of the dress of the female who waited on us. It was the very drapery of the ancient Greeks, especially in the horizontal and undulating folds that were formed below the bosom, and joined the perpendicular folds which marked the skirt of the tunic. The coarse stuff of which this woman's dress was composed heightened the resemblance: for, to judge from sculpture, the stuffs of the ancients were much thicker than our's. It would be impossible to form the large sweeps observable in antique draperies with the muslins and silks of modern female attire: the gauze of Cos and the other stuffs which the satirists denominated woven wind, were never imitated by the chissel.

While we were at dinner, we received the com-

* Other travellers ascribe this taste to the pitch that is mixed with the wine: this may be partly correct; but the cone of the pine is likewise infused in it.

pliments of what in the Levant is called the nation. This nation is composed of the merchants, natives, or dependents of France, residing at the different ports. At Athens there are but two or three houses of this kind, engaged in the oil trade. M. Roque honoured me with a visit: he had a family, and invited me to go and see him, with M. Fauvel. He then began to talk of the news of Athens. "A foreigner, who had been for some time resident there, had conceived or excited a passion, which was the topic of the whole town . . . . There was strange talk near the house of Socrates, and scandal in circulation by the gardens of Phocion . . . . As the Archbishop of Athens had not yet returned from Constantinople, it was not known whether justice would be obtained against the pacha of Negropont, who threatened to lay Athens under contribution. To prevent a surprise, the wall had been repaired. However, there was every thing to be hoped from the chief of the black eunuchs, the proprietor of Athens, who certainly had more influence with his Highness than the pacha."——O Solon! O Themistocles! The chief of the black eunuchs, proprietor of Athens! and all the other towns of Greece, envying the Athenians this signal good fortune!—"For the rest, M. Fauvel had done very right to dismiss the Italian monk who resided in the Lantern of Demosthenes (one of the handsomest buildings in Athens) and to supply his place with a French capuchin, a man of polite manners, affable, intelligent, and who behaved with great civility to such strangers, as, according to custom, sought hospitality at the French convent" . . . . . Such were the topics of conversation at Athens; whence it appears that the world goes there much the same as in other places, and that a traveller, whose

imagination is warmed and exalted, must be somewhat confounded to find in the street of the Tripods the gossip of his native village.

Two English travellers had left Athens just before my arrival: a Russian painter, who lived extremely retired, still remained there. Athens is much frequented by the lovers of antiquity, because it is on the way to Constantinople, for which city a passage may easily be procured by sea.

About four in the afternoon, the heat beginning to abate, M. Fauvel ordered his janissary and mine to attend us, and we went out, preceded by our guards. My heart palpitated with joy, and I was ashamed of being so young. My guide pointed out the relics of an antique temple, almost at his own door; then, turning to the right, we proceeded along small but very populous streets. We passed through the bazar, abundantly supplied with butcher's meat, game, vegetables, and fruit. Every body saluted M. Fauvel, and inquired who I was, but not one was able to pronounce my name. We find the same inquisitive disposition as in ancient Athens: "All the Athenians," says St. Luke, "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."* As to the Turks, they exclaimed: *Fransouse! Effendi!* and continued to smoke their pipes, their favourite amusement. The Greeks, on seeing us pass, raised their arms above their heads, and cried: *Kalos ilthete Archondes! Bate kala eis palæo Athinan!* "Welcome, gentlemen! A good journey to the ruins of Athens!" and they looked as proud as if they had said to us: You are going to Phidias or to Ictinus. I had not eyes enough to embrace the objects which struck my view, and fancied that I discovered antiquities at every step.

* Acts, xvii. 21.

M. Fauvel now and then pointed out to me pieces of sculpture which served the purpose of posts, walls, and pavements: he told me the dimensions of these fragments, in feet, inches, and lines; to what kind of structures they belonged; what presumptions concerning them were authorized by Pausanias; what opinions were entertained on the subject by the Abbé Barthelemi, Spon, Wheeler, and Chandler; and in what respects these opinions appeared to be well or ill founded. We paused at every step. The janissaries, and a number of children who went before us, stopped wherever they saw a moulding, a cornice, or a capital, and consulted the looks of M. Fauvel, to know whether they did right. When the consul shook his head, they shook their heads too, and placed themselves a few steps farther on, before some other fragments. In this manner we were conducted beyond the centre of the modern town, and arrived at the west side, which M. Fauvel wished me to visit first, that we might proceed regularly in our researches.

On passing the middle of modern Athens, and proceeding directly west, the houses begin to be more detached, and then appear large vacant spaces, some enclosed within the walls of the city, and others lying without the walls. In these forsaken spaces we find the temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, and the Areopagus. I shall not describe the first, of which there are already so many descriptions, and which bears a great resemblance to the Parthenon; but comprehend it in the general reflections which I shall presently make on the subject of the architecture of the Greeks. This temple is in better preservation than any other edifice in Athens: after having long been a church dedicated to St. George, it is now used for a storehouse.

The Areopagus was situated on an eminence to the west of the citadel. You can scarcely conceive how it was possible to erect a structure of any magnitude on the rock, where its ruins are to be seen. A little valley, called, in ancient Athens, *Cœle*, the hollow, separates the hill of the Areopagus from the hill of the Pnyx and that of the citadel. In the Cœle were shewn the tombs of the two Cymons, of Thucydides, and Herodotus. The Pnyx, where the Athenians first held their popular assemblies, is a kind of esplanade formed on a steep rock, at the back of the Lycabettus. A wall composed of enormous stones supports this esplanade on the north side; on the south stands a rostrum, hewn out of the solid rock, with an ascent of four steps, likewise cut out of the rock. I take notice of these circumstances, because ancient travellers were not accurately acquainted with the form of the Pnyx. Lord Elgin, a few years since, caused this hill to be cleared of the rubbish; and to him we are indebted for the discovery of the steps. As you are not yet quite at the top of the rock, you cannot perceive the sea without ascending above the rostrum. The people were thus deprived of the view of the Piræus, that factious orators might not lead them so easily into rash enterprizes, as if they had before their eyes the spectacle of their power and of their fleets.* The Athenians were ranged on the esplanade, between the circular wall which I have mentioned, on the north, and the rostrum on the south.

In this rostrum, then, it was that Pericles, Alcibiades, and Demosthenes, delivered their orations; that Socrates and Phocion harangued the people in

* History varies in regard to this fact. According to one statement, it was the tyrants who obliged the orators to turn their backs to the Piræus.

the most mellifluous and most expressive language in the world. It was here that so many unjust acts were committed; that so many iniquitous and cruel decrees were pronounced. This was, perhaps, the spot where Aristides was exiled, where Melitus triumphed, where the entire population of a city was sentenced to die, where a whole nation was doomed to slavery. But it was here too that illustrious citizens raised their generous voices against the tyrants of their country; that justice triumphed; that truth was heard. "There exists a people," said the deputies of Corinth to the Spartans, "quick to conceive and prompt to execute. Their hardihood exceeds their power. In the dangers into which they often rush without reflexion, they are never forsaken by hope: naturally restless, they seek to aggrandize themselves abroad: when conquerors, they advance and follow up their victory; when conquered, they are not disheartened. With the Athenians life does not appear to be the property of individuals, such is the cheerfulness with which they sacrifice it for their country! They think themselves deprived of a lawful right, whenever they fail to obtain the object of their wishes. When frustrated in one plan, they supply its place with a new hope. Their projects are scarcely formed before they are executed. Incessantly engaged with the future, they bestow no care on the present; but, strangers themselves to repose, they cannot endure it in others.*"

But what has become of this people? Where shall I look for it—I who translated this passage amid the ruins of Athens, while my eyes beheld the minarets of Mussulmans, and my ears rung with the

* Thucyd. lib. I.

accents of Christians? It was to Jerusalem that I went to seek the answer to this question, and I was acquainted before-hand with the words of the oracle: —"*Dominus mortificat et vivificat; deducit ad inferos et reducit.*"

Having sufficient time left before it would be dark, we proceeded from the Pnyx to the hill of the Museum. This hill, as every body knows, is crowned by the monument of Philopappus, a monument in a bad taste; but, in this instance, it is the person and not the tomb that deserves the attention of the traveller. This obscure Philopappus, whose sepulchre is seen at such a distance, lived during Trajan's reign. Pausanias, who deigns not to record his name, calls him a Syrian; but it appears, from the inscription on his statue, that he was a native of Besa, a village of Attica. This man, then, whose name was Antiochus Philopappus, was the rightful heir to the crown of Syria. Pompey had transported the descendants of King Antiochus to Athens, where they had become private citizens. I know not if the Athenians, on whom Antiochus profusely lavished his favours, sympathized in the misfortunes of his dethroned family; but it appears that this Philoppapus was at least consul-elect. Fortune, by making him a citizen of Athens and Consul of Rome, at a period when these titles were equivalent to nothing, seemed inclined to play new freaks with this disinherited monarch, to compensate him for one shadow with another, and to shew, in one and the same individual, that she laughs alike at the majesty of the people and at the majesty of kings.

The monument of Philoppapus served us as a kind of observatory to contemplate other vanities. M. Fauvel shewed me the various places where the

walls of the ancient city had stood; he pointed out the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus at the foot of the citadel, the dry channel of the Ilissus, the sea without ships, and the deserted ports of Phalereus, Munychia, and Piræus.

We then returned into Athens: it was dark, and the consul sent to apprize the governor of the citadel that we should pay it a visit the next morning before sun-rise. I wished my host a good night, and retired to my apartment. Oppressed with fatigue, I had been for some time fast asleep, when I was suddenly waked by the tambourine and the Turkish bag-pipe, whose discordant tones proceeded from the top of the Propylæa. At the same time a Turkish priest began to sing the hour in Arabic to the Christians of the city of Minerva. I cannot describe what I felt; this iman had no occasion to mark so precisely the flight of time; his voice alone, on this spot, announced but too clearly the lapse of ages.

This fickleness of human things is the more striking, as it forms a contrast with the stability of the rest of nature. As if to mock the revolutions of human societies, the very animals are liable to no convulsions in their empires, to no alterations in their manners. When we were on the hill of the Museum, I observed a number of storks forming in battalion, and speeding their flight towards Africa. Thus, for two thousand years they have performed the same journey; they have remained independent and happy in the city of Solon, as well as in the town of the chief of the black eunuchs. From their lofty nests, which no revolutions can reach, they have beheld a total change in the race of mortals beneath them: while impious generations have

sprung up on the tombs of religious generations, the young stork has never ceased to feed his aged parent.* If I pause to indulge in these reflexions, it is because the stork is a favourite with travellers; like them it knoweth the seasons in the heavens.† These birds were often my companions in my excursion in the wilds of America, where I frequently saw them perched on the wigwam of the savage. On meeting with them again in another species of desert, on the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not forbear devoting a few words to my old friends.

The next morning, at half past four, we went up to the citadel: the top of the hill is surrounded with walls partly of ancient and partly of modern construction; other walls formerly encompassed its base. In the space comprised within these walls are, in the first place, the relics of the Propylæa, and the ruins of the temple of Victory.‡ Behind the Propylæa, on the left, towards the city, you next find the Pandroseum, and the double temple of Neptune Erectheus, and Minerva Polias; lastly, on the most elevated point of the Acropolis stands the temple of Minerva. The rest of the space is covered with the rubbish of ancient and modern buildings, and with the tents, arms, and barracks of the Turks.

The summit of the rock of the citadel is about eight hundred feet long, and four hundred broad; its figure is nearly an oval, with the narrowest end next to Mount Hymettus: you would say that it was a pedestal formed expressly for the purpose of supporting the magnificent structures by which it was

* So we are told by Solinus. † Jeremiah.

‡ The temple of Victory formed the right wing of the Propylæa.

crowned. I shall not enter into a particular description of each of these structures, but refer the reader to the works which I have so frequently mentioned: and, without repeating here what every one may find elsewhere, I shall content myself with making a few general reflexions.

The first thing that strikes you in the edifices of Athens is the beautiful colour of those monuments. In our climate, in an atmosphere overcharged with smoke and rain, stone of the purest white soon turns black, or of a greenish hue. The serene sky and the brilliant sun of Greece merely communicate to the marble of Paros and Pentelicus a golden tint, resembling that of ripe corn or the autumnal foliage.

The correctness, the simplicity, and the harmony of the proportions next demand your admiration. You here see neither order upon order, column upon column, nor dome upon dome. The temple of Minerva, for example, is a simple oblong parallelogram, adorned with a vestibule, a *pronaos* or portico, and raised upon three steps, which run all round. This pronaos occupied near one-third of the total length of the edifice. The interior of the temple was divided into two distinct naves, which were separated by a wall, and which received all their light from the door. In one was seen the statue of Minerva, the work of Phidias; and in the other was kept the treasure of the Athenians. The columns of the vestibule and portico rested immediately upon the steps of the temple; they were without bases, fluted, and of the Doric order: they were forty-two feet in height, and seventeen and a half in diameter at the bottom; the intercolumniation was seven feet four inches; and the whole structure was two hundred and eighteen feet in

length, and ninety-eight and a half in breadth. The frieze of the vestibule was decorated with triglyphs of the Doric order: metopes, or small tablets of marble, intervened between the triglyphs. On these metopes Phidias or his pupils had sculptured the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. The top of the wall of the temple, or the frieze of the Cella, was decorated with another basso-relievo, probably representing the festival of the Panathenæa. Pieces of excellent sculpture, but of the time of Adrian, the period of the renovation of the art, adorned the two pediments of the temple.* Votive offerings, and likewise the shields taken from the enemy in the Persian war, were suspended on the outside of the edifice. The circular marks left by the latter are still to be seen in the architrave of the pediment facing Mount Hymettus. This circumstauce leads M. Fauvel to presume that the entrance was on that side, contrary to the general opinion, which places it at the opposite end.† Between these shields were placed inscriptions, probably in letters of brass, if we may judge from the marks of the nails by which they were affixed. M. Fauvel conceived that these nails might perhaps have served to fasten up garlands, but he coincided in my opinion, when I

* I cannot persuade myself that Phidias left the two pediments of the temple completely naked, while he bestowed so much pains on the decoration of the friezes. If the emperor Adrian and his wife Sabina were represented in one of the pediments, they might have been introduced there instead of two other figures, or perhaps the heads of the persons had merely been changed, which was often done. In this case, it would have been no unworthy flattery on the part of the Athenians. Adrian deserved that honour, as the benefactor of Athens, and the restorer of the arts.

† The idea is ingenious, but the proof is none of the strongest. Exclusively of a thousand reasons which might have induced the Athenians to suspend the shields on the side next to Hymettus, they might have wished not to spoil the admirable façade of the temple, by overloading it with extraneous ornaments.

pointed out to him the regular disposition of the holes. Similar marks have sufficed for restoring and reading the inscription of the square edifice at Nismes; and I am convinced that, if the Turks would give permission, the inscriptions of the Parthenon might in like manner be decyphered.

Such was the temple, justly considered as the master-piece of architecture, both ancient and modern. The harmony and the strength of all its parts are still conspicuous in its ruins; for we should form a very erroneous idea of it, were we to represent it to ourselves as merely a handsome but small structure, loaded with chasing and festoons, in our manner. There is always something puny in our architecture when we aim at elegance, or heavy when we aspire at majesty. See how every thing is contrived at the Parthenon! The order is the Doric, and the comparative shortness of the columns in that order immediately conveys the idea of duration and solidity; but this column, which, moreover, is without base, would have been too heavy. Ictinus has recourse to his art; he makes the column fluted, and raises it upon steps, by which means he combines almost the lightness of the Corinthian with the gravity of the Doric. The only decorations are two pediments and two sculptured friezes. The frieze of the vestibule is composed of small marble tablets, regularly divided by a triglyph: in fact, each of these tablets is a master-piece. The frieze of the Cella runs like a fillet along the top of a solid and level wall. This is all, absolutely all. How widely different is this wise economy of ornaments, this happy mixture of simplicity, strength, and elegance, from our profusion of ornaments, square, oblong, circular, and lozenge-shaped; from our slender columns, mounted upon enormous bases,

or our mean porches, which we call porticoes, crushed beneath the superincumbent weight!

It cannot be dissembled that architecture, considered as an art, is in its principle eminently religious: it was invented for the worship of the Deity. The Greeks, who had a multitude of gods, were led to different kinds of edifices, according to the ideas which they entertained of the different powers of those gods. Vitruvius has even devoted two chapters to this beautiful subject, and teaches how temples and altars to Minerva, Hercules, Ceres, &c. ought to be constructed. We, who adore but one single Author of Nature, we too, have, properly speaking, but one single natural style of architecture, the Gothic architecture. It must be obvious, at first sight, that this style is peculiarly our own, that it originated and sprung up, in a manner, with our altars. In the Grecian style we are but imitators, more or less ingenious;* imitators of a work, whose principle we pervert, by introducing into the habitations of men those ornaments which were applicable to the temples of the gods alone.

Next to their general harmony, their accordance with places and sites, their adaptation to the purposes for which they were designed, what must be admired in the edifices of Greece is the high finish of all the parts. In them, the object which is not intended to be seen is wrought with as much care as the exterior compositions. The junctures of the blocks which form the columns of the temple of Minerva are so perfect as to require the greatest attention to discover them, and to leave a mark no thicker than the finest thread. In order to attain

* Under the French kings of the house of Valois, a charming mixture of the Grecian and Gothic architecture was introduced, but this taste was only of momentary duration.

this extraordinary perfection, the marble was first reduced to its proper shape with the chissel, after which the two pieces were rubbed one upon the other, and sand and water thrown upon the centre of friction. The courses, by means of this process, were placed with incredible precision, and this precision in the shafts of the columns was determined by a square pivot of olive wood. I have seen one of these pivots in the possession of M. Fauvel.

The roses, the plinths, the mouldings, the astragals, all the details of the edifice, exhibit the same perfection. The lines of the capital, and the fluting of the columns of the Parthenon, are so sharp, that you would be tempted to suppose that the entire column had passed through a lathe. No turner's work in ivory can be more delicate than the Ionic ornaments of the temple of Erectheus: and the cariatides of the Pandroseum are perfect models. If, after viewing the edifices of Rome, those of France appeared coarse to me, now, since I have seen the monuments of Greece, the structures of Rome seem barbarous in their turn: not even excepting the Pantheon, with its disproportionate pediment. The comparison may be easily made at Athens, where the Grecian architecture is often placed quite close to the architecture of Rome.

I had fallen into a common error respecting the monuments of the Greeks: I had an idea that they were perfect as a whole, but deficient in grandeur. I have shown that the genius of the architects has given in proportional grandeur to these monuments what they may want size; and Athens moreover is full of prodigious works. The Athenians, a people neither rich nor numerous, raised gigantic piles: the stones of the Pnyx are absolutely masses

of rock; the Propylæa were an immense undertaking, and the marble slabs with which they were covered surpassed in dimensions any thing of the kind that was ever seen. The height of the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus perhaps exceeds sixty feet, and the whole temple was half a mile in circumference; the walls of Athens, including those of the three harbours, extended over a space of near nine leagues;* the walls which connected the city with the Piræus were so broad, that two chariots might run abreast upon them, and were flanked with square towers at intervals of fifty paces. The Romans themselves never erected fortifications of greater magnitude.

By what fatality do these master-pieces of antiquity, which the moderns come so far and with such fatigue to admire, partly owe their destruction to the moderns?† The Parthenon existed entire in 1687: the Christians first converted it into a church; and the Turks, from jealousy of the Christians, changed it in their turn into a mosque. Amidst the illumination of science that pervaded the seventeenth century, the Venetians came and cannonaded the monuments of the age of Pericles: they fired red-hot balls on the Propylæa and the temple of Minerva: a ball fell upon the latter, penetrated the roof, set fire to some barrels of gunpowder, and blew up part of an edifice which did less honour to the false gods of Greece than to

* Two hundred stadia, according to Dio Chrysostom.

† Every body knows how the Coliseum at Rome was destroyed, and also the Latin pun on the subject of Barberini and Barbarians. Some historians suspect the knights of Rhodes of having demolished the celebrated tomb of Mausolus; it was, to be sure, for the defence of Rhodes, and to fortify the island against the Turks; but if this be an excuse for the knights, the destruction of that wonder of the world is not the less unfortunate for us.

human genius.* The town being taken, Morosini, with a view to embellish Venice with the spoils of Athens, attempted to remove the statues from the pediment of the Parthenon, and broke them to pieces. Another modern came, out of love to the arts, to accomplish the work of destruction which the Venetians had begun.†

In this work I have had occasion to make frequent mention of the name of Lord Elgin. To him we are indebted, as I have observed, for a perfect knowledge of the Pnyx and the tomb of Agamemnon: he still keeps an Italian in Greece, who is engaged in prosecuting his researches, and who, when I was at Athens, had just discovered some antiques which I did not see.‡ But Lord Elgin has counterbalanced the merit of his laudable efforts by ravaging the Parthenon. He was desirous of removing the basso-relievos of the frieze. The Turkish workmen em-

* The invention of fire-arms is a fatal circumstance for the arts. Had the barbarians been acquainted with gunpowder, not a Grecian or Roman edifice would have been left standing; they would have blown up the very Pyramids, had it been only to seek for hidden treasures. One year of war among us destroys more buildings than an age of fighting did among the ancients. Thus it would seem that, among the moderns, every thing opposes the perfection of the art; their climate, their manners, their customs, their dress, and even their very discoveries.

† They mounted their battery, composed of six pieces of cannon and four mortars, on the Pnyx. It is scarcely conceivable how it happened that at so short a distance they could avoid destroying all the edifices of the citadel. See Fanelli's *Atene Attica*, and the Introduction to this work.

‡ They were discovered in a sepulchre; I believe that of a child. Among other curiosities found on this occasion was an unknown game, the principal piece of which, if I remember rightly, was a ball of polished steel. I rather think there is some allusion to this game in Athenæus. The war between France and England prevented M. Fauvel from applying in my behalf to Lord Elgin's agent, so that I had not an opportunity of seeing the antique toys which consoled an Athenian boy in his tomb.

ployed in the execution of this design first broke the architrave, and threw down the capitals; and then, instead of taking out the metopes by the grooves, the barbarians thought it the shortest way to break the cornice. The temple of Erectheus has been robbed of the corner column, so that it is now found necessary to support with a pile of stones the whole entablature, which is nodding to its fall.

The English, who have been at Athens since the visit of Lord Elgin, have themselves deplored these fatal effects of an inconsiderate love of the arts. We are told that Lord Elgin has asserted, in excuse of himself, that he had merely followed our example. The French, it is true, have stripped Italy of its statues and pictures; but they have mutilated no temples for the sake of the basso-relievos: they have only imitated the Romans, who plundered Greece of her master-pieces of painting and sculpture. The monuments of Athens, torn from the places to which they were adapted, will not only lose part of their relative beauty, but their intrinsic beauty will be materially diminished. It is nothing but the light that sets off the delicacy of certain lines and certain colours: consequently, as this light is not to be found beneath an English sky, these lines and these colours will disappear or become invisible. For the rest, I will acknowledge that the interest of France, the glory of our country, and a thousand other reasons, might call for the removal of the monuments conquered by our arms; but the fine arts themselves, as belonging to the side of the vanquished and the number of the captives, have perhaps a just right to deplore their transplantation.

We passed the whole morning in the examina-

tion of the citadel. The Turks had formerly stuck the minaret of a mosque to the portico of the Parthenon. We ascended by the half-destroyed staircase of this minaret; we seated ourselves on a broken part of the frieze of the temple, and looked around us. We had Mount Hymettus on the east; the Pentelicus on the north; the Parnes on the north-west; the Mounts Icarus, Cordyalus, or Ægalæa, on the west, and beyond the former was perceived the summit of the Cithæron; and to the south-west and south appeared the sea, the Piræus, the coasts of Salamis, Ægina, Epidaurus, and the citadel of Corinth.

Below us, in the hollow, whose circumference I have just described, were seen the hills and most of the monuments of Athens; to the south-west, the hill of the Museum with the tomb of Philopappus; to the west, the rocks of the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and the Lycabettus; to the north, the little Mount Anchesmus, and to the east, the hills which overlook the Stadium. At the very foot of the citadel lay the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus and of Herodes Atticus. To the left of these ruins stood the huge detached columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius; and still farther off, looking toward the north-west, we perceived the site of the Lyceum, the course of the Ilissus, the Stadium, and a temple of Diana or Ceres. In the west and north-west quarter, towards the large wood of olive trees, M. Fauvel pointed out the site of the outer Ceramicus, the Academy, and its road bordered with tombs. Lastly, in the valley formed by the Anchesmus and the citadel, is seen the modern town.

You must now figure to yourself all this space, partly waste and covered with a yellow heath; partly

interspersed with olive groves, fields of barley, and vineyards. Your imagination must represent shafts of columns and heaps of ancient and modern ruins, scattered among these cultivated lands; and whitened walls, and the inclosures of gardens intersecting them. You must scatter over this space Albanian women fetching water, or washing the garments of the Turks at the wells; peasants going and coming, driving asses, or carrying provisions on their backs to the city. You must conceive all these mountains which have such fine names, all these celebrated ruins, all these islands, all these seas not less famous, illumined by a brilliant light. From the summit of the Acropolis, I beheld the sun rise between the two peaks of Mount Hymettus: the crows, which build their nests around the citadel, but never soar to its summit, hovered below us; their black and polished wings were tinged with roseate hues by the first radiant beams of Aurora; columns of light blue smoke ascended in the shade, along the sides of the Hymettus, and marked the gardens where the bees are kept: Athens, the Acropolis, and the ruins of the Parthenon, were coloured with the most beautiful tints of peach-blossom: the sculptures of Phidias, struck horizontally by a ray of gold, started into life, and seemed to move upon the marble, from the mobility of the shadows of the relief: in the distance, the sea and the Piræus were perfectly white with the light; and the citadel of Corinth, reflecting the brilliancy of the rising day, glowed on the southern horizon like an encrimsoned rock of fire.

From the spot where we were placed, we might, in the prosperous times of Athens, have seen her fleets standing out of the Piræus to engage the enemy, or to repair to the feasts of Delos; we might

have heard the griefs of Œdipus, Philoctetus, and Hecuba burst from the theatre of Bacchus; we might have listened to the applauses of the citizens and the orations of Demosthenes. But, alas! no sound met our ears, save a few shouts from an enslaved populace, issuing at intervals from those walls which so long re-echoed the voice of a free people. To console myself, I said what we are obliged to be continually repeating: Every thing passes away, every thing must have an end in this world. Whither are fled those divine geniuses, who reared the temple on whose ruins I was seated? This sun which, perhaps, beamed on the last moment of the poor girl of Megara, had witnessed the death of the brilliant Aspasia. This picture of Attica, this spectacle which I contemplated, had been surveyed by eyes that have been closed above two thousand years. I too shall soon be no more, and other mortals, transitory as myself, will make the same reflexions on the same ruins. Our lives and our hearts are in the hands of God; let him then do with both what he pleases.

On descending from the citadel, I picked up a piece of marble belonging to the Parthenon; I had also preserved a fragment of the tomb of Agamemnon; and I have since made a practice of taking something away with me from the monuments I have visited. They are not such splendid memorials of my peregrinations as those collected by M. de Choiseul and Lord Elgin; but I am satisfied with them. I preserve them with as much care as the little marks of friendship which I have received from my hosts, among others, a bone box given me by Father Munoz at Jaffa. When I survey these trifles, they immediately remind me of my pilgrimages and my adventures. Ulysses returned home

with large chests full of the rich presents made him by the Phæacians. I returned to my home with a dozen stones picked up at Sparta, Athens, Argos, and Corinth; three or four small heads in *terra cotta*, given me by M. Fauvel; some chaplets, a bottle of the water of the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, a few reeds from the Nile, a piece of marble from Carthage, and a plaster moulding from the Alhambra. I have spent fifty thousand francs on my tour, and left behind me my linen and my arms as presents. Had it lasted a little longer, I should have returned on foot with a white staff in my hand. Unfortunately I should not have found, on reaching my native land, a kind brother to say to me, like the old man in the *Arabian Nights*: "Here, brother, are a thousand sequins for you, buy camels, and give up travelling."

On returning from the citadel we went to dinner, and in the evening walked to the Stadium, on the other side of the Ilissus. This Stadium has perfectly retained its form; but the marble seats with which it was adorned by Herodes Atticus are no longer to be seen. As to the Ilissus, its channel is dry. On this occasion, Chandler, overstepping the bounds of his usual moderation, exclaims against the poets, who give the Ilissus a limpid current and border its stream with tufted willows. It is obvious through his spleen that he has a great desire to attack a drawing of Leroi's, which represents a view of the Ilissus. I am like Dr. Chandler: I detest descriptions that are deficient in truth, and when a river is without water, I wish to be told so. It will be seen that I have not embellished the banks of the Jordan, nor transformed that stream into a mighty river. Here, however, I had abundant opportunity for exaggeration. All travellers, and

Scripture itself, would have justified the most pompous descriptions. But Chandler has carried his censure rather too far. The following curious fact I state on the authority of M. Fauvel. If you dig ever so little in the bed of the Ilissus, you are sure to find water at a very small depth below the surface; and this is so well known to the Albanian women that they make a hole in the bottom of the ravine, when they are going to wash linen, and immediately meet with water. It is, therefore, highly probable that the channel of the Ilissus has been gradually choked with stones and gravel washed down from the hills, and that the water at present runs between two beds of sand. This is quite sufficient to justify those poor poets who experience the fate of Cassandra: in vain they sing the truth, they are not believed; if they were content to say it, they would, perhaps, be more fortunate. In this case they are moreover supported by history, which assigns water to the Ilissus; and why should this Ilissus have a bridge, if it never had water, even in winter? America has rather spoiled me in regard to rivers; but I could not forbear to vindicate the honour of that Ilissus which gave a surname to the Muses,* and on whose banks Boreas carried off Orithya.

On our return from the Ilissus, M. Fauvel led me over waste grounds, where the site of the Lyceum must be sought. We next came to the large detached columns, standing in that quarter of the city which was denominated New Athens, or the Athens of the Emperor Adrian. Spon asserts, that these pillars are the remains of the portico of the One Hundred and Twenty Columns: and Chandler pre-

* Ilissiades; they had an altar on the banks of the Ilissus.

sumes that they belonged to the temple of Jupiter Olympus. They are mentioned by Lechevalier, and other travellers. Good representations of them are given in the different views of Athens, and especially in the work of Stuart, who has restored the entire edifice after its ruins. On a portion of the architrave, which still connects two of these columns, is seen a mean building, formerly the habitation of a hermit. It is impossible to conceive how this hut could have been built on the capitals of these prodigious columns, which are perhaps upwards of sixty feet in height. Thus, this vast temple, at which the Athenians worked for seven hundred years; which all the kings of Asia coveted the honour of finishing; which Adrian, the master of the world, had alone the glory to complete; this temple has been laid low by the attacks of time, and the cell of an anchorite still continues standing upon its ruins! A miserable hovel of plaster is supported in the air by two columns of marble, as if Fortune had determined to exhibit to mankind on this magnificent pedestal a monument both of her triumphs and of her caprices.

These columns, though much more lofty than those of the Parthenon, are far inferior in beauty; the degeneracy of the art is observable in them; but, as they stand insulated and scattered over a naked space, they produce a surprising effect. I stopped at their bases to listen to the wind whistling about their summits: they resemble those solitary palm-trees which are here and there to be seen among the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks are threatened with calamities of any kind, they bring a lamb to this place, and force it to bleat while they hold up its head towards the sky. Unable to find the voice of innocence among men, they have re-

course to the young of the harmless sheep to avert the wrath of Heaven.

We returned to Athens through the gate, over which is seen the well-known inscription:

THIS IS THE CITY OF ADRIAN,
AND NOT THE CITY OF THESEUS.

We returned the visit which had been paid me by M. Roque, and spent the evening at his house, where I met several ladies. Such readers as wish for information respecting the dress, manners, and customs of the Turkish, Greek, and Albanian women at Athens, may consult the twenty-sixth chapter of Chandler's Travels in Greece. I would have transcribed the whole passage, had it not been too long. I shall merely observe that the women of Athens appeared to me smaller and less handsome than those of the Morea. Their practice of painting the orbit of the eyes blue, and staining the tips of the fingers red, is disagreeable to a stranger; but, as I have seen women with pearls suspended to the nose, as the Iroquois think this custom exceedingly genteel, and I was myself inclined to be partial to it, I must not find fault with tastes. For the rest, the women of Athens were never celebrated for beauty. They were reproached with a fondness for wine. As a proof that their charms were not the most powerful, all the celebrated men of Athens were attached to foreign females: Pericles, Sophocles, Socrates, Aristotle, and even the divine Plato.

On the 25th, we mounted our horses very early, and, leaving the city, took the road to the Phalereus. As we approached the sea, the coast gradually became more elevated, and terminated in heights, the sinuosities of which form, to the east and west, the harbours of the Phalereus, Munychia, and Piræus. On the beach of the Phalereus we discerned traces

of the walls that encompassed the port, and other ruins which were mere heaps of rubbish; these were perhaps the temples of Juno and Ceres. Near this spot lay the little field and tomb of Aristides. We went down to the harbour, a circular basin, with a bottom of fine sand, capable of containing about fifty boats. This was exactly the number that Menestheus conducted to Troy:

> Τῷ δᾶμα πεντήκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.
> "He was followed by fifty black vessels."

Theseus also set sail from Phalereus at his departure for Crete.

> Pourquoi, trop jeune encor, ne putes vous alors
> Entrer dans le vaisseau qui le mit sur nos bords?
> Par vous auroit pêri le monstre de la Crete, &c.

It is not always large ships and capacious harbours that confer immortality. The name of a small creek, and of a little bark, sung by Homer and Racine can never perish.

From the harbour of Phalereus we proceeded to that of Munychia, which is of an oval figure and rather larger than the former. Lastly, turning the extremity of a craggy hill, and advancing from cape to cape, we reached the Piræus. M. Fauvel stopped in the curvature formed by a neck of land to shew me a sepulchre excavated in the rock: it is now without roof, and is upon a level with the sea. By the regular flowing and ebbing of the tide, it is alternately covered and left exposed, by turns full and empty. At the distance of a few paces on the shore are seen the remains of a monument.

M. Fauvel insists that in this place the bones of Themistocles were deposited. This interesting discovery is, however, contested. It is objected that the fragments scattered around are too splendid to have been the tomb of Themistocles; and that, ac-

cording to Diodorus, the geographer, quoted by Plutarch, this tomb was in reality an altar.

This objection is by no means solid. Why introduce into the original question another that is totally foreign to the subject? May not the ruins of white marble, concerning which such difficulties are raised, have belonged to a very different sepulchre from that of Themistocles? Why might not the descendants of Themistocles, after the popular animosities had subsided, have decorated the tomb of their illustrious progenitor, whom they had first interred in a simple manner, and even by stealth, as we are informed by Thucydides? Did they not consecrate a picture representing the history of that great man; and was not this picture exhibited to public view in the Parthenon, at the time of Pausanias? A statue was, moreover, erected in honour of Themistocles, in the Prytaneum.

The spot where M. Fauvel has discovered this tomb is precisely the Cape Alcimus: and of this I shall adduce a stronger proof than that of the calmness of the water in this place. There is an error in Plutarch; the name should be Alimus, instead of Alcimus, according to the remark of Meursius, mentioned by Dacier. Alimus was a *demos*, or hamlet, of Attica, in the district of Leontis, and situated to the east of the Piræus. Now the ruins of this hamlet are still visible in the vicinity of the tomb of which we are speaking.* Pausanias is extremely confused in what he says concerning the position of this tomb; but Diodorus Periegetes is perfectly clear: and the verses of Plato, the comic poet, quoted by this Diodorus, describe the very spot and the sepulchre found by M. Fauvel:

* I have no wish to conceal any difficulty, and am aware that some writers have placed Alimus to the eastward of Phalereus. Thucydides was a native of Alimus.

"Situated in an open place, thy tomb is greeted by the mariner, as he enters or sails out of the harbour; and in any future naval engagement, thou wilt witness the shock of the vessels."*

If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of the Piræus, I can affirm that I was not less struck by it than he. We had explored a desert coast, we had surveyed three harbours, and in these three harbours had not perceived one single vessel. Nothing was to be seen but ruins, rocks, and the sea; and no sound met the ear, save the cries of the kingfisher, and the dashing of the surges against the tomb of Themistocles, producing an incessant murmur in the abode of eternal silence. Washed away by the billows, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes reposed beneath them, commingled with the bones of the vanquished Persians. In vain my eye sought the temple of Venus, the long gallery and the statue emblematic of the people of Athens: the image of that inexorable people was for ever fallen near the well, to which the exiled citizens repaired, to no purpose, to reclaim their country. Instead of those superb arsenals, those porticoes whence the galleys were launched, those Agoræ reverberating the shouts of the seamen; instead of those edifices, resembling the city of Rhodes in their general appearance and beauty; I saw nothing but a dilapidated convent and a magazine. Here, in a wretched hut of wood, a Turkish custom-house officer sits all the year round, the lonely sentinel of the coast, and a model of stupid patience: whole months elapse without his witnessing the arrival of a single vessel. Such is the present deplorable condition of these once famous harbours. What can have destroyed so many monuments of the gods and of men? That

* Plutarch's Life of Themistocles.

mysterious power, which overthows all things, which is itself subject to the Αγνώςῳ Θεῳ, to that unknown God, whose altar was seen by St. Paul at the Phalereus.

The port of the Piræus forms a bow, the two ends of which approach so near to each other as to leave only a narrow passage: it is now called the Lion's Port, from a lion of marble, which was formerly to be seen there, but in 1686 was removed to Venice by Morosini. The interior of the harbour was divided into three basins, Cantharus, Aphrodisus, and Zea. You still see a wet dock almost half filled up, which may possibly have been the Aphrodisus. Strabo affirms that the great port of Athens was capable of holding four hundred ships, and Pliny swells the number to a thousand. Fifty of our brigs would completely fill it; and indeed I know not if two of our frigates would ride there at their ease, especially now that they moor with such a length of cable. But the water is deep, and the bottom excellent; so that, in the hands of a civilized nation, the Piræus might become an important harbour. The only warehouse now to be seen there is of French origin, having been erected by M. Gaspari, formerly the consul of France at Athens. Thus it was not long since the Athenians were represented at the Piræus by the nation which bears the nearest resemblance to them.

Having rested for a moment at the custom-house, and at the monastery of St. Spiridion, we returned to Athens by the road from the Piræus. We perceived the remains of the long wall the whole way. We passed the tomb of Antiope the Amazon, which has been explored by M. Fauvel, who has given an account of this research in his Memoirs. We rode among low vines, as in Burgundy, the grapes upon

which were just beginning to turn red. We stopped at the public reservoirs and under olive trees; and I had the mortification to find that the tomb of Menander, the cenotaph of Euripides, and the little temple dedicated to Socrates, no longer exist; at least they have not yet been discovered. We pursued our way, and, on approaching the Museum, M. Fauvel pointed out to me a path winding up the side of that hill. This path he told me had been made by the Russian painter, who every day repaired to the same spot to take views of Athens. If genius be no other than patience, as Buffon has asserted, this painter must possess a large share of that quality.

It is near four miles from Athens to the Phalereus; three or four from the Phalereus to the Piræus, following the windings of the coast, and five from the Piræus to Athens, so that, on our return to the city, we had been about twelve miles. As the horses were hired for the whole day, we made haste to dine, and at four in the afternoon set out on another excursion.

CHAPTER VII.

Village of Angelo Kipous — Wood of Olive Trees — Academus — Tombs of illustrious Athenians — Ruins of Theatres—Cruel Exhibitions of Gladiators — Tower of the Winds — The Lantern of Demosthenes—French Missionaries at Athens—Father Babin's Description of the Parthenon — Preparations for leaving Athens — A Traveller's Reverie — Village of Keratia — The Author attacked by Fever — He embarks for Cape Sunium—Sites of Greek Edifices —Temple of Cape Sunium— Reflections on the state of Greece — Causes of its Decline — Character of the Modern Greeks — Character of the Turks — Departure from Cape Sunium.

We now went out of the town on the side next to Mount Hymettus. My host took me to the village of Angelo Kipous, where, as he conjectures, he has discovered the temple of Venus in the Gardens, for reasons which he has stated in his Memoirs. The opinion of Chandler, who places this temple at Panagia Spiliotissa, as likewise very probable, and has an inscription in its favour; but M. Fauvel adduces, in behalf of his idea, two aged myrtles and some fine ruins of the Ionic order: enough in all conscience to answer a great many objections. Such is the way with us antiquarians; we are never at a loss for proofs.

Having inspected the curiosities of Angelo Kipous, we turned directly west; and, passing between Athens and Mount Anchesmus, we entered the

great olive wood. There were no ruins on this side, so that we merely enjoyed a pleasant ride, accompanied by the recollections of Athens. We came to the Cephisus, which I had already saluted lower down on my way from Eleusis. At this height it had water, but that water, I am sorry to say, was rather muddy; it serves to irrigate the orchards, and gives a freshness to its banks but too rarely met with in Greece. We then turned back, still continuing our ride through the forest of olive-trees. We left on the right a small eminence covered with rocks. This was Colone, at the foot of which formerly stood the village containing the retreat of Sophocles, and the place where that great tragic poet drew the last tears from the eyes of the father of Antigone. We followed for some distance the Brazen Way, where are to be seen vestiges of the temple of the Furies; and then, on approaching Athens, we rambled for a considerable time in the environs of Academus. Nothing now marks this retirement of the philosophic sages. Its first plantains fell by the axe of Sylla, and those with which Adrian probably caused it to be embellished have not escaped the ravages of succeeding barbarians. The altars of Cupid, Prometheus, and the Muses, are no more; every spark divine is extinguished in the groves where Plato so oft received inspirations. Two facts will demonstrate what beauty and what grandeur were discovered by the ancients in the lessons of that philosopher. The night before Socrates received Plato among his disciples, he dreamt that a swan came and alighted on his bosom. Death having prevented Plato from completing his Critias, Plutarch deplores this misfortune, and compares the works of the teacher of the Academy with the tem-

ples of Athens, among which that of Jupiter Olympus alone was left unfinished.

It had been dark an hour before we thought of returning to Athens: the sky was studded with stars, and the air incomparably soft, pure, and transparent; our horses went at a slow pace, and we had both become silent. The way which we were pursuing was probably the ancient road to the Academy, bordered by the tombs of such citizens as had fallen for their country, and those of the greatest men of Greece. Here reposed the ashes of Thrasybulus, Pericles, Chabrias, Timotheus, Harmodius, and Aristogiton. It was a noble idea to collect in one spot the remains of those renowned persons, who lived in different ages, and who, like the members of an illustrious family long dispersed, repaired hither to lie down to rest in the lap of their common mother. What variety of talents, of greatness, and of courage! What diversity of manners and genius was here embraced in one view! And these virtues, attempered by death, like those generous wines which we mix together, says Plato, with a sober divinity, no longer dazzled the eyes of the living. Admiration, untinctured with envy, was the only sentiment felt by the passenger, on reading upon the funeral column these simple words:

PERICLES, OF THE TRIBE OF ACAMANTIS
AND OF THE VILLAGE OF CHOLARGUA.

Cicero represents Atticus wandering among these tombs, and seized with a holy awe at the sight of these august remains. At the present day he could no longer draw the same picture. The tombs are destroyed; the illustrious dead, whom the Athenians had placed without the city, as for an advanced post, rose not to defend it, but suffered the

Tartars to trample it under their feet. Time, violence, and the plough, as Chandler observes, have levelled every thing. In this place the plough is superfluous; and that single remark will convey a more accurate idea of the desolation of Greece than all the reflections in which I could indulge.

I had not yet seen the theatres and edifices in the interior of the town; to the survey of these I devoted the 26th. The theatre of Bacchus, as I have before observed, and as every reader knows, stood at the foot of the citadel, on the side next to Mount Hymettus. The Odeum, begun by Pericles, finished by Lycurgus, the son of Lycophron, burned by Aristion and Sylla, and rebuilt by Ariobarzanes, was situated near the theatre of Bacchus, and probably connected with it by a portico. It is probable that near the same spot there was a third theatre erected by Herodes Atticus. The seats of these theatres rested against the slope of the hill, which served them for a foundation. A contrariety of opinions prevails respecting these structures: what Stuart regards as the theatre of Bacchus is taken by Chandler for the Odeum.

The ruins of these theatres are insignificant. I was not struck with them, because I had seen monuments of this kind in Italy, far superior in size, and in much better preservation; but I made this very painful reflection, that, under the Roman emperors, at a time when Athens was still the school of the universe, gladiators exhibited their sanguinary games in the theatre of Bacchus. The masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were banished from the stage: assassination and murder superseded those spectacles which excite so high an idea of human genius, and are the noble amusement of polished nations. The Athenians ran to

behold these cruelties with the same eagerness as they had formerly resorted to the Dionysiaca. How could a people who had exalted themselves to such a height, how, I ask, could they now descend so low? What had become of that altar consecrated to Pity, which once stood in the midst of the public place at Athens, and to which her votaries suspended fillets and locks of their hair? If, as Pausanias asserts, the Athenians were the only Greeks who worshipped Pity, and looked upon her as the consolation of life, how much must they have changed! Most certainly it was not on account of the combats of gladiators that Athens received the name of the *sacred abode* of the gods. Perhaps nations, like individuals, are cruel in decrepitude as in infancy; perhaps their genius may be exhausted, and, when it has run its career, when it has brought forth, relished, and enjoyed all that it can, cloyed with its own master-pieces, and incapable of producing new ones, it grows besotted, and returns to purely physical sensations. Christianity will prevent modern nations from falling into such a deplorable decrepitude; but, were all religion extinguished among us, I should not be astonished to hear the groans of the gladiator expiring on that stage which now echoes the sorrows of Phædra and of Andromache.

Having examined the theatres, we returned into the town, where we looked at the portico, which perhaps formed the entrance to the Agora. We stopped at the Tower of the Winds, which is not mentioned by Pausanias, but is described by Vitruvius and Varro. Spon gives all the details of this edifice, with an explanation of the winds; the entire monument has also been described by Stuart, in his Antiquities of Athens. A drawing of it was

taken by Francesco Giambetti, in 1465, the epoch of the revival of the arts. In the time of Father Babin, in 1672, this Tower of the Winds was mistaken for the tomb of Socrates.

I pass over in silence some ruins of the Corinthian order, which are conjectured to be the remains of the Pœcile, of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, of the Prytaneum, and perhaps belong to none of those edifices. So much is certain, that they are not of the age of Pericles. You perceive in them the Roman grandeur, but likewise the Roman inferiority: whatever the emperors had a hand in at Athens may be discovered at the first glance, and exhibits a striking inequality to the masterpieces of that age. We lastly went to the French convent, to return the only religious who occupies it the visit which he had paid me. I have already observed, that the convent of our missionaries includes in its premises the choragic monument of Lysicrates. It was with this last monument that I completed my tribute of admiration to the ruins of Athens.

This elegant production of the genius of the Greeks was known to the early travellers by the name of *Fanari tou Demosthenis*. "To the house not long since purchased by the Capuchin Fathers," says Babin the Jesuit, in 1672, "belongs a very remarkable piece of antiquity, which has remained entire ever since the time of Demosthenes: it is commonly called the Lantern of Demosthenes."*

It has been since discovered, and first of all by Spon, that it is a choragic monument, erected by

* It appears that, in 1669, there existed another monument at Athens, called the Lantern of Diogenes. On the subject of this monument, Guillet appeals to the testimony of the Fathers Barnabas and Simon, and of Messrs. de Monceaux and l'Aîne.

Lysicrates, in the street of the Tripods. M. Legrand some time since exhibited in the court of the Louvre a model of it in *terra cotta*:* this model was a very correct resemblance, only the architect, doubtless with a view to give his work a greater degree of elegance, had suppressed the circular wall which fills the intercolumniations of the original.

It is certainly not the least surprising of Fortune's freaks, that she should have assigned to a capuchin a habitation in the choragic monument of Lysicrates; but what at first sight may appear ludicrous becomes serious and affecting, when we consider the happy effects of our missions, when we reflect that a French capuchin afforded hospitality to Chandler, while other French religious were entertaining other travellers in China and in Canada, in the deserts of Africa and the wilds of Tartary.

"The Franks at Athens have no chapel," says Spon, "except that of the Capuchins, which is at the *Fanari tou Demosthenis*. When we were at Paris, the only person there was Father Seraphin, a very worthy man, from whom a Turk belonging to the garrison one day took his cord girdle, either out of malice or the effects of intoxication, having met him in the road to the Lion's Port, whence he was returning alone from a visit to some Frenchmen on board of a tartan, then lying in that harbour.

"The Jesuits were established at Athens before the Capuchins, and were never driven from the city. They retired to Negropont, merely because they there found more occupation and a greater number of Franks than at Athens. Their convent was almost at the extremity of the town, near the arch-

* A monument has since been erected after this monument at St. Cloud.

bishop's palace. As to the Capuchins, they have been settled at Athens ever since 1658, and Father Simon purchased the Fanari and the adjoining house in 1669, there having been other religious of his order before him in the town."

It is then to these missions so long decried that we are indebted for our early notions respecting ancient Greece. No traveller had yet quitted his home to visit the Parthenon, when some religious, self-exiled to these renowned ruins, awaited like hospitable deities the antiquary and the artist. The scholar inquired what had become of the city of Cecrops, and there was a Father Barnabas at Paris in the noviciate of St. James, and a Father Simon at Compiègne, who could have given him information on the subject; but they made no parade of their knowledge. Retiring to the foot of the crucifix, they buried in the obscurity of the convent what they had learned, and above all, what they had suffered for twenty years, amidst the ruins of Athens.

"The French Capuchins," says la Guilletière, "who had been called to the mission of the Morea, by the congregation *de Propagandâ Fide*, have their principal residence at Napoli, because the galleys of the beys winter at that place, where they in general lie from the month of November till St. George's day, on which they again put to sea. They are manned with Christian slaves, who stand in need of instruction and encouragement; and this is imparted to them with equal zeal and benefit by Father Barnabas of Paris, who is at present the superior of the Mission of Athens and the Morea."

But if these religious, after their return from Sparta and Athens, were so modest in their clois-

ters, perhaps it was because they wanted a relish for the admirable remains of the Grecian arts; perhaps too they had not previously acquired the requisite information. Let us hear what is said by Father Babin, the Jesuit, to whom we are indebted for the earliest account we have of Athens.

"You may find," says he, "in various books a description of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and the other principal cities in the world, such as they are at present; but I know not what book describes Athens as I have seen it; and you would not find the city at all if you were to look for it as represented in Pausanias and other ancient authors: but you shall here see it in the state in which it appears at this day, which is such, that, though in ruins, it nevertheless excites a certain respect, both in those pious persons who behold its churches, and in those scholars who acknowledge it to be the mother of the sciences, and in those military men and generous minds, who consider it as the field of Mars, the theatre where the greatest conquerors of antiquity signalised their valour, and gloriously displayed their energies, their courage, and their industry. Finally, these ruins are valuable as attestations of its primitive splendour, and demonstrating that it was formerly an object of admiration to the universe.

"For my part I must own that, when I looked at it with a telescope from the sea, when I beheld the numbers of large marble columns which are visible at a great distance, and evince its ancient magnificence, I could not help feeling some respect for it."

The missionary then proceeds to a description of the different edifices. More fortunate than we, he saw the Parthenon entire, and has described it in the following terms:

"This temple, which may be seen very far off, which is the most elevated structure in Athens, and stands in the midst of the citadel, is a master-piece of the greatest architects of antiquity. It is about one hundred and twenty feet in length, and fifty in breadth. You there see three ranges of roofs supported by very lofty marble columns; that is to say, the nave and two wings: in which it surpasses St. Sophia's, erected at Constantinople by the Emperor Justinian, though in other respects a wonder of the world. But I took notice that its walls are only encrusted and lined with large slabs of marble, which have fallen down in some places from the galleries above, where you may see bricks and stones which were covered with marble.

"But though this temple of Athens be so magnificent in regard to its materials, it is still more admirable for its style and the skill displayed in it: *Materiam superabat opus.* Among the roofs, all of which are of marble, one is more particularly remarkable, because it is adorned with as many beautiful figures engraven upon the marble as it can possibly hold.

"The length of the vestibule is equal to the width of the temple, and it is about fourteen feet broad. Above it there is a flat roof, which looks like a rich floor, or a magnificent cieling: for you there perceive large pieces of marble, resembling long, thick beams, which support other great pieces of the same material, adorned with various figures, executed with wonderful skill.

"The pediment of this temple, which is at a great height above the vestibule, is such, that I scarcely think there is any thing equal to it for magnificence and workmanship in all France. The figures and statues of the Richelieu palace, the

miracle of France, and the master-piece of the artists of the present day, are not to be compared with these large and beautiful figures of men, women, and horses, which appear to the number of thirty in this pediment; and there are as many more at the other end of the temple, behind the place where stood the high altar in the times of the Christians.

"On each side of the temple is an alley or gallery, where you pass between the walls of the edifice, and seventeen very thick and lofty fluted columns, which are not of a single piece, but of several large pieces of fine white marble, laid one upon another. Between these pillars there is along this gallery a low wall, which leaves between each column a space of sufficient length and breadth for an altar and a chapel, such as are seen along the sides and near the walls of large churches.

"These columns serve to support the walls of the temple above with arched buttresses, and prevent them from being injured externally by the weight of the roof. The walls of the temple, on the outside, are embellished above with a beautiful band of marble tablets, exquisitely wrought, on which are represented a great number of triumphs, so that you see upon them numberless figures of men, women, children, chariots, and horses, executed in basso-relievo on these stones, which are at such a height, that the eye can scarcely discover all their beauties, or appreciate all the ingenuity of the architects and sculptors by whom they were executed. One of these large stones composing this band, having got loose from its place and fallen down, has been carried into the mosque behind the portico; and on this you behold with admiration a great number of persons represented with inimitable skill.

"All the beauties of this temple which I have just described are the work of the ancient pagan Greeks. The Athenians, having embraced christianity, converted this temple of Minerva into a temple of the true God; they erected in it an episcopal throne and a pulpit, which are still standing, and altars, since overthrown by the Turks, who offer no sacrifice in their mosques. The place of the high altar is still considerably whiter than the rest of the wall: the steps to ascend to it are entire and magnificent."

Is not this simple description of the Parthenon, such as it was at the time of Pericles, to the full as valuable as the more scientific accounts that have been given of the ruins of this beautiful temple?

Finally, were these missionaries strangers to that compassion for the Greeks, those philanthropic sentiments, which we are so proud of introducing into our modern travels? Let us turn again to Father Babin:

"If Solon, surveying from a mountain this large city, and the great number of magnificent palaces of marble which it contained, formerly observed to one of his friends that it was but a large though rich hospital, filled with as many poor wretches as the city comprehended inhabitants, I should have much greater reason to talk in this manner, and to say that this town, rebuilt with the ruins of its ancient palaces, is but one large and indigent hospital, containing as many poor wretches as there are christians to be seen in it."

I beg pardon for having expatiated on this subject. No traveller before me, Spon excepted, has done justice to the missions at Athens, which are so interesting to a Frenchman. I had myself overlooked them in the *Genie du Christianisme*. Chand-

ler says very little concerning the religious whose hospitality he shared; and I am doubtful whether he has once condescended to mention his name. God be thanked, I am above such petty scruples. When a person has laid me under obligation, I say so: and, in the next place, I blush not for the arts, neither do I think the monument of Lysicrates dishonoured because it forms part of the convent of a Capuchin. The christian who preserves a monument, for the purpose of devoting it to works of charity, appears to me quite as respectable as the pagan who erected it in commemoration of a victory gained in a concert of music.

Such was the conclusion of my survey of the ruins of Athens. I had examined them in order, and aided by the intelligence and experience acquired by M. Fauvel during a residence of ten years on the spot. He had saved me all the time that is lost in groping, in doubting, and in seeking, when we arrive alone in a new world. I had obtained clear ideas of the monuments, the sky, the sun, the prospects, the land, the sea, the rivers, the woods, and the mountains of Attica: I could now correct my sketches, and give my pictures of these celebrated places their appropriate colouring. I had nothing to do but to pursue my route. My principal object now was to reach Jerusalem, and what an interval I had still before me! I considered that the season was advancing, and that, if I made a longer stay, I might miss the ship which annually sails from Constantinople to Jaffa, with pilgrims for Jerusalem. I had every reason to apprehend that my Austrian vessel was not waiting for me all this time at the extremity of Attica, and that, not finding me there, she had proceeded to Smyrna. My host acquiesced in my reasons, and pointed out

the track which I ought to pursue. He advised me to go to Keratia, a village of Attica, situated at the foot of Mount Laurium, at some distance from the sea, opposite to the island of Zea. "When yon have reached this village," said he, "the people will kindle a fire upon a hill: one of the boats of Zea, accustomed to the signal, will immediately cross over to the coast of Attica. You will then embark for the port of Zea, where you will perhaps meet with your ship from Trieste; if not, you will find no difficulty in procuring there a felucca to Chio or Smyrna."

A man who, from a motive like mine, undertakes such a voyage as I had done, is not to be deterred by risks and accidents. Necessity commanded my departure, and this was the only way by which I could leave Attica, for there was not a vessel of any kind at the Piræus.* I therefore resolved to put the proposed plan into immediate execution. M. Fauvel wished to keep me a few days longer, but the apprehension of losing the season for the voyage to Jerusalem overpowered every other consideration. The north winds had but six weeks longer to blow; and, if I should arrive too late at Constantinople, I ran the risk of being detained there by the westerly winds.

I dismissed M. Vial's janissary, having first paid him, and given him a letter of thanks to his master. In a journey attended with any hazards, it is painful to part from a fellow-traveller with whom you have for some time associated. When I saw the janissary, after wishing me a good journey, mount his horse alone, take the road to Eleusis, and ride off

* The troubles in Romelia rendered a journey to Constantinople by land absolutely impracticable.

in the very opposite direction to that which I was about to pursue, I felt an involuntary emotion. I followed him with my eyes, reflecting that he was going to revisit alone the deserts which we had seen together. It struck me also that this Turk and I should never meet again, that we should never more hear of each other. I represented to myself the lot of this man, so different from my lot, his joys and his griefs so different from my joys and my griefs, and all to arrive at the same point at last:—he in the spacious and beautiful cemeteries of Greece; and myself, by the road, or in the suburbs of some city.

This separation took place in the evening of the same day that I visited the French convent; for the janissary had received intimation to hold himself in readiness to return to Coron. I set off in the night for Keratia, with Joseph and an Athenian who was going to pay a visit to his relations in Zea. This young Greek was our guide. M. Fauvel accompanied me to the gate of the city, where we mutually bade adieu, and expressed our wishes that we might soon meet again in our common country.

I was very glad that I left Athens at night. I should have felt too strong a regret to turn my back on its ruins by daylight. As it was, like Hagar, I beheld not what I was losing for ever. I laid the bridle on the neck of my horse, and, following Joseph and the guide, relinquished the reins also to my imagination, which was employed the whole way with a curious reverie. I fancied that Attica was given to me in full sovereignty. I published throughout Europe, that all who were weary of revolutions and desirous of enjoying peace might repair to the ruins of Athens, where I promised them security and repose. I constructed roads,

built inns, and provided all sorts of accommodations for travellers: I purchased a harbour on the gulf of Lepanto, to abridge and facilitate the passage from Otranto to Athens. It is natural to suppose that the edifices were not neglected: all the masterpieces of the citadel were rebuilt on the old sites, and as nearly as possible after their former plans. The city, encompassed with good walls, was secured from the depredations of the Turks. I founded a university, to which the youth of all Europe resorted to learn the ancient and the vulgar Greek. I invited the Hydriots to settle at the Piræus, and I created a navy. The naked mountains were clothed with pines to give back their waters to my rivers: I encouraged agriculture: numbers of Swiss and Germans mingled with my Albanians: every day brought to light new discoveries, and Athens arose from her tomb. On reaching Keratia, I awoke from my dream, and found myself the same *Giles Jolt* as before.

We had turned the Hymettus, and passed to the southward of the Pentelicus; then, striking off for the sea, we proceeded among the hills belonging to the chain of Mount Laurium, in which the Athenians of old had mines of silver. This part of Attica was never much celebrated. Between the Phalereus and Cape Sunium were situated several towns and villages, as, Anaphlystus, Azenia, Lampra, Anagyrus, Alimus, Thoræ, Æxone, &c. Wheeler and Chandler made unproductive excursions in this forsaken tract; and M. Lechevalier crossed the same desert on his way to Athens from Cape Sunium where he landed. The interior of this district was still less known and thinner of inhabitants than the coasts; and I am at a loss what origin to assign to

the village of Keratia.* It is situated in a very fertile valley, among hills which overlook it on every side, and whose sides are covered with sage, rosemary, and myrtles. The bottom of the valley is cultivated, and the possessions of the different proprietors are divided by quickset hedges, as they formerly were in Attica, and as they commonly are in Bretagne and in England. Birds abound in this part of the country, especially the hoopoe, the wood-pigeon, the red partridge, and the hooded crow. The village consists of about a dozen houses, very neat, and standing detached. On the hills browse great numbers of goats and sheep; and in the valley are seen hogs, asses, horses, and a few cows.

We alighted on the 27th at the house of an Albanian, an acquaintance of M. Fauvel's. I hastened immediately on my arrival to an eminence eastward of the village, to try whether I could discover the Austrian ship: nothing was to be seen but the sea and the island of Zea. In the evening at sun-set a fire was kindled with myrtle and heath on the top of a mountain; and a goathead stationed on the coast was to apprize us of the approach of the boats from Zea as soon as he should perceive them coming. The use of fire-signals is of very high antiquity, and has furnished Homer with one of the finest similes in the Iliad:

Ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν ἐξ ἄστεος ἀιθέρ' ἵκηται.

"Thus you see a smoke ascending from the top of the towers of a city besieged by enemies."

* Meursius, in his treatise *De populis Atticæ*, speaks of the village or *demos* Κειριάδαι, of the tribe of Hippotheontis. Spon finds a Κυρτίαδαι, in the tribe of Acamantis; but he furnishes no inscription, and supports the assertion only by a passage in Hesychius.

Repairing the following morning to the signal-hill, I took my gun with me and amused myself with shooting. It was just the hottest part of the day, and I received a *coup de soleil* on one of my hands and part of my head. The thermometer had stood continually at 28° during my stay at Athens.* The most ancient map of Greece, that of Sophian, fixed the latitude of Athens at 37° 10′ to 12′: Vernon made it 38° 5′; and M. Chabert has finally determined it to be 37° 58′ 1″ for the temple of Minerva. In so southern a latitude, in the month of August, the sun must naturally be very powerful. At night, having wrapped myself in my cloak, I was going to lie down on my mat, when I felt my head grow extremely confused. Our establishment was none of the most commodious for a sick person. We lay upon the floor, in the only room, or rather in the shed of our host, with our heads next the wall. I was placed between Joseph and the young Athenian: over our pillows were suspended the household utensils; so that my host's daughter, himself, and his men, had to step over us, whenever they came to fetch any thing they wanted or to hang it up again.

If ever in my life I gave way for a moment to despair, I think it was on this occasion, when, seized with a violent fever, I found that my senses were failing me, and that I was growing delirious; my impatience aggravated the disease. How unfortunate to be all at once stopped short by this accident! to be detained by the fever in an obscure place in the hut of an Albanian! O that I had but remained at Athens! that I had expired on the

* M. Fauvel informed me that the heat very often rises to 32° and 34°.

bed of honour, with my eyes fixed on the Parthenon! But even if this fever should not prove fatal, yet if it lasted but a few days, it might totally derange my plans. The pilgrims for Jerusalem would be gone; the season would be past. What was I to do in the East? To go to Jerusalem by land? or to wait another year? France, my friends, my projects, my work, which I should leave unfinished, alternately occupied my mind. All night Joseph kept giving me large pitchers of water to drink, but nothing could quench my thirst. The floor on which I lay was literally bathed with sweat; and it was this copious perspiration that saved my life. I was for a short time perfectly delirious, and began singing the song of Henry IV. "*O Dio!*" exclaimed Joseph in the deepest affliction, *che questo! Il signor canta! Poveretto!*

The fever abated about nine in the morning o. the 26th, after overwhelming me for seventeen hours. If I had had a second attack of equal violence I think I could not have got over it. The goatherd returned with the unpleasant intelligence that no boats from Zea had yet made their appearance. I made an exertion and wrote to M. Fauvel, requesting him to send a vessel to take me up at the nearest point of the coast to the village where I was, and carry me to Zea. While I was writing, my host told me a long story, and begged my interest in his behalf with M. Fauvel. I endeavoured to satisfy him; but my head was so weak that I could scarcely guide the pen. The young Greek set out for Athens with my letter, undertaking to bring a vessel himself, if any were to be found.

I passed the whole day on my mat. The people of the house were gone abroad; Joseph too was out, and not a creature was left with me but the

daughter of my host. She was a handsome girl of seventeen or eighteen, and went about barefoot, and with her hair covered with medals and small pieces of money. She took no notice of me; but continued her work just as though I had not been there. The door was open, the sun shone in at it, and this was the only place for the admission of light into the apartment. I dosed from time to time, and on awaking I still saw the Albanian girl engaged in something or other, singing in a low tone, and arranging her hair or some part of her dress. I asked her now and then for water: *nero!* She brought me a mug full, and crossing her arms waited with patience till I had finished drinking; and when I had done, she would say, *kalo?*—is that right?—and return to her work. Amid the silence of noon nothing was to be heard but the buzzing of the flies in the hut, and the crowing of some cocks out of doors. My head felt vacant, as is usual after a long attack of fever; my eyes, weakened by the violence of the disorder, beheld a multitude of sparks and globules of light dancing before me: I had none but confused, though soothing, ideas.

Thus passed the day. In the evening I was much better, and got up. I slept well the following night, and, on the morning of the 29th, the Greek returned with a letter from M. Fauvel, some Jesuit's bark, Malaga wine, and favourable intelligence. By the greatest accident in the world, a boat had been procured; this boat had set out from the Phalereus with a fair wind, and was to wait for me in a small creek, two leagues from Keratia. For this place I had conceived such an aversion, that I immediately prepared for my departure. A shivering came over me; I foresaw the return of my fever,

and took without hesitation a triple dose of bark. I have always been convinced that the French physicians administer this medicine with too much precaution and timidity. The horses were brought, and we set out with a guide. In less than half an hour the symptoms of a relapse were dispelled, and I recovered all my hopes. We proceeded westward, through a narrow valley that runs between sterile mountains. After riding an hour, we descended into a beautiful plain, which had an extremely fertile appearance; then, changing our course, we turned directly south across the plain, and reached the high lands which formed, unknown to me, the promontories of the coast; for, after we had passed a defile, we all at once perceived the sea, and our vessel moored at the foot of a rock. At the sight of this bark, I thought myself delivered from the evil genius which would have buried me in the mines of the Athenians, perhaps to punish me for my contempt of Plutus.

We sent back our horses with the guide, and went on board our vessel, which was managed by three men. They hoisted our sail, and, favoured by a south wind, we steered towards Cape Sunium. I know not, if the bay we set out from be that which, according to M. Fauvel, is called Anaviso; but I did not see the ruins of Enneapyrgie, the Nine Towers, where Wheeler halted on the way from Cape Sunium. The Azinia of the ancients must have stood nearly in this place. About six in the evening, we passed the Isle of Asses, formerly the island of Patroclus; and at sun-set entered the Port of Sunium, a creek sheltered by the rock which supports the ruins of the temple. We leaped on shore, and I clambered to the summit of the cape.

The Greeks excelled not less in the choice of the

sites of their edifices than in the architecture of the edifices themselves. Most of the promontories of the Peloponnese, of Attica, Ionia, and the islands of the Archipelago, were crowned with temples, trophies, or tombs. These monuments, surrounded with woods and rocks, viewed in all the accidents of light, sometimes enveloped in sable thunder-clouds, at others reflecting the soft beams of the moon, the golden rays of the setting sun, or the radiant tints of Aurora, must have imparted incomparable beauty to the coasts of Greece. Thus decorated, the land presented itself to the mariner under the features of the ancient Cybele, who, crowned with towers, and seated on the shore, commanded her son Neptune to pour forth his waves at her feet.

Christianity, to which we are indebted for the only species of architecture conformable to our manners, also taught us the proper situations for our genuine monuments. Our chapels, our abbeys, our monasteries, were scattered among woods and upon the summits of hills: not that the choice of sites was always a premeditated design of the architect; but, because an art, when in unison with the customs of a nation, adopts instinctively the best method that can be pursued. Observe, on the other hand, how badly our edifices imitated from the antique are in general placed. Did we ever think, for instance, of adorning the only eminence that overlooks Paris? Religion alone thought of this for us. The modern Grecian structures resemble the corrupt language which is now spoken at Sparta and Athens; in vain you may insist that it is the language of Homer and of Plato; a medley of gross words and foreign idioms every moment betrays the barbarians.

Such were my reflections on beholding the temple of Sunium. This temple was of the Doric order, and of the time when architecture flourished. I surveyed, in the distance, the sea of the Archipelago, with all its islands: the setting sun shed his radiance over the coasts of Zea and the fourteen beautiful columns of white marble at whose feet I was seated. The sage and the juniper diffused an aromatic fragrance around the ruins, and the murmur of the waves beneath scarcely reached my ear.

As the wind had lulled, we were obliged to wait for a fresh breeze before we could depart. Our sailors threw themselves along the bottom of the boat, and fell asleep. Joseph and the young Greek continued with me. After taking a little refreshment, and conversing for some time, they went to sleep also. Throwing my cloak over my head to protect myself from the dew, and reclining against a column, I alone remained awake, contemplating the sea and the skies.

The most beautiful sun-set was succeeded by the most lovely night. The firmament, reflected in the water, seemed to rest on the bottom of the sea. The evening star, the faithful companion of my way, was ready to sink below the horizon; it was perceptible only from the long rays which it threw, from time to time, upon the waves beneath, like the flashes of an expiring taper. A momentary breeze now and then ruffled the image of the heavens in the bosom of the deep, agitated the constellations, and died away with a gentle murmur among the columns of the temple.

This spectacle was, however, cheerless, when I reflected that I was contemplating it amidst ruins. Around me, on the one hand, were tombs, silence,

destruction, and death; on the other, a few Greek sailors sleeping, without cares and without dreams, upon the relics of Greece. I was going to quit for ever this sacred soil: my mind, filled with its past greatness and its present debasement, renewed the picture by which my eye had so recently been pained.

I am not one of those intrepid admirers of antiquity, whom a verse of Homer consoles for every thing; neither could I ever comprehend the sentiment expressed by Lucretius—

> Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
> E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

So far from receiving pleasure from contemplating on shore the shipwreck of others, I feel pain myself when I behold my fellow-creatures in distress; the Muses have then no power over me, unless it be that which excites pity for misfortunes. God forbid that I should fall at the present day into those declamations which have brought such calamities upon our country; but, if I had ever thought, with men for whose character and talents I have otherwise the highest respect, that an absolute government is the best of all governments, a few months' residence in Turkey would have completely cured me of that opinion.

The travellers who are content to visit civilized Europe are extremely fortunate; they penetrate not into those once celebrated regions where the heart is wounded at every step; where living ruins every moment divert the attention from the ruins of stone and marble. In vain would you give full scope in Greece to the illusions of the imagination; the mournful truth incessantly pursues you. Cabins of dried mud, more fit for the abode of brute ani-

mals than of man; women and children in rags, running away at the approach of the stranger and the janissary; the affrighted goats themselves scouring over the hills, and the dogs alone remaining to receive you with their barking—such is the scene that dispels the charm which Fancy would fain throw over the objects before you.

The Peloponnese is a desert; since the Russian expedition, the Turkish yoke has borne with encreased weight on the inhabitants of the Morea; part of its population has been slaughtered by the Albanians. Nothing meets the eye but villages destroyed with fire and sword. In the towns, as at Misitra, whole suburbs are deserted; and I have often travelled fifteen leagues in the country without coming to a single habitation. Grinding oppression, outrages of every kind, complete the destruction of agriculture and human life. To drive a Greek peasant from his cabin, to carry off his wife and children, to put him to death on the slightest pretext, is mere sport with the meanest aga of the meanest village. Reduced to the lowest depth of misery, the Morean abandons his native land, and repairs to Asia in quest of a lot less severe. Vain hope! He cannot escape his destiny; he there finds other cadis and other pachas, even in the sands of Jordan, and in the deserts of Palmyra.

Attica, with somewhat less wretchedness, is not less completely enslaved. Athens is under the immediate protection of the chief of the black eunuchs of the seraglio. A disdar, or governor, is the representative of the monstrous protector among the people of Solon. This disdar resides in the citadel, filled with the master-pieces of Phidias and Ictinus, without enquiring what nation left these remains behind it, without deigning to step beyond the

threshold of the paltry habitation which he has built for himself under the ruins of the monuments of Pericles; except very rarely when this automaton shuffles to the door of his den, squats cross-legged on a dirty carpet, and, while the smoke from his pipe ascends between the columns of the temple of Minerva, eyes with vacant stare the shores of Salamis and the sea of Epidaurus.

You would suppose that Greece herself intended, by the mourning which she wears, to announce the wretchedness of her children. The country in general is uncultivated, bare, monotonous, wild, and the ground of a russet hue, the colour of withered herbage. There are no rivers that deserve the appellation; but small streams and torrents which are dry in summer. No farm-houses, or scarcely any, are to be seen in the country; you observe no husbandmen, you meet no carts, no teams of oxen. Nothing can be more melancholy than never to be able to discover the marks of modern wheels, where you still perceive in the rock the traces of ancient ones. A few peasants, in tunics, with red caps on their heads, like the galley-slaves at Marseilles, dolefully wish you as they pass *Kali spera*, good morning. Before them they drive asses or small horses with rough coats, which are sufficient to carry their scanty rustic equipage, or the produce of their vineyard. Bound this desolate region with a sea almost as solitary; place on the declivity of a rock a dilapidated watch-tower, a forsaken convent; let a minaret rise from the midst of the desert to announce the empire of slavery; let a herd of goats, or a number of sheep, browse upon a cape among columns in ruins; let the turban of a Turk put the herdsmen to flight, and render the road

still more lonely; and you will have an accurate idea of the picture which Greece now presents.

Inquiries have been made into the causes of the decline of the Roman Empire; a fair field is open for the writer who would investigate the causes that hastened the fall of Greece. The decline of Athens and Sparta was not owing to the same reasons that occasioned the ruin of Rome: they were not crushed by their own weight and by the magnitude of their empire; neither can it be asserted that they perished by their wealth. The gold of the allies, and the abundance which commerce diffused at Athens, were, at the highest, but trifling; never were there seen among their citizens examples of those colossal fortunes which announce a change of manners;* and the state was always so poor, that the kings of Asia contributed to support it, or to defray the expence of its edifices. With respect to Sparta, though the wealth of the Persians might corrupt a few individuals, yet the republic itself was never raised above indigence.

As the primary cause then of the fall of the Greeks I should assign the war which the two republics waged with each other after they had conquered the Persians. Athens ceased to exist as a state from the moment that it was taken by the Lacedæmonians. An absolute conquest puts an end to the existence of a nation, by whatever name it may be afterwards known in history. The vices of the Athenian government paved the way to the victory of Lacedæmon. A purely democratic state is the worst of all governments, when it has to

* Great fortunes, such as that of Herodes Atticus, were not accumulated at Athens till the time of the Roman Empire.

contend with a powerful enemy, and one single will is necessary for the safety of the country. Nothing could be more deplorable than the infatuation of the people of Athens, while the Spartans were at their gates. Alternately banishing and recalling those citizens, who alone were able to save the state, and complying with the suggestions of factious orators, they shared the fate which they had deserved by their follies; and if Athens was not razed to the ground, it owed its preservation solely to the respect of the conquerors for its ancient virtues.

Lacedæmon, now triumphant, found in her turn the principal cause of her ruin in her own institutions. Modesty, which an extraordinary law had expressly trampled under foot in order to preserve that modesty, was finally overthrown by this very law. The women of Sparta, who exposed themselves half naked to the view of the other sex, became the most corrupt in Greece: and nothing was left to the Lacedæmonians of all their unnatural laws but debauchery and cruelty. Cicero, who was an eye-witness of the pastimes of the Spartan boys, represents them as tearing each other in pieces with teeth and nails. And what end was answered by these brutal institutions? Did they preserve the independence of Sparta? It was not worth while to educate men like ferocious beasts, for the purpose of obeying the tyrant Nabis, and becoming slaves to the Romans.

The best principles may be carried to excess, and become dangerous. Lycurgus, by extirpating ambition in Lacedæmon, designed to save the republic, but actually occasioned its ruin. Had the Spartans, after the humiliation of Athens, reduced Greece into Lacedæmonian provinces, they would

perhaps have made themselves the masters of the universe; a conjecture the more probable, since, without any pretension to these high destinies, they shook, in Asia, weak as they were, the empire of the great king. Their successive victories would have prevented the erection, in the neighbourhood of Greece, of any powerful monarchy, for the conquest of the republics. Lacedæmon, by incorporating with herself the nations vanquished by her arms, would have crushed Philip in his cradle; the great men who were her enemies would have been her subjects; and Alexander, instead of being born under a monarchy, would have sprung, like Cæsar, from the bosom of a republic.

Instead of being actuated by this aspiring spirit, and this preservative ambition, the Lacedæmonians, content with having set up thirty tyrants at Athens, immediately returned to their valley, out of that love of obscurity inculcated by their laws. In this respect a nation is not like an individual; that moderation in fortune, and that fondness for repose, which may be very becoming in a citizen, will never do for a state. Never ought it, indeed, to engage in an impious war; never should it purchase glory at the price of injustice; but not to know how to profit by its position, how to honour, to aggrandize, and to strengthen itself, is rather a deficiency of genius than a virtuous sentiment in a nation.

What was the consequence of this conduct in the Spartans? Macedonia soon became mistress of all Greece: Philip dictated laws to the council of the Amphyctions. On the other hand, the feeble empire of Laconia, founded only on military renown, and not supported by real strength, fell to the ground. Epaminondas appeared: the Lacedæmonians, de-

feated at Leuctra, were obliged to enter into a long justification of themselves before the conqueror; and heard this cruel observation: "We have put an end to your Laconic eloquence!" *Nos brevi eloquentiæ vestræ finem imposuimus.* The Spartans must then have been sensible how advantageous it would have been for them to have combined all the cities of Greece into one state; to have numbered Epaminondas among their generals and their citizens. The secret of their weakness being once known, all was irretrievably lost; and Philopœmen completed what Epaminondas had begun.

Here we have a memorable example of the superiority which letters give to one nation over another, when that nation has besides displayed military virtues. It may be asserted that the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea effaced the name of Sparta from the earth; whereas Athens, though taken by the Lacedæmonians, and plundered by Sylla, still retained her empire. She had the gratification to see those Romans, by whom she had been conquered, thronging to her bosom, and making it their pride to be accounted her sons: one assumed the surname of Atticus; another declared himself the disciple of Plato and Demosthenes. The Latin Muses, Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil, incessantly celebrate the praises of the Queen of Greece. "I forgive the living for the sake of the dead," exclaimed the greatest of the Cæsars, when pardoning the guilty Athenians. Adrian annexed to his imperial title that of Archon of Athens, and encreased the number of the master-pieces of the land of Pericles. Constantine the Great was so flattered by the erection of a statue in honour of him at Athens, that he loaded the city with favours. Julian shed tears on quitting the Academy, and, when triumphant, he

ascribed his victory to the Minerva of Phidias. A Chrysostom, a Basil, a Cyril, came like a Cicero and an Atticus to study eloquence at its source, and, till the middle ages, Athens was denominated the School of Science and of Genius. When Europe was roused from barbarism, her first thought was directed to Athens. "What is become of Athens?" was the universal cry: and, when it was known that her ruins still existed, the learned and the ingenious flocked thither, as if they had discovered the lost ashes of a parent.

How different from this renown is that derived from arms alone! While the name of Athens is in every mouth, Sparta is totally forgotten. We see her, under Tiberius, plead and lose a petty cause against the Messenians; we read, twice over, the passage in Tacitus, to make sure that it is the celebrated Lacedæmon to which he alludes. Some centuries afterwards, we find a Lacedæmonian guard about the person of Caracalla; a dismal honour which seems to shew that the offspring of Lycurgus still retained their ferocity. At length Sparta was transformed, under the Greek empire, into a ridiculous principality, whose rulers assumed the title of Despots, an epithet since become synonymous with that of tyrants; and a banditti, who assert themselves to be the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians, constitute at present all the glory of Sparta.

I have not seen enough of the modern Greeks to venture to form an opinion respecting their character. Full well I know how easy it is to slander the unfortunate; nothing is more natural than for those who are secure from all danger to say: "Why do they not break the yoke under which they groan?" Any man may express in his own chimney-corner

these lofty sentiments, and this proud spirit of independence. Besides, decisive opinions abound in an age when nothing is doubted but the existence of God. But, as the general opinions which we form of nations are very often contradicted by experience, I shall beware of forming any. I merely think that there is still abundance of genius in Greece; I even think that our masters in every line still reside there: just as I conceive that human nature still preserves its superiority at Rome; by which I would not be understood to say, that superior men are now to be found in that city.

But, at the same time, I fear that the Greeks are not too well disposed to break their chains. If even they were released from the tyranny which oppresses them, they would not lose in a moment the marks of their fetters. They have not only been crushed beneath the weight of despotism, but for these two thousand years they have been a superannuated and degraded nation. They have not been renovated, like the rest of Europe, by barbarous nations; and the very nation which has conquered them has contributed to their corruption. That nation has not introduced among them the rude and savage manners of the natives of the north, but the voluptuous customs of southern climes. To say nothing of the religious crime which the Greeks would have committed in abjuring their altars, they would have gained nothing by the adoption of the Koran. In the book of Mahomet there is no principle of civilization, no precept that can impart elevation to the character: that book inculcates neither a hatred of tyranny, nor a love of independence. In embracing the religion of their rulers, the Greeks would have renounced the arts, sciences, and letters, to become the soldiers of fortune, and blindly obey the caprice

of an absolute sovereign. They would have spent their lives in ravaging the world, or in slumbering on a carpet among women and perfumes.

The same impartiality, which obliges me to speak of the Greeks with the respect which is due to misfortune, would have prevented me from treating the Turks with the severity which I do, had I seen among them any thing besides the abuses which are too common among conquering nations. Unfortunately, republican soldiers are not more just masters than the satellites of a despot; and a proconsul was not less rapacious than a pacha.* But the Turks are not ordinary oppressors, though they have found apologists. A proconsul might be a monster of lust, of avarice, and of cruelty, but all the proconsuls did not delight, systematically and from a spirit of religion, in overthrowing the monuments of civilization and the arts, in cutting down trees, in destroying harvests, nay, even whole generations; and this is done by the Turks every day of their lives. Is it conceivable that there should exist tyrants so absurd

* The Romans, like the Turks, frequently reduced those whom they had conquered to slavery. But, if I may be allowed to say what I think, in my opinion this system of slavery was one of the causes of the superiority of the great men of Athens and Rome over those of modern times. It is certain that you cannot exercise all the faculties of the mind, unless when you are relieved from the material cares of life, and you are not wholly relieved from these cares, but in countries where the arts, trades, and domestic occupations are relinquished to slaves. The service of the man whom you hire, who leaves you when he pleases, whose negligence or whose vices you are obliged to put up with, cannot be compared with the service of him whose life and death are in your hands. It is likewise certain that the habit of absolute command imparts an elevation to the mind, and a dignity to the manners, which can never be acquired in the equality of our cities. But let us not regret this superiority of the ancients, since it was not to be purchased but at the expence of the liberty of mankind, and let us bless Christianity, which has burst the bonds and broken the fetters of servitude.

as to oppose every improvement in things of the first necessity? A bridge falls down; it is not built up again. A man repairs his house; he becomes the victim of extortion. I have seen Greek captains run the risk of shipwreck with their tattered sails, rather than mend them; so apprehensive are they lest their industry should excite suspicions of affluence. Finally, had I found in the Turks free and virtuous citizens at home, though ungenerous to conquered nations, I had been silent, and secretly sighed over the imperfection of human nature: but, to behold in one and the same person the tyrant of the Greeks and the slave of the Grand Signor; the executioner of a defenceless people, and the servile wretch whom a pacha has the power to plunder of his property, to tie up in a leather sack and throw into the sea—this indeed was too much, and I know not the brute but what I would prefer to such a man.

The reader will perceive that I did not indulge on Cape Sunium in the most romantic ideas—ideas which, nevertheless, the beauty of the scene might be expected to excite. Being on the point of quitting Greece, I naturally reviewed the history of that country: I strove to discover, in the ancient prosperity of Sparta and Athens, the cause of their present degradation, and in their present lot the germs of their future destiny. The dashing of the sea against the rock, gradually growing more violent, apprized me that the wind had risen, and that it was time to continue my voyage. I awoke Joseph and his companion. We went down to the vessel, where our sailors had already made the necessary preparations for our departure. We stood out to sea, and the breeze, which blew from the land, rapidly wafted us towards Zea. As we withdrew from the shore, the

columns of Sunium appeared more beautiful above the waves: we could perfectly distinguish them on the azure sky, from their extreme whiteness and the serenity of the night. We were at a considerable distance from the Cape, when we could still hear the breaking of the surges against the foot of the rock, the murmuring of the wind among the juniper-trees, and the chirping of the grasshoppers, the only modern inhabitants of the ruins of the temple. These were the last sounds that met my ear on the shores of Greece.

PART THE SECOND.

THE ARCHIPELAGO, ANATOLIA,

AND

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

Islands of the Archipelago—Zea—M. Pengali and his Family—Eminent Natives of Zea, the ancient Ceos—Its Commerce—A Wedding—Tino—Embarkation for Smyrna—View of the Cyclades—Chio—Smyrna—Choiseul's Account of the City—Farewell Visit to the Author's Interpreter—Kan of Menemen—The River Hermus—Ruins of Cyme and Neon Tychos—Homer's Residence there—A Caravan.

The islands which I was now about to traverse formed, in ancient times, a kind of bridge thrown over the sea, to connect Asiatic Greece with the original Greece. Free or dependent, following the fortunes of Sparta or of Athens, of the Persians or of Alexander and his successors, they fell at length under the Roman yoke. Alternately wrested from the Greek empire by the Venetians, the Genoese, the Catalans, and the Neapolitans, they had their own princes and dukes, who assumed the general title of dukes of the Archipelago. Finally, the sultans of Asia appeared on the coasts of the Mediter-

ranean, and, to proclaim to that sea its future destiny, they ordered salt water, sand, and an oar, to be brought to them. The islands were nevertheless subdued the last; but at length they shared the general fate; and the Latin banner, driven farther and farther by the Crescent, was unable to make a stand till it reached the shores of Corfu.

In consequence of these struggles of the Greeks, the Turks, and the Latins, the islands of the Archipelago were perfectly well known in the middle ages: they were in the way of all those fleets which carried out armies or pilgrims to Jerusalem, Constantinople, Egypt, and Barbary; they became the stations of all those Genoese and Venetian ships which revived the commerce with India by the port of Alexandria. Thus we find the names of Chio, Lesbos, and Rhodes, in every page of Byzantine history; and, while Athens and Lacedæmon were forgotten, the world was acquainted with the fortune of the smallest rock of the Archipelago.

Numberless are, moreover, the Travels in those islands, commencing so early as the seventh century: there is not a pilgrimage to the Holy Land but what begins with a description of some of the rocks of Greece. As far back as 1555, Belon published in French his *Observations on various Curiosities discovered in Greece*; Tournefort's *Travels* is in every body's hands; the *Correct Description of the Islands of the Archipelago*, by Dapper, a Fleming, is an excellent work; and there is no reader but what has seen the views of M. de Choiseul.

We had a fine passage: at eight in the morning of August the 30th we entered the port of Zea. It is capacious, but has a dreary and desert appearance from the height of the surrounding coast. Under the rocks that skirt the beach, you perceive nothing

but some chapels in ruins, and the magazines belonging to the customs. The village of Zea stands upon a hill, a league to the east of the harbour, and occupies the site of the ancient Carthea. On my arrival I saw only two or three Greek feluccas, and gave up all hope of meeting with my Austrian vessel. Leaving Joseph at the port, I proceeded to the village with the young Athenian. The road to it is rugged and wild: this first prospect of an island of the Archipelago was none of the most agreeable, but I was accustomed to disappointments.

Zea, built in the manner of an amphitheatre on the unequal declivity of a hill, is but a dirty and unpleasant village, though very populous. The asses, the hogs, the fowls, almost obstruct your passage through the streets, and there are such prodigious numbers of cocks, and these cocks crow so often and so loud, that you are absolutely stunned. I went to the house of M. Pengali, the French vice-consul at Zea, told him who I was, whence I came, and whither I wanted to go, and requested him to hire me a vessel to carry me to Chio or to Smyrna.

M. Pengali received me with the utmost cordiality. His son went down to the harbour, where he found a galley-boat that was returning to Tino, and was to sail the following day. I resolved to avail myself of this opportunity, which would at any rate set me forward a little on my way.

The vice-consul insisted on my being his guest, at least for the remainder of the day. He had four daughters, and the eldest was just going to be married: preparations were already making for the nuptials; so that I passed from the ruins of the temple of Sunium to a festival. What a singular

destiny is that of the traveller! In the morning, he leaves one host in tears, at night he finds another in joy; he becomes the depository of a thousand secrets: Ibrahim had related to me at Sparta all the symptoms of the disease of the little Turk; and at Zea I was made acquainted with the history of the son-in-law of M. Pengali. Can any thing be more pleasing than this unaffected hospitality? Are you not too fortunate to be thus received in places where you would not otherwise meet with the smallest accommodation? The confidence which you excite, the frankness which is manifested towards you, the pleasure which your company apparently and really affords, are certainly high gratifications. Another circumstance also made a deep impression upon me, and that was the simplicity with which I was charged with various commissions for France, Constantinople, and Egypt. Services were asked of me with as little reserve as they were rendered; my hosts were persuaded that I would not forget them, and that they had become my friends. I sacrificed to M. Pengali the ruins of Ioulis, which I had at first intended to visit, and determined, like Ulysses, to participate in the festivities of Aristonous.

Zea, the ancient Ceos, was celebrated in antiquity for a custom which existed also among the Celts, and which has been found to prevail among the savages of America: the aged people at Ceos put at end to their own lives. Aristæus, whose bees are sung by Virgil, or some other Aristæus, king of Arcadia, retired to Ceos. It was he who obtained of Jupiter the Etesian winds to moderate the intense heat of the dog-days. Crasistratus, the physician, and Aristo, the philosopher, were natives of the town of Ioulis, like Simonides and Bacchy-

lides, by the latter of whom we have some very indifferent verses in the *Poetæ Græci minores.* Simonides was a superior genius; but his understanding was more elevated than his heart: he celebrated Hipparchus, who had loaded him with favours, and he celebrated likewise the assassins of that prince. It was probably to give this example of virtue that the just gods of paganism preserved Simonides in the fall of a house. We must accommodate ourselves to the times, says Le Sage; accordingly, the ungrateful shake off the burden of gratitude, the ambitious desert the vanquished, and cowards range themselves on the side of the conqueror. Marvellous wisdom of man, whose maxims, ever superfluous for courage and virtue, serve only as a pretext for vice, and an excuse for baseness of heart!

The commerce of Zea at present consists of the acorns of the velani, a species of oak, which are used in dyeing. The silk gauze worn by the ancients was invented at Ceos;* the poets, to convey an idea of its fineness and transparency, called it *woven wind.* Zea still furnishes silk. "The women of Zea, says Tournefort, "generally assemble in companies to spin silk, and they seat themselves on the edge of the terraces at the top of the houses, that they may drop the spindle down to the street, and draw it up again as they wind the thread. In this attitude we found the Greek bishop: he enquired who we were, and told us that our occupations were extremely frivolous, if we came only to look for plants and old pieces of marble. We replied, that we should be much more edified to see

* I follow the common opinion; but it is possible that Pliny and Solinus may be mistaken. According to Tibullus, Horace, and others, the silk gauze was made at Cos, and not at Ceos.

him with the works of St. Chrysostom or St. Basil in his hand, than turning the spindle."

I had continued to take three doses of bark a day: the fever had not returned, but I remained very weak, and one of my hands as well as one side of my face still looked black from the effect of the *coup de soleil.* I was therefore a guest with a very light heart, but of a very sorry appearance. That I might not look like an unfortunate relation, I made myself merry at the wedding. My host set me an example of fortitude: he was at this moment suffering excruciating pains from the stone, and, during the singing of his daughters, so acute was the agony, as sometimes to extort cries from him. All this formed a mixture of the most discordant things: this sudden transition from the silence of ruins to the bustle of a wedding was extraordinary. Such a tumult at the gate of everlasting repose! such mirth amidst the great mourning of Greece! One idea made me smile: I represented my friends thinking of me in France; I saw them following me in imagination, exaggerating my fatigues, alarmed at my dangers; but what would have been their surprize, had they all at once perceived me, with my half-burned face, attending a village wedding, in one of the Cyclades, praising the performance of the Misses Pengali, who sung in Greek:

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman, &c.

while their father was crying out with agony, while the cocks were crowing, as if they would split their throats, and all remembrance of Ioulis, Aristæus, and Simonides, was completely effaced. In like manner, on my landing at Tunis, after a passage of fifty-eight days, which might be called a continued

shipwreck, I happened to reach the house of M. Devoise just in the middle of the carnival. Instead of going to meditate among the ruins of Carthage, I was obliged to run to the ball, to dress in the Turkish habit, and to join in all the frolics of a party of American officers, full of the gaiety and spirits of youth.

The change of scene on my departure from Zea was not less abrupt than it had been on my arrival in that island. At eleven o'clock at night I left the joyous family, and went down to the harbour, where, though the weather was tempestuous, I embarked in a caick, with a crew consisting of three men and two boys. Joseph, who was very bold on land, was not so courageous at sea. He made many useless remonstrances; he was obliged to accompany me on board, and to follow my fortunes. We stood out of the harbour; our vessel, heeling with the weight of the sail, went gunwale-to; the sea ran very high, and the currents of the Eubœa increased the swell; the sky was overcast, and flashes of lightning and the phosphoric glimmer of the waves lighted us on our way. I mean not to make a parade of my efforts, insignificant as they have been; nevertheless, I hope that, when I am seen tearing myself away from my country and my friends, enduring fever and fatigue, traversing the seas of Greece in little barks, exposed to the fire of Bedouins, and all this out of respect to the public, and that I may present it with a work less imperfect than the *Genie du Christianisme*; I hope, I say, that some credit will be given me for my efforts.

In spite of the fable of the Eagle and the Crow, nothing brings you better luck than to imitate a great man. I had acted Cæsar: *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis*—and I reached the place of my des-

tination. We arrived at six in the morning of the 31st at Tino, where I found a Hydriot felucca just ready to sail for Smyrna, and which intended to touch only for a few hours at Chio. The caick put me on board the felucca, so that I did not even go on shore.

Tino, formerly Tenos, is separated only by a narrow channel from Andros: it is a lofty island, reposing on a rock of marble. It was long in the possession of the Venetians; and in ancient times was celebrated for nothing but its serpents; the viper derived its name from this island.* M. de Choiseul has given a charming description of the women of Tino: his views of Port San Nicolo appeared to me remarkably correct.

The sea having become calm and the sky serene, I breakfasted upon deck, as it was not yet time to weigh anchor. I beheld, at different distances, all the Cyclades; Scyros, where Achilles spent his infancy; Delos, celebrated for the birth of Diana and Apollo, for its palm-tree, and its festivals; Naxos, which reminded me of Ariadne, Theseus, Bacchus, and some exquisite pages in the *Studies of Nature*. But all these islands, once so enchanting, or perhaps so highly embellished by the imaginations of the poets, now wear no other appearance than that of desolation and sterility. Dreary villages rise in the form of a sugar-loaf upon the rocks; they are commanded by castles still more dreary, and sometimes surrounded with a double or a triple wall, within which the inhabitants live in perpetual fear of the Turks and of pirates. As these fortified villages are nevertheless falling to ruin, they convey to the

* A species of viper, called *Tenia*, was a native of Tenos; the island was originally named Ophissa and Hydrussa, on account of its serpents.

mind of the traveller an idea of every species of wretchedness at once. Rousseau somewhere says, that he wished himself exiled to one of the islands of the Archipelago. The eloquent sophist would soon have repented his choice. Separated from his admirers, banished among clownish and perfidious Greeks, he would have found neither flowers, nor brooks, nor shade, in the valleys scorched by the sun; he would have beheld around him no other objects than clumps of olive-trees, and reddish rocks covered with wild sage and balm: and I shrewdly suspect that he would not have wished to continue his walks for any length of time, to the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, along an uninhabited coast.

At noon we got under weigh. The north wind carried us at a great rate toward Scio, but we were obliged to keep tacking between the island and the coast of Asia, in order to enter the channel. We beheld land and islands all around us; some circular and lofty, like Samos; others oblong and low, like the capes of the gulph of Ephesus; and all tinged with different hues, according to their distance. Our felucca, a very light and elegant vessel, had one large and only sail, shaped like the wing of a sea-bird. It was the property of one family, composed of a father, mother, brother, and six sons. The father was the captain, the brother acted as pilot, and the sons were the common sailors: the mother prepared their repasts. Never did I see such cheerfulness, such cleanliness, and such dexterity, as among this crew of brothers. The felucca was swept, scoured, and decorated like a favourite apartment: it had a large chaplet at the stern, with an image of the Panagia, and above it an olive branch. It is very common in the East to see a family thus

embark its whole fortune in a vessel, change its climate without quitting its home, and withdraw itself from servitude, by leading the life of the Scythians on the bosom of the deep.

In the night we came to an anchor in the port of Chio, "the favoured country of Homer," says Fenelon, in the adventures of Aristonous, a masterpiece of harmony and of antique taste. I was in a sound sleep, from which Joseph did not wake me till seven in the morning. I lay upon the deck, and, when I opened my eyes, I fancied that I was transported into some fairy region. I found myself in the midst of a port full of shipping, having before me a charming town, overlooked by hills, whose ridges were covered with olive, palm, mastick, and turpentine trees. The quays were thronged with Greeks, Franks, and Turks, and the ear was saluted with the ringing of bells.*

I went on shore, and inquired if there was not a consul of our nation in this island. I was directed to a surgeon, who acted in the capacity of French agent: he lived close to the harbour. I paid him a visit, and was very politely received. His son attended me for some hours as my cicerone about the town, which greatly resembles a Venetian town. Baudrand, Ferari, Tournefort, Dapper, Chandler, de Choiseul, and a hundred other geographers and travellers, have described the isle of Chio, and to their works I refer the reader.

I returned at ten o'clock to the felucca, and breakfasted with the family. They danced and sung about me on the deck, drinking Chio wine, which was not of the time of Anacreon. An instrument,

* The Greek peasants of the island of Chio alone enjoy the privilege of ringing bells in Turkey. This privilege and several others they owe to the cultivation of the mastick-tree.

not the most harmonious, accompanied the steps and the voices of my hosts; it has retained nothing of the ancient lyre but its name, and has degenerated like its masters. A description of this instrument is given by Lady Craven.

We left the port on the first of October, at noon. A breeze sprung up from the north, and soon increased to a gale. We first endeavoured to make the western passage between Chio and the Spalmadores, formerly the Œnussæ, which lie at the extremity of the channel, as you sail for Metelin or Smyrna. But, finding that we could not double Cape Delphina, we tacked to the east, and bore away for the port of Tchesme; then returning towards Chio, and bearing away again for Mount Mimas, we at length made Cape Cara Bouroun, at the entrance of the gulf of Smyrna. It was now ten at night; the wind failed, and we passed the night becalmed off the coast of Asia.

On the 2nd, at day-break, we rowed off from the shore, to avail ourselves of the sea-breeze, as soon as it should begin to blow, which it did earlier than usual. We soon passed the islands of Dourlach, and were off the castle, which commands the bottom of the gulf, or the port of Smyrna. I then perceived the city in the distance through a forest of masts; it seemed to rise from the sea, being situated on low and level ground, and commanded on the south-east by mountains of a barren appearance. Joseph was unable to restrain his joy: to him Smyrna was a second country. The pleasure manifested by this poor fellow almost grieved me; in the first place by reminding me of my native land; and in the second, by demonstrating that the axiom *ubi bene, ibi patria*, is but too true in regard to the generality of mankind.

Joseph, stationed by my side on the deck, told me the name of every object that I saw as we advanced. At length we lowered our sail; and came to an anchor in six fathoms water, without the first tier of ships. I looked out for my vessel from Trieste, and discovered her by her flag. She was moored near the European quay. I got into a boat that came alongside of us, with Joseph, and was carried on board the Austrian ship. The captain and his mate were on shore; but the seamen knew me again, and received me with great demonstrations of joy. They informed me that the ship had reached Smyrna on the 18th of August: that the captain had stood off and on two days, to wait for me between Zea and Cape Sunium, and that the wind had then obliged him to continue his voyage. They added that my servant had, by the direction of the French consul, bespoken a lodging for me at an inn.

I was pleased to find that my old shipmates had been as fortunate as myself in their voyage. They insisted upon putting me on shore: I got into the boat, and we soon reached the quay. A crowd of porters eagerly offered their hands to assist me in landing. Smyrna, where I saw a great number of hats,* exhibited the appearance of a maritime city of Italy, with one quarter inhabited by orientals. Joseph conducted me to the house of M. Chauderloz, who was at that time the French consul at this important station. I shall have frequent occasions to repeat the commendations which I have already bestowed on the hospitality of our consuls. I beg pardon of the reader, for though these repetitions

* The turban and the hat form the principal distinction between the Franks and the Turks, whose number is reckoned, in the language of the Levant, by hats and turbans.

may be tiresome, still I cannot help being grateful. M. Chauderloz, the brother of M. de la Clos, received me with politeness; but he did not give me a lodging at his house, because he was ill, and because Smyrna, moreover, affords all the accommodations of a large European city.

We immediately arranged the plan of the remainder of my tour. I resolved to proceed by land to Constantinople, to procure firmans, and then embark with the Greek pilgrims for Syria; but I determined not to follow the direct road, intending to visit the plain of Troy, and to cross Mount Ida. The nephew of M. Chauderloz, who had just returned from an excursion to Ephesus, informed me that the defiles of the Gargara were infested by robbers, and occupied by agas still more dangerous than they. As I adhered to my plan, they sent for a guide, who was reported to have conducted an Englishman to the Dardanelles by the route which I proposed to pursue. This guide actually agreed to accompany me, and to furnish me with the requisite number of horses for a very considerable sum. M. Chauderloz promised to procure me an interpreter and an experienced janissary. I then saw that I should be obliged to leave part of my luggage at the consul's, and be content to take with me no more than what was absolutely necessary. The day fixed for my departure was the 4th of September, the next but one to that of my arrival at Smyrna.

Having promised M. Chauderloz to return to dinner with him, I went to my inn, where I found Julian comfortably fixed in a very neat apartment furnished in the European style. This house, which is kept by a widow, commands a very fine view of the port; I have forgotten its name. After the

descriptions of Tournefort, Chandler, Peyssonel, and so many other writers, I have nothing to say concerning Smyrna, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the following passage from M. de Choiseul's Travels :

"The Greeks who left the quarter of Ephesus, called Smyrna, had built only a few cottages at the bottom of the gulf, which has since received the name of their former abode. Alexander assembled them, and gave them directions to build a city near the river Meles. Antigonus commenced this work by his command, and it was finished by Lysimachus.

"So excellent a situation as that of Smyrna was worthy of the founder of Alexandria, and could not fail to ensure the prosperity of that establishment. Being admitted by the cities of Ionia to share the advantages of their confederation, this place soon became the centre of the commerce of Asia Minor. Its wealth attracted all the arts ; it was adorned with magnificent edifices, and thronged with strangers, who resorted hither to enrich this city with the productions of their countries, to admire its wonders, to sing with its poets, and to derive instruction from its philosophers. A smoother dialect imparted new charms to that eloquence which appeared to be an attribute of the Greeks. The beauty of the climate seemed to influence that of the inhabitants, who furnished artists with models, by means of which they were enabled to make the rest of the world acquainted with nature and art combined in their perfection.

"It was one of the cities which claimed the honour of having given birth to Homer. On the banks of the Meles was shewn the spot where Critheis, his mother, brought him into the world, and the cavern to which he retired to compose his im-

mortal verses. A monument erected to his memory, and inscribed with his name, stood in the middle of the city, and was adorned with spacious porticoes, under which the citizens assembled. Finally, their coins bore his image, as if they had acknowledged for their sovereign the genius who conferred honour on them.

"Smyrna preserved the precious relics of this prosperity, till the struggle in which the empire was involved with barbarians. It was taken by the Turks, retaken by the Greeks, always plundered, and always destroyed. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, nothing of it existed but its ruins, and the citadel, repaired by the emperor John Comnenus, who died in 1224. This fortress could not withstand the efforts of the Turkish princes, who frequently made it their residence, in spite of the Knights of Rhodes, who, seizing a favourable opportunity, erected there a fort, in which they for some time maintained themselves; but Tamerlane in a fortnight reduced this place, which Bajazet had blockaded for seven years.

"Smyrna did not begin to rise from its ruins till the Turks were completely masters of the empire; its situation then restored to it the advantages which it had lost by war, and it once more became the mart of the adjacent countries. The inhabitants, taking courage, forsook the summit of the mountain, and erected new houses on the beach. These modern buildings have been constructed with the marble of all the ancient monuments, of which scarcely any fragments are left; so that the site of the stadium and the theatre only can now be recognized. In vain should we puzzle ourselves to determine to what edifices belonged the vestiges of foundations and the fragments of walls to be per-

ceived between the fortress and the site of the present town."

As ancient Smyrna was destroyed by the barbarians, so the modern city has suffered severely from earthquakes, conflagrations, and pestilence. The latter scourge furnished occasion for a self-devotion, which deserves to be recorded among the sacrifices of so many other missionaries. The authenticity of the fact will not be suspected, as an English clergyman is the relater. Brother Louis of Pavia, of the order of Franciscans, the superior and founder of the hospital of St. Anthony at Smyrna, being attacked by the plague, made a vow, if God should spare his life, to devote it to the attendance on persons afflicted with that disease. Snatched almost miraculously from the jaws of death, Brother Louis fulfilled his vow. Numberless were the infected whom he attended; and it is calculated that near two-thirds of these unfortunate creatures were restored to health.*

I had therefore nothing to see at Smyrna, unless it were the Meles, which nobody knows any thing of, and whose very name is a disputed point between three or four ditches.† A circumstance, however, which struck and surprised me, was the

* See Dallaway. The chief remedy employed by Friar Louis was to wrap the head of the patient in a napkin steeped in oil.

† Chandler has nevertheless given a highly poetical description of it, though he animadverts upon the poets and painters who have thought fit to assign water to the Ilissus. According to him, the Meles runs behind the castle. M. de Choiseul's plan of Smyrna also lays down the course of this river, the father of Homer. How happens it that with all the imagination which I have received credit for, I was unable to discover in Greece what has been seen by so many grave and eminent travellers? I have an unlucky love of truth, and a fear of saying the thing which is not, that are paramount with me to every other consideration.

extreme softness of the air. The atmosphere, less pure than that of Attica, had that tint which is termed by painters a *warm tone*, that is, it was filled with a fine vapour tinged by the light with a reddish hue. In the absence of the sea-breeze, I felt a languor which approached to fainting, and clearly recognized the soft Ionia. My stay at Smyrna compelled me to a new metamorphosis; I was obliged to assume the appearance of civilization, to dress, to receive and to return visits. The merchants who did me the honour to call upon me were rich; and, when I went to see them in my turn, I found at their houses elegant females, who seemed that very morning to have received their fashions from the metropolis of France. Placed between the ruins of Athens and the relics of Jerusalem, this second Paris, where I had arrived in a Greek vessel, and which I was about to leave with a Turkish caravan, formed a striking contrast with the scenes that I had just beheld: it was a kind of civilized Oasis, a Palmyra seated amid deserts and barbarism. I must however acknowledge, that, naturally somewhat wild, I had not come to the east in search of society; I longed to see camels, and to hear the cry of the cornac.

On the morning of the 5th, all the necessary arrangements being made, the guide went before with the horses, to wait for me at Menemen Eskelessi, a little port of Anatolia. My last visit at Smyrna was to Joseph: but *quantum mutatus ab illo!* Was it possible that this could be my dignified drogman! I found him in a wretched shop, hammering away at some tin utensil or other. He had on the same waistcoat of blue velvet which he wore among the ruins of Sparta and Athens. But what availed these marks of his glory? What

availed his having seen cities and men—*mores hominum et urbes?* He was not even the owner of his shop. I perceived in a corner a surly-looking master, who spoke roughly to my old companion. And was it for this that Joseph so heartily rejoiced on his arrival? During my tour I met with only two subjects of regret, namely, that I was not rich enough to set up Joseph in business at Smyrna; and to ransom a captive at Tunis. I took my last farewell of my poor comrade: he wept, and I was not much less affected. I wrote my name for him on a small piece of paper, in which I had wrapped the marks of my sincere gratitude; so that the master of the shop remained ignorant of what passed between us.

In the evening, having thanked the consul for all his civilities. I embarked with Julian, the drogman, the janissaries, and the nephew of M. Chauderloz, who had the kindness to accompany me to the port, where we soon arrived. The guide was on the beach. Having taken leave of my young host, who returned to Smyrna, we mounted our horses, and pursued our journey.

It was midnight when we arrived at the kan of Menemen. I perceived at a distance a great number of scattered lights: it was a caravan making a halt. On a nearer approach I distinguished camels, some lying, others standing, some with their loads, others relieved from the burden. Horses and asses without bridles were eating barley out of leather buckets; some of the men were still on horseback, and the women, veiled, had not alighted from their dromedaries. Turkish merchants were seated crosslegged on carpets in groups round the fires, at which the slaves were busily employed in dressing pilau. Other travellers were smoking their pipes at the door of

the kan, chewing opium, and listening to stories. Here were people burning coffee in iron pots; there hucksters went about from fire to fire offering cakes, fruits, and poultry for sale. Singers were amusing the crowd; imans were performing their ablutions, prostrating themselves, rising again and invoking the prophet; and the camel-drivers lay snoring on the ground. The place was strewed with packages, bags of cotton, and *couffs* of rice. All these objects, now distinct and reflecting a vivid light, now confused and enveloped in a half-shade, exhibited a genuine scene of the Arabian Nights. It wanted nothing but the caliph Haroun al Raschid, the vizir Giaffar, and Mesrour, the chief of the black eunuchs.

I then recollected, for the first time, that I was treading the plains of Asia; a quarter of the globe which had not yet beheld the traces of my steps, nor, alas! those sorrows which I share with the rest of mankind. I felt impressed with profound respect for this ancient soil, the cradle of the human race, the abode of the patriarchs; where Tyre and Babylon reared their haughty heads; where the Eternal called Cyrus and Alexander; and where Christ accomplished the mystery of our salvation. A new world lay open before me; I was going to visit nations to which I was a stranger; to observe different manners and different customs; to behold other animals, other plants, a new sky, and a new nature. I should soon pass the Hermus and the Granicus: Sardis was not far distant: I was advancing towards Pergamus and Troy. History unfolded to me another page of the revolutions of mankind.

To my great regret, I left the caravan behind. In about two hours we reached the banks of the Hermus, which we crossed in a ferry. It is still the

turbidus Hermus; but I know not whether its sands yet continue to yield gold. I beheld it with pleasure; for it was the first river, properly speaking, that I had met with since I left Italy. At daybreak we came to a plain bordered with hills of no great elevation. The country exhibited an aspect totally different from that of Greece; the fields were agreeably diversified with verdant cotton trees, the yellow straw of the corn, and the variegated bark of the mastick, while camels and buffaloes were grazing here and there. We left Magnesia and Mount Sipylus behind us; so that we were not far from the fields of battle where Agesilaus humbled the pride of the great king, and where Scipio gained that victory over Antiochus which opened a way for the Romans into Asia.

At a distance on our left we perceived the ruins of Cyme, and had Neon Tichos on our right. I was tempted to alight from my horse and to walk, out of respect for Homer, who passed over the same ground.

"Some time afterwards the unfavourable state of his affairs induced him to go to Cyme. Having set out, he crossed the plain of the Hermus, and arrived at Neon Tichos, a colony of Cyme: it was founded eight years after the latter. It is said that, being in this town, in the house of a smith, he there recited these verses, the first that he ever composed:—'O ye citizens of the amiable daughter of Cyme, dwelling at the foot of Mount Sardene, whose summit is covered with woods that yield a refreshing shade, and who drink the waters of the divine Hermus, sprung from Jupiter, have compassion on the poverty of a stranger, who has no home in which to lay his head!'

"The Hermus runs near Neon Tichos, and

Mount Sardene overlooks both. The smith, whose name was Tychius, was so pleased with these verses, that he determined to receive him into his house. Full of commiseration for a blind man reduced to the necessity of begging his bread, he promised to divide with him what he had. Melesigenes, having entered his shop, took a seat, and some of the citizens of Neon Tichos being present, he showed them a specimen of his poetry: it was the expedition of Amphiaraus against Thebes, and the hymns in honour of the gods. Each expressed his sentiments upon them, and, Melesigenes having thereupon pronounced his opinion, his auditors were filled with admiration.

"As long as he remained at Neon Tichos, his poetry supplied him with the means of subsistence. The place where he was accustomed to sit when he recited his verses was still shewn in my time. This spot, which was yet held in high veneration, was shaded by a poplar that had begun to grow at the time of his arrival.*"

Since Homer had a smith for his host at Neon Tichos, I need not be ashamed of having had a tinman of Smyrna for my interpreter. Would to Heaven the resemblance were as complete in every other respect, were I even to purchase the genius of Homer at the expense of all the misfortunes with which the bard was overwhelmed!

After a march of several hours we ascended one of the ridges of Mount Sardene, and arrived on the bank of the Pythicus. We halted, to allow a caravan that was crossing the river to pass. The camels, each fastened to the tail of the other, did not commit themselves to the water without resistance; they stretched out their necks, and were drawn

* Life of Homer.

along by the ass that headed the caravan. The merchants and the horses had stopped opposite to us, on the other side of the river, and a Turkish woman was sitting by herself covered with her veil. We crossed the Pythicus, in our turn, below a wretched stone bridge, and at eleven o'clock we reached the kan, where we baited our horses.

At five in the evening we pursued our journey. The country lay high, and was tolerably well cultivated. We saw the sea on our left. I observed for the first time some tents belonging to Turcomans; they were composed of black sheep-skins, and reminded me of the Hebrews and the pastoral Arabs. We descended into the plain of Myrina, which extends to the gulf of Elea. An old castle, called Guzel Hissar, crowns one of the summits of the mountain which we had just left behind. At ten at night we encamped in the midst of the plain. A blanket which I had bought at Smyrna was spread upon the ground. I lay down upon it, and went to sleep. On waking, some hours afterwards, I beheld the stars glistening over my head, and heard the shouts of the camel-driver conducting a distant caravan.

CHAPTER II.

Pergamus — Somma — Altercation with the Guide — Kircagach — Reception of the Author by the Governor and his Attendants — His complaint against the Guide — Decision of the Governor — Kelembé — Inn of Emir Capi — Souseverlé — The Granicus — Victory of Alexander — His Character — Mikalitza — Embarkation for Constantinople — Descent of the River — Scene at its Mouth — Arrival at Constantinople — Galata — Pera — Attentions of General Sebastiani — Reflections on Constantinople.

On the 5th we mounted our horses before it was light. Our road led over a cultivated plain; we crossed the Caicus, at the distance of a league from Pergamus, and at nine in the morning entered the town, seated at the foot of a mountain. While the guide led the horses to the kan, I went to examine the relics of the citadel. I found ruins of the walls of three edifices, the remains of a theatre and a temple, perhaps that of Minerva; and remarked some fine fragments of sculpture, among others a frieze adorned with garlands, supported by the heads of oxen and by eagles. Pergamus lay below me to the south; it resembled a camp composed of red barracks. To the west stretches a spacious plain bounded by the sea; to the eastward extends another plain, bordered in the distance by mountains; to the south, and at the foot of the town, first appeared

cemeteries planted with cypresses, then a tract cultivated with barley and cotton; next two large tumuli; after which came a border of trees; and lastly a long high hill, which intercepted the view. I perceived also to the north-west some of the windings of the Selinus and Cetius; and to the east, the amphitheatre, in the hollow of a valley. As I descended from the citadel, the town exhibited the remains of an aqueduct and the ruins of the Lyceum. The scholars of the country assert that the latter edifice contained the celebrated library.

But if ever description was superfluous, it is this which I am attempting. It is but a few months since M. de Choiseul published the continuation of his Travels. This second volume, which displays the maturity of talents, improved by exercise, time, and adversity, gives the most accurate and curious particulars relative to the edifices of Pergamus and the history of its princes. I shall therefore indulge in only one reflexion. The name of Attalus, dear to arts and letters, seems to have been fatal to kings. Attalus, the third of that name, died almost an idiot, and bequeathed his possessions to the Romans; on which these republicans, who probably considered the people as part of those possessions, seized his kingdom. We find another Attalus, the puppet of Alaric, whose name is become proverbial to express the shadow of royalty. He who knows not how to wear the purple ought not to accept it; better were it, in this case, that he clothed himself in goat-skin.

We left Pergamus at six in the evening; and, proceeding northward, we halted for the night, at eleven, in the middle of a plain. On the 6th, at four in the morning, we resumed our route, and continued our progress over the plain, which, with

the exception of the trees, is very much like Lombardy. I was overtaken by such a fit of drowsiness that I could not possibly withstand it, and fell from my horse. It was a wonder I had not broken my neck; but I came off with a slight contusion. About seven o'clock we found ourselves upon an uneven tract of country, formed of small hills. We then descended into a charming dale, planted with mulberry and olive-trees, poplars, and pines in the shape of a parasol *(pinus pinea)*. Asia in general appeared to me far superior in beauty to Greece. We arrived betimes at Somma, a wretched Turkish town, where we spent the day.

I was an utter stranger to the route which we were now pursuing. I had got out of the track of travellers, who, in going to Bursa, or returning from that city, keep much farther to the east, along the road to Constantinople. On the other hand, it seemed to me that, in order to come upon the back of Mount Ida, we ought to have proceeded from Pergamus to Adramytti, and then, keeping along the coast, or crossing the Gargarus, we should have descended into the plains of Troy. Instead of following this track, we had marched along a line precisely between the road to the Dardanelles and that to Constantinople. I began to suspect some shuffling on the part of the guide, especially as I had observed him frequently engaged in conversation with the janissary. I desired Julian to call the drogman, and asked how it happened that we had taken the road to Somma. The drogman appeared embarrassed: he replied, that we were going to Kircagach; that it was impossible to cross the mountains, where we should infallibly be all murdered; that our company was not sufficiently numerous to venture upon such a journey, and that it was much more

advisable to make the best of our way into the road for Constantinople.

This answer threw me into a passion. I clearly perceived that the drogman and janissary, either from fear or other motives, had concerted a plot to lead me out of my way. I sent for the guide, and reproached him with his dishonesty. I told him that, since he considered the road to Troy as impracticable, he ought to have told me so at Smyrna; that, though a Turk, I should not hesitate to call him a scoundrel; that I would not relinquish my plans in compliance with his fears or his caprices; that my bargain was to be conducted to the Dardanelles, and to the Dardanelles I was determined to go.

At these words, which the drogman faithfully interpreted, the guide became furious. "Allah! allah!" exclaimed he, shaking his beard with rage; he declared, that in spite of all I could say or do, he would conduct me to Kircagach; and that we should see which of the two would have most weight with the aga, a Christian or a Turk. But for Julian I think I should have knocked the fellow down.

Kircagach being a large and opulent town, three leagues from Somma, I was in hopes of finding there some French agent who would bring this pestilent Turk to reason. I was too much agitated to sleep. On the 6th, our whole company was on horseback at four o'clock, according to the orders which I had given. In less than three hours we arrived at Kircagach, and alighted at the door of a very handsome kan. The drogman immediately inquired if there was any French consul in the town, and was directed to the house of an Italian surgeon. To this reputed vice-consul I posted, and explained

my errand. He immediately went to give an account of the matter to the governor, who directed that I should appear before him with the guide. I repaired to the tribunal of his excellency, preceded by the drogman and the janissary. The aga was half reclined in the corner of a sofa, at the farther end of a large handsome room, the floor of which was covered with a carpet. He was a young man, of the family of a vizier. Fire-arms hung up over his head, and one of his officers was seated beside him. He continued smoking out of a large Persian pipe, with a look of contempt, and from time to time burst into a loud laugh as he looked at us. This reception nettled me. The guide, the drogman, and the janissary, pulled off their sandals at the door, according to custom; they advanced and kissed the skirt of the aga's robe, and then went back and seated themselves at the door.

The matter did not pass off so quietly in regard to me. I was completely armed, booted, spurred, and had my whip in my hand. The slaves insisted on my leaving my boots, my whip, and my arms, at the door. I ordered the drogman to tell them that a Frenchman follows the customs of his country wherever he goes; and that, if they presumed to lay a finger upon me, I would make them repent their insolence. I advanced at a quick pace into the room, regardless of their cries. A spahi seized me by the left arm, and pulled me forcibly back. I gave him such a cut over the face with my whip, that he was obliged to loose his hold. He clapped his hand to the pistols which he carried at his girdle; but, taking no notice of his menace, I went and seated myself by the side of the aga, whose astonishment and terror were truly ludicrous. I ad-

dressed him in French: I complained of the insolence of his people; I declared it was only out of respect to him that I had not killed his janissary; that he ought to know that the French were the oldest and the most faithful allies of the Grand Signor; that the fame of their arms was sufficiently spread in the East, to teach people to respect their hats, in like manner as they honoured without fearing the turbans; that I had drunk coffee with pachas, who had treated me like their son; and that I had not come to Kircagach to allow a slave to instruct me how to conduct myself, or to have the presumption to touch even the skirt of my coat.

The astonished aga listened as if he had understood me: the drogman interpreted what I had said, word for word. He replied, that he had never seen a Frenchman; that he had taken me for a Frank, and would most assuredly do me justice. He then ordered coffee to be brought for me.

Nothing could be more diverting than to observe the stupified look and the lengthened visage of the slaves, who beheld me in my dusty boots seated on the divan by the side of their master. Tranquillity being restored, I explained my errand. Having heard both sides, the aga gave such a decision as I by no means expected. He commanded the guide to return me part of my money; but declared that, as the horses were tired, five men only could not, without hazard, attempt a passage over the mountains; and that consequently I ought quietly to pursue the road to Constantinople.

In this decree there was a remarkable share of Turkish good sense, especially when the youth and inexperience of the judge are taken into consideration. I told his excellency, that his decision, though in other respects very just, was faulty for two rea-

sons: in the first place, because five men, well armed, might venture any where; and in the second, because the guide ought to have made objections at Smyrna, and not to have entered into a contract which he had not the courage to fulfil. The aga agreed that my last remark was perfectly correct; but that, as the horses were fatigued and incapable of performing so long a journey, fate itself compelled me to take another road.

It would have been useless to struggle against fate: all were secretly against me; the judge, the drogman, and my janissary. The guide would have raised difficulties on the subject of the money; but he was peremptorily told that a hundred strokes of the bastinado awaited him at the door, unless he returned part of the sum which he had received. He drew it with great reluctance from a little leather bag, and came up and handed it to me. I took it, but gave it him back again, reproaching him at the same time with his dishonesty and duplicity. Selfishness is the great vice of the Mussulmans, and liberality the virtue which they hold in the highest esteem. My conduct appeared sublime; nothing was to be heard but *allah! allah!* At my departure I was attended to the door by all the slaves, and even by the spahi whom I had struck; they expected something for a *treat*, as they called it. I gave two pieces of gold to the Mussulman I had beaten; I dare say, for that price he would not have made the objections which Sancho did to deliver the Princess Dulcinea. As to the rest of the crew, they were told from me, that a Frenchman never makes presents, nor receives them.

Such was the business which cost me the sacrifice of Ilium and the glory of Homer. I represented to myself, by way of consolation, that I must neces-

sarily pass Troy in the ship with the pilgrims, and that I might perhaps prevail upon the captain to set me on shore. I therefore made up my mind to pursue my journey without farther loss of time.

I went to pay a visit to the surgeon; he had not once made his appearance in this whole affair with the guide, either because he had no right to support me, or for fear of the governor. We walked together about the town, which is large and populous. Here I saw what I had not before met with—young Greek women without veils, sprightly, handsome, courteous, and to all appearance daughters of Ionia. It is a singular circumstance that Kircagach, so celebrated throughout all the Levant for the superiority of its cotton, is not to be found in any traveller*, neither is it marked in any map. It is one of those towns which the Turks call sacred: it belongs to the great mosque at Constantinople, and the pachas are not permitted to enter its walls. I have noticed the singular and excellent qualities of its honey, in speaking of that of Mount Hymettus.

At three in the afternoon we left Kircagach, and pursued our way towards Constantinople. The road led to the north, through a country planted with cotton-trees. We climbed a hill, then descended into another plain, and at half-past five we halted for the night at the kan of Kelembé. This is probably the same place that Spon calls Basculembei, Tournefort Baskelambai, and Thevenot

* M. de Choiseul is the only one that mentions its name. Tournefort speaks of a mountain called Kircagan. Paul Lucas, Pococke, Chandler, Spon, Smith, and Dallaway, say nothing concerning Kircagach. D'Anville passes it over in silence: and no notice is taken of it in Peyssonel's Memoirs. If some of the numberless Travels in the East make mention of this place, it is in a very obscure manner, and has totally slipped my memory.

Dgelembé. The Turkish geography is very obscure in the works of travellers, each having followed the mode of spelling suggested by his ear. It moreover requires infinite pains to establish the concordance of ancient and modern names in Anatolia. In this point d'Anville himself is not complete; and unfortunately the chart of the Propontis, executed for M. de Choiseul, lays down nothing but the coasts of the sea of Marmora.

I took a walk in the environs of the town; the sky was cloudy, and the air cold as in France: it was the first time that I had remarked this kind of atmosphere in the East. Such is the influence of the attachment to country, that I felt a secret pleasure in contemplating this grey and gloomy sky, instead of that pure and serene atmosphere which I had been so long enjoying.

On the 8th, at break of day, we turned out of our quarters, and began to climb a hilly tract, which would be covered with an admirable forest of oaks, pines, phyllereas, andrachnes, and turpentine-trees, if the Turks would suffer any thing to grow; they set fire, on the contrary, to the young plants, and mutilate the large trees: there is nothing but what these people destroy; they are a real pest.* The villages in the mountains are poor; but the animals of various species are numerous. You may see in the same yard, horned cattle, buffaloes, sheep, goats, horses, asses, mules, intermixed with fowls, turkeys, ducks, and geese. Some wild birds, as storks and larks, live on familiar terms with these domestic animals. Among these peaceable creatures reigns the camel, the most peaceful of them all.

* Tournefort asserts that the Turks burn these woods to increase the quantity of pasturage: but this would be the height of absurdity, as a want of wood prevails throughout all Turkey, and there is already a superabundance of pasturage.

We dined at Geujouck; then, continuing our route, we drank coffee on the top of the mountain of Zebec, and slept at Chia-Ouse. Tournefort and Spon mentioned a place upon this road, called Courougoulgi.

On the 9th we crossed higher mountains than those over which we passed the preceding day. Wheeler asserts that they form the chain of Mount Timnus. We dined at Manda Fora, called, by Spon and Tournefort, Mandagoia, where some antique columns are to be seen. At this place travellers commonly sleep; but we pursued our journey, and halted at nine in the evening at the inn of Emir Capi, a detached house in the middle of a wood. We had travelled thirteen hours. The master of the house had just expired, and was extended upon a mat, which was quickly pulled from under him, for my accommodation. It was still warm, and already had all the friends of the deceased forsaken the house. A kind of waiter, who alone was left, assured me that his master had not died of any contagious disease; I therefore spread my blanket on the mat, laid myself down, and went to sleep. Others will sleep in their turn on my last bed, and will think no more of me than I did of the Turk who had given me his place.

On the 10th, after a ride of six hours, we arrived at the pretty village of Souseverlé. This is perhaps the Sousurluck of Thevenot, and certainly the Sousighirli of Spon, and the Sousonghirli of Tournefort. It is situated at the termination and on the back of the mountains which we had just passed. About five hundred paces from the village runs a river, and beyond this river extends a beautiful and spacious plain. This river of Sousonghirli is no other than the Granicus; and this unknown plain is the plain of Mysia.

What is then the spell of glory? A traveller comes to a river, in which he observes nothing remarkable; he is told that the name of this river is Sousonghirli: he crosses it, and pursues his way. But, should some one perchance call out to him: 'Tis the Granicus!—he starts, opens his astonished eyes, fixes them on the river, as if the water possessed a magic power, or as if a supernatural voice were to be heard on its banks. We halted three hours at Sousonghirli, and I spent the whole of that time in contemplating the Granicus. It is very narrow; the west bank is steep and rugged; and its water, which is bright and limpid, flows over a sandy bottom. This stream, in the place where I saw it, is not more than forty feet broad, and three and a half deep; but in spring it rises and runs with impetuosity. Let us hear what Plutarch says:

"In the mean time, the generals of Darius had assembled an immense army, aud had taken post upon the banks of the Granicus; so that Alexander was under the necessity of fighting there, to open the gates of Asia. Many of his officers were apprehensive of the depth of the river, and the rough and uneven banks on the other side; and some thought that a proper regard should be paid to a traditionary usage with respect to the time, for the kings of Macedon never marched out to war in the month Dæsius. Alexander cured them of this piece of superstition, by ordering that month to be called the second Artemisius; and, when Parmenio objected to his attempting a passage so late in the day, he replied: "The Hellespont would blush, if, after having passed it, he should be afraid of the Granicus." At the same time he threw himself into the stream with thirteen troops of

horse; and as he advanced in the face of the enemy's arrows, in spite of the steep banks which were lined with cavalry well-armed, and the rapidity of the river which often bore him down or covered him with its waves, his motions seemed rather the effects of madness than sound sense. He held on, however, till by astonishing efforts he gained the opposite bank, which the mud rendered extremely slippery and dangerous. When he was there, he was forced to stand an engagement with the enemy hand to hand, and with much confusion on his part, because they attacked his men as fast as they came over, before he had time to form them; for the Persian troops, charging with loud shouts, and with horse against horse, made good use of their spears, and, when those were broken, of their swords.

"Numbers pressed hard upon Alexander, because he was easy to be distinguished, both by his buckler and his crest, on each side of which was a large and beautiful plume of white feathers. His cuirass was pierced by a javelin at the joint; but he escaped unhurt. After this, Rhœsaces and Spithridates, two officers of high distinction, attacked him jointly. The latter he avoided with great address, and received the former with such a stroke of his spear upon his breast-plate, that it broke in pieces. He then drew his sword to dispatch him, but his adversary still maintained the combat. In the mean time, Spithridates came up on one side of him, and, raising himself on his horse, gave him a blow with his battle-axe, which cut off his crest, with one side of the plume; nay, such was its force, that the helmet could hardly resist it, and that it even penetrated to his hair. Spithridates was about to repeat his stroke, when the celebrated

Clitus prevented him, by running him through the body with his spear. At the same time, Alexander with his sword brought Rhœsaces to the ground.

"While the cavalry were thus furiously and critically engaged, the Macedonian phalanx passed the river, and then the infantry likewise engaged. The enemy made no considerable or long resistance, but soon turned their backs and fled; all but the Grecian mercenaries, who, forming upon an eminence, desired Alexander to give his word of honour that they should be spared. But that prince, influenced rather by his passion than his reason, instead of giving them quarter, advanced to attack them, and was so warmly received that he had his horse killed under him. It was not, however, the famous Bucephalus. In this dispute more of his men were killed and wounded than in all the rest of the battle; for here they had to do with experienced soldiers, who fought with a courage heightened by despair.

"The barbarians, we are told, lost in this battle twenty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse; whereas Alexander had only thirty-four men killed, nine of which were infantry. To do honour to their memory, he erected to each of them a statue in brass, the workmanship of Lysippus. And, that the Greeks might have their share in the glory of the day, he distributed among them presents out of the spoil; to the Athenians, in particular, he sent three hundred bucklers. Upon the rest of the spoils he put this pompous inscription: "Won by Alexander the son of Philip, and the Greeks (excepting the Lacedæmonians) from the barbarians in Asia."

It is one single individual, then, who thus immortalizes a little river in a desert! Here falls an

immense empire, and here rises an empire still more immense; the Indian Ocean hears the fall of the throne that is overturned near the shores of the Propontis; the Ganges beholds the approach of the leopard with four wings,* which triumphed on the banks of the Granicus; Babylon, which the king built in the splendour of his power, opens her gates to admit a new master; Tyre, the queen of ships, is humbled, and her rival springs up out of the sands of Alexandria.

Alexander was guilty of crimes: he was unable to withstand the intoxication of his success, but by what magnanimity did he not atone for the errors of his life! His crimes were always expiated by his tears; with Alexander every thing came from the heart. He began and terminated his career with two sublime expressions. On his departure to make war upon Darius, he divided his dominions among his officers. "What then do you reserve for yourself?" cried they in astonishment. "Hope," was his reply. "To whom do you leave the empire?" said these same officers to him when expiring. "To the most worthy," answered he. Place between these two expressions the conquest of the world, achieved with thirty-five thousand men, in less than ten years, and you must admit that if ever man resembled a god among mortals, that man was Alexander. His premature death adds something divine to his memory, for we behold him ever fair, young, and triumphant, without any of those corporeal infirmities, without any of those reverses of fortune, which age and time are sure to bring. This divinity vanishes, and mortals are unable to support the weight of his work. "His kingdom," says the pro-

* Daniel.

phet, "shall be divided toward the four winds of heaven."*

At two in the afternoon we left Sousonghirli, crossed the Granicus, and advanced into the plain of Mikalicie, which belonged to the Mysia of the ancients. We halted for the night at Tehutitsi, which may perhaps be the Squeticui of Tournefort. The kan being full of travellers, we took up our quarters under some spreading willows, planted in quincunx order.

On the 11th we set out at day-break, and, leaving the road to Bursa on the right, we continued our route through a plain covered with rushes, in which I observed the remains of an aqueduct. At nine in the morning we reached Mikalitza, a large, dull, dilapidated Turkish town, seated on a river, to which it gives name. I know not whether this river be not the same that issues from Lake Abouilla: so much, however, is certain, that a lake is to be seen at a distance in the plain. In this case, the river Mikalitza must be the Ryndacus, formerly the Lycus, which took its rise in the Stagnum Artynia; a conjecture which is strengthened by its having at its mouth the little island (Besbicos) mentioned by the ancients. The town of Mikalitza is not far from the Lopadion of Nicetas, which is the Loupadi of Spon, the Lopadi, Loubat, and Ouloubat of Tournefort. Nothing is more tiresome for a traveller than this confusion in the nomenclature of places; and if in regard to this point I have committed almost inevitable errors, I request the reader to recollect, that men of superior abilities have themselves fallen into mistakes.

We left Mikalitza at noon, and advanced along

* Daniel.

the east bank of the river towards the high lands forming the coast of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. On my right I perceived superb plains, an extensive lake, and, in the distance, the chain of Olympus; all this country is magnificent. After riding an hour, we crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and came to the pass of the heights which lay before us. Here we found the port of Mikalitza. I dismissed my scoundrel of a guide, and took my passage in a Turkish vessel ready to sail for Constantinople.

At four in the afternoon we began to fall down the river, the port of Mikalitza being sixteen leagues from the sea. The river had here increased to nearly the size of the Seine; it flowed between verdant hills, whose foot is washed by the current. The antique form of our galley, the oriental costume of the passengers, the five half-naked sailors towing us along with a rope, the beauty of the river, and the solitude of the banks, rendered this trip picturesque and agreeable.

As we approached the sea, the river behind us formed a long canal, at the end of which we perceived the heights that we had passed between; their slopes were tinged by a setting sun not visible to us. Swans were sailing before us, and herons were repairing to land to seek their accustomed retreat. The whole strongly reminded me of the rivers and scenery of America, when, at night, I left my bark canoe, and kindled a fire on an unknown shore. All at once, the hills between which we were winding fell back to the right and left, and the sea opened upon our view. From the foot of the two promontories extended a low tract, half under water, formed by the alluvious matters deposited by the river. We moored our vessel close

to this marshy spot, near a hut, the last kan of Anatolia.

On the 12th, at four in the morning, we weighed anchor with a light, favourable breeze, and in less than half an hour we cleared the mouth of the river. The scene is worthy of being described. Aurora dawned on our right behind the high lands of the continent; on our left extended the sea of Marmora; ahead of us appeared an island; the eastern sky, of a deep red, grew paler as the light increased; the morning star sparkled in this empurpled radiance; and below that beautiful star the crescent of the moon was scarcely discernible, like the faint traces of the most delicate pencil. One of the ancients would have said that Venus, Diana, and Aurora, had met to announce to him the most brilliant of the gods. This picture changed whilst I contemplated it; green and roseate rays, proceeding from one common centre, soon shot from the east to the zenith; these colours died away, revived, and were again extinguished, till the sun, appearing on the horizon, melted all the tints of the atmosphere into one universal white, slightly tinged with a golden glow.

We steered northward, leaving the coasts of Anatolia on our right; the wind lulled an hour after sun-rise, and we took to our oars. The calm continued the whole day. The sun-set was cold, red, and unattended with any accidents of light; the opposite horizon was greyish, the sea of a lead colour and without birds; the distant coasts appeared of an azure hue, but had no brilliancy; the twilight was of very short duration, and was suddenly succeeded by night. At nine o'clock a breeze sprung up from the east, and we proceeded at a brisk rate. On the 13th, at the return of dawn,

we found ourselves near the coast of Europe, off Port St. Stephen; this coast was low and naked. It was two months, to the very day and hour, since I left the capital of civilized nations, and I was now going to enter the capital of barbarous nations. How much had I seen in this short space of time! How much older had I grown in these two months!

At half an hour after six we passed the powder-mill, a long white building, in the Italian style. Behind this edifice extended the land of Europe, which appeared flat and uniform. Villages, whose situation was marked by trees, were scattered here and there. Above the point of this land, which formed a semicircular curve before us, we discerned some of the minarets of Constantinople.

At eight o'clock a galley-boat came alongside of us: as we were almost becalmed, I quitted the felucca, and went with my people into the boat. We kept close under Point Europa, on which stands the castle of the Seven Towers, an old Gothic fortress, now falling to ruin. Constantinople, and the coast of Asia in particular, were enveloped in a thick fog: the cypresses and the minarets, which I perceived through the vapour, exhibited the appearance of a leafless forest. As we approached the point of the Seraglio, a breeze sprung up from the north, and, as if by the waving of an enchanter's wand, the mist was swept in a few moments from the picture, and I found myself all at once in the midst of the palaces of the Commander of the Faithful. Before me the channel of the Black Sea meandered like a majestic river between charming hills: on my right I had the coast of Asia and the city of Scutari; that of Europe lay on my left, forming, as it receded, a capacious bay, full of large ships at anchor, and innumerable small vessels traversing it in every direction.

This bay, bounded by two hills, presented a view of Constantinople and Galata, disposed in the form of an amphitheatre. The immense extent of these three cities of Galata, Constantinople, and Scutari, with their buildings rising in stages one above another; the cypresses, the minarets, the masts of ships intermingled on every side; the verdure of the trees; the colours of the houses, white and red; the sea spreading its blue expanse below these objects, and the sky its azure canopy above, altogether formed a picture that filled me with admiration. It must indeed be allowed that those are guilty of no exaggeration, who assert that Constantinople exhibits a view superior in beauty to any in the world.*

We landed at Galata. I immediately remarked the bustle on the quays, and the throng of porters, merchants, and seamen, the latter announcing, by the different colour of their complexions, by the diversity of their languages and of their dress, by their robes, their hats, their caps, their turbans, that they had come from every part of Europe and Asia to inhabit this frontier of two worlds. The almost total absence of women, the want of wheel carriages, and the multitude of dogs without masters, were the three distinguishing characteristics that first struck me in the interior of this extraordinary city. As scarcely any person walks abroad but in slippers, as there is no rumbling of coaches and carts, as there are no bells and scarcely any trades that require the aid of the hammer, a continual silence prevails. You see around you a mute crowd of individuals, seemingly desirous of passing unperceived, as if solicitous to escape the observation of a master. You are continually meeting with a bazar and a cemetery,

* For my part, however, I prefer the bay of Naples.

as if the Turks were born only to buy, to sell, and to die. The cemeteries, without walls, and situated in the middle of the streets, are magnificent groves of cypresses; the doves build their nests in these trees and share the peace of the dead. Here and there you perceive antique structures, harmonizing neither with the modern inhabitants, nor with the new edifices by which they are surrounded: you would almost imagine that they had been transported into this oriental city by the effect of enchantment. No sign of joy, no appearance of comfort, meets your eye; what you see is not a people, but a herd tended by an iman and slaughtered by a janissary. Here is no pleasure but sensual indulgence, no punishment but death. The dull tones of a mandoline sometimes issue from the extremity of a coffee-room, and you perceive the children of infamy performing immodest dances before a kind of apes seated around small circular tables. Amidst prisons and bagnios rises a seraglio, the Capitol of slavery: 'tis here that a consecrated keeper carefully preserves the germs of pestilence and the primitive laws of tyranny. Pallid votaries are incessantly hovering about this temple, and thronging to offer their heads to the idol. Hurried on by a fatal power, nothing can divert them from this sacrifice; the eyes of the despot attract the slaves, as the looks of the serpent are said to fascinate the birds on which he preys.

There are so many accounts of Constantinople, that it would be absurd in me to pretend to give a description of that city. The reader may, therefore, consult Stephen of Byzantium; Gylli *de Topographia Constantinopoleos;* Ducange's *Constantinopolis Christiana;* Porter's Observations on *the Religion, &c. of the Turks;* Mouradgea d'Ohsson's *Tableau*

de l'Empire Ottoman; Dallaway's *Ancient and Modern Constantinople;* Paul Lucas; Thevenot; Tournefort; lastly, *the Voyage pittoresque de Constantinople et des Rives du Bosphore;* the fragments published by M. Esmenard, &c. &c.

There are several inns at Pera which resemble those of the other cities of Europe; to one of these inns I was conducted by the porters, who officiously seized my baggage. I then repaired to the French palace. I had had the honour of seeing at Paris General Sebastiani, ambassador from France to the Porte: he insisted on my dining every day at his table; and it was only on my earnest solicitation that he permitted me to remain at my inn. By his directions, the Messrs. Franchini, the chief drogmans to the embassy, procured the firmans necessary for my voyage to Jerusalem, which the ambassador accompanied with letters addressed to the superior of the religious in the Holy Land, and to our consuls in Egypt, and in Syria. Fearing lest I should run short of money, he gave me permission to draw bills upon him at sight whenever I might have occasion; and, adding to these important services the attentions of politeness, he condescended to show me Constantinople himself, and to conduct me to the most remarkable structures. His aides-de-camp and the whole legation shewed me so many civilities that I was absolutely put to the blush; and I deemed it my duty to express in this place my unfeigned gratitude to those gentlemen.

I know not how to speak of another person whom I ought to have mentioned the first. Her extreme kindness was accompanied with a moving and pensive grace, which seemed to be a presentiment of what was to follow: she was nevertheless happy, and a particular circumstance heightened her fe-

licity. I myself shared that joy which was so soon to be converted into mourning. When I left Constantinople, Madame Sebastiani was in the bloom of health, hope, and youth; and before my eyes again beheld our country, she was incapable of hearing the expression of my gratitude:

Trojâ infelice sepultum
Detinet extremo terra aliena solo.

At this very time a deputation from the Fathers of the Holy Land happened to be at Constantinople. They had repaired thither to claim the protection of the ambassador against the tyranny of the governor of Jerusalem. The Fathers furnished me with letters of recommendation for Jaffa. By another piece of good fortune, the vessel carrying the Greek pilgrims to Syria was just ready to depart. She lay in the road, and was to sail with the first fair wind: so that, had my intention of exploring the plain of Troy been accomplished, I should have been too late for the voyage to Palestine. The bargain was soon concluded with the captain, and the ambassador sent on board for me a supply of the most delicate provisions. He gave me a Greek, named John, a servant of the Messrs. Franchini, for my interpreter. Loaded with kindness and good wishes, I went, on the 18th of September at noon, on board the ship of the pilgrims.

I must confess that, if I was sorry to quit those from whom I had received such extraordinary attention and civility, I was nevertheless very glad to leave Constantinople. The feelings which, in spite of you, will obtrude themselves in that city, spoil all its beauty. When you reflect that these regions were formerly inhabited but by Greeks of the Eastern Empire, and that they are now possessed by Turks, you are shocked at the contrast between the people

and the country; you think that slaves so base, and tyrants so cruel, ought never to have dishonoured such magnificent abodes. I had arrived at Constantinople on the very day of a revolution: the rebels of Romelia had advanced to the gates of the city. Obliged to bend to the storm, Selim had exiled and dismissed the ministers obnoxious to the janissaries; it was expected every moment that the discharge of cannon would announce the execution of the proscribed. When I contemplated the trees and the palaces of the seraglio, I could not suppress a feeling of compassion for the ruler of this vast empire.* Oh! how wretched are despots amidst their prosperity, how weak amidst their power! how are they to be pitied who wring floods of tears from so many of their fellow-creatures, without being sure that it will not come to their turn to weep, without being able to enjoy the slumbers of which they deprive the unfortunate!

My residence at Constantinople was disagreeable. I take delight in visiting such places only as are embellished by virtues or by the arts; and I found neither in this country of the Phocases and the Bajazets. My wishes were soon fulfilled, for we weighed anchor on the very day of my embarkation, at four in the afternoon. We hoisted our sail to the north wind, and steered towards Jerusalem under the banner of the cross, which waved at the masthead of our vessel.

* The unhappy end of Selim has but too well justified this pity.

PART THE THIRD.

RHODES, JAFFA, BETHLEHEM,

AND

THE DEAD SEA.

CHAPTER I.

Embarkation with Greek Pilgrims for Palestine—Scene on Board—Greek Psalmody—Sea of Marmora—The Dardanelles—Plain of Troy—Greek Dance—Tchesmé—John, the new Interpreter—Rhodes—Its History—Appearance of the Town—The Port—Commerce and Manufactures of the Island—Character of the Greeks as Sailors—A Supper on Deck—Ignorance of the Ship's Situation—Swallows—Cyprus—Description of the Island in Telemachus—View of Mount Carmel—Coast of Palestine—Arrival at Jaffa.

We had on board near two hundred passengers, men, women, and children; the like number of mats were seen ranged in order on either side of the ship between decks. A slip of paper pasted above each mat was inscribed with the name of the owner. Each of the pilgrims had suspended his staff, his chaplet, and a small cross over his pillow. The captain's cabin was occupied by the papas who were the conductors of the company. At the entrance of this cabin, two antechambers had been contrived: in one of these dark holes, about six feet square, I

had the honour to lodge with my two servants: and the apartment opposite to mine was occupied by a family. In this kind of republic each lived as he pleased: the women nursed their children, the men smoked, or dressed their dinners, and the papas spent their time in conversation. On all sides were heard the sounds of mandolines, violins, and lyres: some sung, others danced, laughed, or prayed. Joy was imprinted on every face. Jerusalem! said they to me, pointing to the south, and I replied, Jerusalem! In short, but for fear, we should have been the happiest creatures in the world; but at the least gust of wind the seamen furled the sails, and the pilgrims ejaculated, *Christos! Kyrie eleison!* The gale subsided, and we regained our courage.

For the rest, I observed none of those irregularities that are spoken of by some travellers. We were, on the contrary, very modest and well behaved. The very evening of our departure, two papas read prayers, which were attended by all the pilgrims with great devotion. They blessed the vessel, a ceremony that was repeated with every gale. The singing of the Greek church is melodious enough, but has very little gravity. One singularity which I remarked was this: a boy began the verse of a psalm in a high tone, and thus proceeded on one single note, while a papas chanted the same verse on a different note, beginning when the boy had more than half finished. They have an admirable Kyrie eleison: it is but one note, kept up by different voices, some bass, others treble, executing *andante* and *mezza voce* the octave, the fifth and the third. The solemn and majestic effect of this Kyrie is surprising. It is doubtless a relic of the ancient singing of the primitive church. I suspect that the other psalmody is that modern method in-

troduced into the Greek ritual about the fourth century, and which St. Augustine had such ample reason to censure.

The very day after our departure, my fever returned with great violence, and confined me to my mat. We proceeded at a rapid rate through the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis; and passed the peninsula of Cyzicus, the mouth of Ægos Potamos, and the promontories of Sestos and Abydos. Neither Alexander and his army, Xerxes and his fleet, the Athenians and Spartans, nor Hero and Leander, could drive away the head-ache which distracted me; but, when I was told, at six in the morning of the 21st of September, that we were just going to double the castle of the Dardanelles, the fever was dispelled by the recollections of Troy. I crawled upon deck: the first object that met my eye was a lofty promontory, crowned with nine mills: this was Cape Sigeum. At the foot of the Cape I distinguished two barrows, the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. The mouth of the Simois was on the left of the new castle of Asia; still farther astern appeared Cape Rhœtus and the tomb of Ajax. In the distance rose the chain of Mount Ida, the declivities of which, viewed from the point where I was, appeared gentle, and of an harmonious colour; and Tenedos was ahead of us.

My eye expatiated over this picture, and involuntarily returned to the tomb of Achilles. I repeated these verses of the poet:

> Ἀμφ' αὐτοῖσι δ' ἔπειτα μέ γαν καὶ αμύμονα τὔμβον
> Χεύαμεν Ἀργείων ἱερός στρατος ἀιχμητάων
> Ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προυχουσῃ, επι πλατεῖ Ελλησποντω
> Ὥς κεν τηλεφαιὴς εκ ποντόφιν ἀνδράσιν ἔιη
> Τοῖς δι νῦν γεγάασι καὶ δι μετοπισθεν ἔσονται.
>
> Odyss, lib. 24.

"The army of the warlike Greeks erects on the shore a vast and admirable monument, which is perceived afar off by those who pass it on the sea, and will attract the notice of the present and of future generations."

The pyramids of the Egyptian monarchs are insignificant compared with the glory of that tomb of turf, which Homer sung, and Alexander made the circuit of.

I experienced on this occasion a remarkable effect of the power of the feelings, and the influence of the soul over the body: I had gone upon deck with the fever; but my head-ache suddenly left me; I recovered my strength, and, what is still more extraordinary, all the energies of my mind. Twenty-four hours afterwards, it is true, the fever had returned.

I had no reason to reproach myself: I did intend, in my progress through Anatolia, to visit the plain of Troy, and the reader has seen how I was obliged to relinquish that design: I then purposed to land there as I passed, and the captain of the ship obstinately refused to set me on shore, though he had engaged to do so by our contract. These crosses at first occasioned me a good deal of vexation, but at present I make myself easy on the subject. I have been wofully disappointed in Greece, and the same fortune perhaps awaited me at Troy. I have at least retained all my illusions respecting the Simois, and moreover had the good fortune to salute the sacred soil, to behold the waves that bathe it, and the sun by which it is illumined.

I am astonished that travellers who treat of the plain of Troy should almost always overlook the circumstances of the Eneid. Troy is nevertheless the glory of Virgil, as well as that of Homer. It is a rare destiny for a country to have inspired

the finest strains of the two greatest poets in the world. While the coast of Ilion receded from my view, I strove to recollect the verses which so admirably describe the Grecian fleet, leaving Tenedos, and advancing *per silentia lunæ* to these solitary shores, which were successively presented to my view. Horrid shrieks soon succeeded the silence of night, and the flames of Priam's palace reddened that sea which our vessel was peaceably ploughing.

The Muse of Euripides also, seizing this mournful subject, prolonged the scenes of sorrow on these tragic shores.

CHORUS.

Hecuba, seest thou Andromache advancing, seated in a foreign car? Her son, the son of Hector, the young Astyanax, follows the maternal bosom.

HECUBA.

O unfortunate woman! whither wilt thou be carried, surrounded with Hector's arms and the spoils of Phrygia!

ANDROMACHE.

O grief!

HECUBA.

My children!

ANDROMACHE.

Wretched woman!

HECUBA.

And my children!

ANDROMACHE.

Assist me, my husband!

HECUBA.

Ah! come, thou scourge of Greece! Thou first of my children! Restore to Priam, in the shades, her who on earth was so tenderly attached to him.

CHORUS.

What else is left us but our sorrows, and the tears which we shed upon these ruins! Woes have succeeded woes.——Troy is bowed down by the yoke of slavery.

HECUBA.

Alas! the palace where I became a mother is fallen!

CHORUS.

O, my children, your country is transformed into a desert!*

While I was engaged with the sorrows of Hecuba, the descendants of the Greeks on board our ship still seemed to rejoice over the death of Priam. Two sailors struck up a dance on deck, accompanied by a lyre and a tambourine; they performed a kind of pantomime. Sometimes they raised their hands towards heaven; at others, they would drop one arm by their side, extending the other like an orator making a speech, and afterwards laying it on the heart, the brow, and the eyes. All these actions were intermingled with attitudes more or less ludicrous, without any decisive character, and very much resembling the contortions of the savages. On the subject of the dances of the modern Greeks, the reader may consult the letters of M. Guys and Madame Chenier. This pantomime was followed by a rondo, in which the performers, passing and repassing at different points, strongly reminded me of the subjects of those basso-relievos which represent antique dances. Fortunately the shadow of the sails prevented my having a distinct view of the faces and dress of the actors, so that my imagination was at liberty to transform our dirty sailors into shepherds of Sicily or Arcadia.

The wind continuing favourable, we quickly cleared the channel which separates the island of Tenedos from the continent, and coasted along Anatolia to Cape Baba, formerly *Lectum Promontorium*. We then stood to the west, that we might be able at

* The Troades.

nightfall to double the point of the island of Lesbos. Lesbos was the birth-place of Sappho and Alcæus, and here the head of Orpheus was cast on shore, still repeating the name of his Eurydice:

Ah! miseram Eurydicen! animâ fugiente, vocabat.

On the morning of the 22d, the north wind sprung up with extraordinary violence. We ought to have put into Chio, to take some more pilgrims on board; but, through the captain's timidity and bad management, we were obliged to run for the port of Tchesmé, and there come to an anchor, at the foot of a very dangerous rock, near the wreck of a large Egyptian vessel.

This Asiatic port seems to have something fatal attached to it. Here the Turkish fleet was burned in 1770 by Count Orlow, and here the Romans destroyed the galleys of Antiochus, 191 years before the Christian æra; if, however, the Cyssus of the ancients be the Tchesmé of the moderns. M. de Choiseul has given a plan and a view of this port. The reader will probably recollect that I was off Tchesmé, in my voyage to Smyrna, on the 1st of September, twenty-one days before my second passage through the Archipelago.

We waited on the 22d and 23d for the pilgrims from the island of Chio. John went on shore, and procured me an abundant supply of pomegranates from Tchesmé. But I have just mentioned John's name, and this reminds me that I have yet said nothing to the reader concerning this new interpreter, the successor of the good-hearted Joseph. He was the most mysterious creature I ever met with: two small eyes, sunk deep in their sockets, and hidden in a manner by a very prominent nose,

two red mustaches, a continual habit of smiling, and a certain suppleness in his deportment, will give at once an idea of his person. When he had occasion to speak to me, he would advance sidelong, and, after making a wide circuit, come almost creeping, and whisper in my ear the most trivial thing in the world. As soon as I perceived him, I used to cry, "Walk upright, and speak loud!"—a piece of advice that many others besides poor John stand in need of. He was acquainted with the principal papas; he related to me very extraordinary things; he brought me compliments from the pilgrims who lived in the hold, and whom I had never seen. At meal-times John never had any appetite, so far was he above all vulgar wants; but no sooner had Julian done dinner, than John would slip down into the boat where my provisions were kept, and, under the pretext of putting things to rights in the hampers, he would swallow large slices of ham, devour a fowl, empty a bottle of wine, and that with such dispatch that the motion of his lips was not to be perceived. He would then return with a look of dejection, and ask me if I wanted him for any thing. I exhorted him to keep up his spirits, and to take a little nourishment, otherwise he would run the risk of making himself ill. The Greek thought me his dupe, and this gave him so much pleasure that I never undeceived him. Notwithstanding these small faults, John was in the bottom a very honest man, and deserved the confidence reposed in him by his masters. It may not be amiss to observe that I have delineated this portrait and some others merely to gratify those readers who are curious to know something about the persons to whom they are introduced. For my part, had I a talent for drawing caricatures of this kind, I would assiduously

strive to smother it; whatever exhibits human nature in a ludicrous light seems to me undeserving of esteem. Of course, I mean not to include in this condemnation genuine wit, delicate raillery, the grand irony of the oratorical style and of the higher department of comedy.

In the night between the 22d and 23d, the ship brought home her anchor, and we expected every moment to run foul of the wreck of the Alexandrian vessel, near which we lay. The pilgrims from Chio, sixteen in number, arrived on the 23d at noon. At ten P. M. the night being very fine, we got under weigh with a moderate breeze at east, which shifted to the north before day-break on the 24th.

We passed between Nicaria and Samos, celebrated for its fertility, its tyrants, and, above all, for giving birth to Pythagoras. The beautiful episode in Telemachus has effaced all that the poets have told us concerning Samos. We entered the channel formed by the Sporades, Patmos, Leria, Cos, &c. and the coast of Asia. There flowed the winding Meander, there stood Ephesus, Miletus, Halicarnassus, and Cnidus. I greeted, for the last time, the native land of Homer, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Thales, and Aspasia; but I could perceive neither the temple of Ephesus, nor the sepulchre of Mausolus, nor the Venus of Cnidus; and, but for the works of Pococke, Wood, Spon, and Choiseul, I should not have recognized the promontory of Mycale by its modern and inglorious name.

On the 25th, at six A.M. we came to an anchor in the harbour of Rhodes, to take on board a pilot for the coast of Syria. I landed, and went to the house of the French consul, M. Magallon. Still the same reception, the same hospitality, the same

politeness! M. Magallon was ill; he nevertheless introduced me to the Turkish governor, a very good-natured man, who made me a present of a black kid, and gave me permission to go wherever I pleased. I shewed him a firman, which he laid upon his head, declaring that he carried all the friends of the Grand Signor in that manner. I was impatient for the termination of this interview, that I might at least get a sight of that celebrated Rhodes, where I had but a moment to spend.

Here commenced for me an antiquity that formed the link between the Grecian antiquity which I had just quitted and the Hebrew antiquity which I was about to explore. The monuments of the Knights of Rhodes roused my curiosity, which was somewhat fatigued by the ruins of Sparta and Athens. Some wise laws respecting commerce,* a few verses by Pindar on the consort of the Sun and the daughter of Venus,† some comic poets, and painters, and monuments more distinguished for magnitude than beauty—such, I believe, is all that can remind the traveller of ancient Rhodes. The Rhodians were brave: it is a singular circumstance, that they acquired celebrity in arms for having gloriously sustained a siege, like the knights, their successors. Rhodes, honoured with the presence of Cicero and Pompey, was contaminated by the residence of Tiberius. During the reign of Honorius, the Persians made themselves masters of Rhodes. It was afterwards taken by the generals of the caliphs, in the year 647 of our æra, and retaken by Anastasius,

* See Leunclavius's Treatise on the Maritime Law of the Greeks and Romans. The excellent *ordonnance* of Louis XIV. on the subject of the marine retains several clauses of the Rhodian laws.

† The nymph Rhodos.

emperor of the East. The Venetians gained possession of the island in 1203, but it was wrested from them by John Ducas. The Turks reconquered it from the Greeks. In 1304, 1308, or 1319, it was seized by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by whom it was retained about two centuries, and surrendered to Solyman II. on the 25th of December, 1522. On the subject of Rhodes, the reader may consult Coronelli, Dapper, Savary, and Choiseul.

Rhodes exhibited to me, at every step, traces of our manners and memorials of my country. I found here a little France in the midst of Greece. I walked through a long street, still called the Street of the Knights. It consists of Gothic houses, the walls of which are studded with Gallic devices, and the arms of families that figure in our annals. I remarked the lilies of France crowned, and as fresh as if they had just come from the hands of the sculptor. The Turks, who have every where mutilated the monuments of Greece, have spared those of chivalry; christian honour astonished infidel bravery, and the Saladins felt respect for the Coucis.

At the end of the Street of the Knights you come to three Gothic arches, which lead to the palace of the grand master. This palace is now converted into a prison. A half-ruined convent, inhabited by two monks, is the only memorial at Rhodes of that religion which there performed such miracles. The fathers conducted me to their chapel. You there see a Gothic virgin, with her child, painted on wood; the arms of d'Aubusson, the grand master, are carved at the bottom of the picture. This curious piece of antiquity was discovered some years since by a slave, who was at work in the garden belonging to

the convent. In the chapel is a second altar dedicated to St. Louis, whose image is met with all over the East, and whose death-bed I saw at Carthage. I left my mite upon this altar, requesting the fathers to say a mass for my prosperous voyage, as I had foreseen the dangers I should encounter on the coast of Rhodes, in my return from Egypt.

The commercial port of Rhodes would be very safe, if the ancient works which defended it were rebuilt. At the extremity of this harbour stands a wall flanked with two towers. These towers, according to a tradition current in the country, occupy the site of the two rocks which served as a base for the Colossus. Every body knows that the ships did not pass between the legs of this statue; I mention it merely not to omit any thing.

Very near this first harbour are situated the basin for galleys, and the dock-yard. A frigate of thirty guns was then on the stocks, and was to be built entirely of fir from the mountains of the island.

The coast of Rhodes opposite to Caramania, the ancient Doris and Caria, is nearly upon a level with the sea; but the land rises in the interior; and a lofty mountain, with a flat summit, mentioned by all the geographers of antiquity, appears very conspicuous. At Lindus are yet left some vestiges of the temple of Minerva; but Camirus and Ialysus have totally disappeared. Rhodes formerly supplied all Anatolia with oil; at present it has not enough for its own consumption. It still exports a small quantity of corn. The vineyards yield an excellent wine, resembling those of the Rhone: the original plants were probably brought from Dauphiné by the chevaliers of that tongue; a conjecture which is strengthened by this circumstance, that

these wines are here called, as in Cyprus, Commandery wines.

Our books of geography inform us that Rhodes has manufactures of velvet and tapestry, which are held in high estimation. Some coarse linens, which are made up into furniture equally coarse, are the only produce in this line of the industry of the Rhodians. These people, whose colonies of old founded Naples and Agrigentum, now occupy no more than a corner of their own desert island. An aga, with about a hundred degenerate janissaries, are sufficient to overawe a herd of slaves. It is a wonder that the Order of Malta never attempted to recover its ancient domain; nothing would have been more easy than to regain possession of the island of Rhodes; the knights might without much trouble have repaired the fortifications, which are yet very good; they would not have been a second time expelled; for the Turks, who were the first people in Europe that opened trenches before a place, are now the very last of all in the art of sieges.

At four in the afternoon of the 25th, I parted from M. Magallon, after leaving with him some letters, which he promised to forward, by way of Caramania, to Constantinople. I hired a galley-boat, and followed our ship, which was already under sail, having taken on board her coasting pilot, a German, who had been settled at Rhodes for many years. We steered with a view to make the cape at the point of Caramania, formerly the promontory of Chimæra in Lycia. Astern of us, Rhodes exhibited in the distance a bluish range of coast under a golden sky. In this range we distinguished two square mountains, which seemed to have been cut out expressly for the erection of castles, and nearly

resembled in their form the acropolis of Corinth, Athens, and Pergamus.

The 26th was an unlucky day. We lay becalmed off the continent of Asia, nearly abreast of Cape Chelidonia, which forms the point of the gulf of Satalia. I saw on our left the lofty peaks of the Cragus, and called to mind the verses of the poets on the frigid Lycia. I knew not that I should one day execrate the summits of this Taurius, which I now contemplated with pleasure, and fondly reckoned among the celebrated mountains whose tops I had beheld. The currents were strong, and carried us out to sea, as we found the following day. The ship, which was in ballast, laboured exceedingly: we shivered our main-top-mast and the fore-top-sail-yard; which, to sailors so inexperienced as we, was a very serious misfortune.

It is really surprising to see how the Greeks navigate their ships. The pilot sits cross-legged, with his pipe in his mouth, holding the tiller, which, to be on a level with the hand that guides it, must graze the deck. Before this pilot, who is half reclined, and consequently can exert no force, stands a compass, which he knows nothing about, and at which he never looks. On the least appearance of danger, French or Italian charts are spread out upon the deck; the whole crew, with the captain at their head, lie down on their bellies; they examine the chart; they follow the lines delineated upon it with their fingers; they endeavour to find out where they are; each gives his opinion: they conclude at last that it is impossible to make head or tail of these conjuring books of the Franks, fold up the map again, lower the sails, or bring the wind astern: they then have recourse again to their pipes and their chaplets, recommend themselves to Providence,

and await the event. In this way many a ship gets two or three hundred leagues out of her course, and finds herself off the coast of Africa, instead of making that of Syria; but all this cannot prevent the crew from joining in a dance on the first gleam of sunshine. The ancient Greeks were, in many respects, but amiable and credulous children, who passed with all the levity of infancy from grief to joy; and the modern Greeks have retained something of this character: happy at least to find in this versatility of disposition some relief from their woes.

About eight in the evening, the wind got round again to the north; and the hopes of soon being at an end of their voyage once more cheered the spirits of the pilgrims. Our German pilot informed us that at break of day we should perceive Cape St. Iphane in the island of Cyprus; and nothing was now thought of but how to enjoy life. The whole company had supper brought upon deck; they divided into groups, and each sent to his neighbour whatever that neighbour happened to stand in need of. I had adopted the family which lodged opposite to me, at the door of the captain's cabin; it consisted of a young woman, her two children, and her aged father. This old man was performing his third voyage to Jerusalem; he had never yet seen a Latin pilgrim, and the good creature wept for joy when he looked at me: I therefore supped with his family. Never did I behold a scene more pleasing and more picturesque. The wind was cool, the sea beautiful, and the sky serene. The moon seemed to hover between the masts and among the rigging; sometimes she appeared without the sails, and all the ship was illumined; at others she was hidden behind them, and the groups of pilgrims were again thrown

into the shade. Who would not have blessed religion, on reflecting that these two hundred persons, so happy at this moment, were, nevertheless, slaves, bowed down by the yoke of tyranny! They were proceeding to the tomb of Christ, to bury in oblivion the past glory of their country, and to seek consolation for their present afflictions.

On the morning of the 27th, to the great surprise of the pilot, we found ourselves in open sea, and out of sight of any land. A calm overtook us; the consternation was general. Where were we? Were we within or without the island of Cyprus? The whole day passed in this extraordinary dispute. To have talked of taking the reckoning, or the altitude, would have been Hebrew to our sailors. When the breeze sprung up towards evening, they were thrown into a new embarrassment. On what tack were we to steer? The pilot, who imagined that we were between the north coast of Cyprus and the gulf of Satalia, proposed to keep the ship's head to the south, to get sight of the former; but the consequence would have been, that, had we passed the island, we should have gone, by following that point of the compass, right to Egypt. The captain was of opinion that we ought to steer to the north, in order to find the coast of Caramania; this would have been putting back, and, besides, the wind was contrary to that course. My opinion was asked; for in all cases of any difficulty the Greeks and Turks invariably have recourse to the Franks. My advice was, that we should steer to the eastward, for an obvious reason; we were either within or without the island of Cyprus; now, in either case, by standing to the east, we should be making progress. Besides, if we were within the island, we could not fail to see land to larboard or starboard in a very short

time, either at Cape Anemur, in Caramania, or at Cape Cornachitti, in Cyprus. We should then have nothing to do but to double the eastern point of that island, and afterwards drop down the coast of Syria.

This method of proceeding seemed the most eligible, and we turned the ship's head to the east. At five in the morning of the 28th, to our great joy, we descried Cape de Gatte, in the island of Cyprus, bearing to the north, about eight or ten leagues distant. Thus we found ourselves without the island, and in the proper direction for Jaffa. The currents had carried us out to sea to the south-west.

The wind fell at noon: we were becalmed the rest of the day and part of the 29th. We were joined by three fresh passengers; two water-wagtails and a swallow: I know not what could have induced the former to quit their companions; as to the latter, it was going perhaps to Syria, and it came perhaps from France. I was tempted to enquire of it about that paternal roof which I had so long quitted. I recollect that, when I was a child, I passed whole hours in watching, with a certain melancholy pleasure, the swallows flying about in autumn, as if some secret instinct had whispered that I should be a traveller like those birds. They assembled about the end of September, among the rushes of a large pond; there, twittering and making a thousand evolutions over the surface of the water, they seemed to be trying their wings, and preparing for a long pilgrimage. Among all the recollections of existence, why do we prefer those of our infancy? The pleasures of self-love, the illusions of youth, appear not to the memory clothed in charms; we think them, on the contrary, insipid or bitter; but the most trifling circumstances

awaken in the heart the emotions of childhood, and always with new attractions. On the banks of the lakes of America, in an unknown desert, which relates nothing to the traveller, in a region which has nothing to boast but the grandeur of solitude, a swallow was sufficient to revive the scenes of the early days of my life, as it recalled them to my memory on the sea of Syria, in sight of an antique land re-echoing the voice of ages and the traditions of history.

The currents now carried us towards the island of Cyprus. We descried its low, sandy, and apparently sterile coasts. On these shores Mythology placed her most pleasing fables;

> Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
> Læta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
> Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant.

"As soon as I went on shore," said the son of Ulysses, "I perceived a certain softness in the air, which, though it rendered the body indolent and inactive, yet brought on a disposition to gaiety and wantonness; and, indeed, the inhabitants were so averse to labour, that the country, though extremely fertile and pleasant, was almost wholly uncultivated. I met, in every street, crowds of women loosely dressed, singing the praises of Venus, and going to dedicate themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty and pleasure sparkled in their countenances, but their beauty was tainted by affectation; and the modest simplicity, from which female charms principally derive their power, was wanting; the dissolute air, the studied look, the flaunting dress, and the lascivious gait, the expressive glances that seemed to wander in search after those of the men, the visible emulation who should kindle the most ardent passion, and whatever

else I discovered in these women, moved only my contempt and aversion, and I was disgusted by all that they did with a desire to please.

"I was conducted to a temple of the goddess, of which there are several in the island; for she is worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. That which I visited was at Cythera: the structure, which is all of marble, is a complete peristyle; and the columns are so large and lofty that its appearance is extremely majestic; on each front, over the architrave and frieze, are large pediments, on which the most entertaining adventures of the goddess are represented in bas-relief. There is a perpetual crowd of people with offerings at the gate, but within the limits of the consecrated ground no victim is ever slain; the fat of bulls and heifers is never burnt, as at other temples; nor are the rites of pleasure profaned with their blood: the beasts that are here offered are only presented before the altar; nor are any accepted but those that are young, white, and without blemish; they are dressed with purple fillets embroidered with gold, and their horns are decorated with gilding and flowers; after they have been presented, they are led to a proper place at a considerable distance, and killed for the banquet of the priests.

"Perfumed liquors are also offered, and wines of the richest flavour. The habit of the priests is a long white robe, fringed with gold at the bottom, and bound round them with golden girdles; the richest aromatics of the East burn night and day upon the altars, and the smoke rises in a cloud of fragrance to the skies. All the columns of the temple are adorned with festoons; all the sacrificial vessels are of gold; and the whole building is surrounded by a consecrated grove of odoriferous

myrtle: none are permitted to present the victims to the priest, or to kindle the hallowed fire, but boys and girls of consummate beauty. But this temple, however magnificent, was rendered infamous by the dissolute manners of the votaries."*

In regard to Cyprus, we had better adhere to poetry than to history, unless we can derive pleasure from the recollection of one of the most flagrant acts of injustice ever committed by the Romans, and a scandalous expedition of Cato's. But it is a singular thing to represent to ourselves that, in the middle ages, the temples of Amathus and Idalia were transformed into dungeons. A French gentleman was king of Paphos, and barons, covered with coats of mail, were quartered in the sanctuaries of Cupid and the Graces. In Dapper's *Archipelago* may be seen the complete history of Cyprus; and the Abbé Mariti has treated of the modern revolutions and the present state of this island, which, from its position, is still a place of importance.

The weather was so fine, and the air so mild, that all the passengers continued the whole night upon deck. I had a contest about a little corner of the quarter-deck with two lusty caloyers, who gave it up to me, but not without grumbling. Here I was sleeping, at six in the morning of the 30th of September, when I was roused by a confused sound of voices: I opened my eyes, and perceived all the pilgrims looking towards the prow of the vessel. I asked what was the matter, and they called out to me: *Signor, il Carmelo!* Mount Carmel! A breeze had sprung up at eight the preceding evening, and in the night we had come in sight of the coast of Syria. As I had lain down in my clothes, I was

* Telemachus, Book IV.

soon on my legs, enquiring which was the sacred mountain. Each was eager to point it out to me, but I could see nothing of it, because the sun began to rise in our faces. This moment had something religious and august; all the pilgrims, with their chaplets in their hands, had remained in silence in the same attitude, awaiting the appearance of the Holy Land. The chief of the papas was praying aloud; nothing was to be heard but this prayer, and the noise made in her course by the ship, wafted by a most favourable wind upon a brilliant sea. From time to time a cry was raised on the prow, when Carmel again appeared in sight. At length, I perceived that mountain myself, like a round spot beneath the rays of the sun; I fell upon my knees, after the manner of the Latin pilgrims. I felt not that agitation which seized me on beholding, for the first time, the shores of Greece; but the sight of the cradle of the Israelites and the birthplace of Christianity filled me with awe and veneration. I was just arriving in that land of wonders, at the sources of the most astonishing poesy, at the spot where, even humanly speaking, happened the greatest event that ever changed the face of the world; I mean the coming of the Messiah; I was just reaching those shores which were visited in like manner by Godfrey de Bouillon, Raimond de St. Gilles, Tancred the Brave, Robert the Strong, Richard Cœur de Lion, and that St. Louis, whose virtues were the admiration of infidels. But how durst an obscure traveller like me tread a soil consecrated by so many illustrious pilgrims?

As we approached nearer, and the sun got higher, the land became more distinctly visible. The last point that we perceived in the distance on our left, towards the north, was the Cape of Tyre; next

came Cape Blanco, St. John d'Acre, Mount Carmel with Caifa at its foot, Tartoura, formerly Dora, the Pilgrims' Castle, and Cæsarea, the ruins of which are to be seen. We knew that Jaffa must be right ahead of us, but it was not yet discernible. The coast then gradually sunk to the last cape towards the south, where it was entirely lost: here commenced the shores of ancient Palestine, here they join those of Egypt, and are nearly upon a level with the sea. The land, eight or ten leagues distant from us, appeared generally white, with black undulations produced by the shadows; there was nothing prominent in the oblique line which it formed from north to south: Mount Carmel itself was not conspicuous; the whole was uniform and dull. A file of white and indented clouds followed the direction of the land upon the horizon, and seemed to repeat the appearance of it in the sky.

At noon the wind failed us; a breeze sprung up at four o'clock, but, through the ignorance of the pilot, we overshot our mark. We were steering in full sail for Gaza, when the pilgrims, from the inspection of the coast, discovered the mistake of our German; we were then obliged to put the ship about, which occasioned a loss of time, and night came on. We, however, approached Jaffa, and could even perceive the lights in the town, when, a stiff breeze beginning to blow from the north-west, the captain was afraid to venture into the road in the night, and suddenly turning the head of the ship, he put off again to sea.

I was standing on the poop, and beheld the land receding from us with real mortification. In about half an hour, I perceived something like the distant reflection of a fire on a peak of a chain of mountains; these were the mountains of Judea. The moon, that

produced the effect with which I was struck, soon shewed her ample and blushing orb above Jerusalem. A friendly hand seemed to place this pharos on the summit, to guide us to the Holy City. Unfortunately, we were not disposed, like the Magi, to follow the kindly luminary, and her refulgence served only to light us from the so ardently wished-for port.

The next morning, October 1st, at break of day, we found ourselves becalmed off the coast, nearly abreast of Cæsarea: we were now obliged to range again to the south along the shore. The little wind we had was fortunately fair. In the distance rose the amphitheatre of the mountains of Judea, at the foot of which a spacious plain descended to the sea. Scarcely any traces of cultivation were perceptible, and not a habitation was to be seen but a Gothic castle in ruins, surmounted with a falling and deserted minaret. On the border of the sea, the land was terminated by yellow cliffs streaked with black; from these sloped the beach, on which we saw and heard the billows breaking. The Arab, roving on this inhospitable shore, pursues with eager eye the vessel that scuds along the horizon; he lurks, in expectation of the plunder of the wreck, on that very shore where Christ gave the injunction to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked.

At two P. M. we at length again descried Jaffa. We were perceived from the city; a boat put off from the harbour, and came to meet us. I availed myself of this opportunity to send John on shore, with the letter of recommendation given me at Constantinople by the deputies from the Holy Land, and addressed to the Fathers of Jaffa. This letter I accompanied with a note from myself.

An hour after John's departure, we came to an

anchor off Jaffa, the town bearing south-east, and the minaret of the mosque east-south-east. I am particular in marking the points of the compass in this place, for a reason of some consequence: the Latin vessels usually bring-to farther out in the offing; they are then upon a ledge of rocks, which are liable to cut their cables, whereas the Greek vessels, by standing in closer to the shore, find a much safer bottom between the basin of Jaffa and the rocks.

CHAPTER II.

Landing of the Pilgrims—The Hospital of the Fathers—The Author's Reception there — Hardships endured by the Monks —Sea of Tyre — Advice of the Rector — History of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa—Departure from Jaffa—Plain of Sharon—Tower of the Forty Martyrs — Rama — Aspect of the Town — Mountains of Judea—Scene near the Village of St. Jeremiah—Arab Boys performing the European Military Exercise — Desert Country— First sight of Jerusalem — Camp of the Pacha of Damascus — Entry into Jerusalem — Convent of the Latin Fathers—St. Francis's Day—Preparations for an Excursion to the Jordan—Rama—Bethlehem.

Jaffa exhibits a miserable assemblage of houses, huddled together, and built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a lofty hill. The calamities which this town has so often experienced have multiplied the number of its ruins. A wall, beginning and ending at the sea, encompasses it on the land-side and secures it from any sudden surprise.

Galley-boats soon approached from all quarters to fetch the pilgrims ; the dress, features, complexion, look, and language of the masters of these boats at once announced the Arab race and the frontiers of the desert. The landing of the passengers was

conducted without tumult, but with a degree of eagerness on their part that was very excusable. This crowd of men, women, and children, did not set up those shouts, those howlings, and lamentations, represented in some imaginary and ridiculous accounts. They were perfectly composed, and among them all I was certainly the most agitated.

At length I perceived a boat coming with my Greek servant, accompanied by three of the religious. The latter knew me by my Frank dress, and waved their hands in the most friendly manner. They soon reached the ship. Though these Fathers were Spaniards, and spoke an Italian that was difficult to be understood, we shook hands like real countrymen. I went with them into the boat, and we entered the port by an aperture formed between two rocks, and dangerous even for so small a vessel. The Arabs on shore advanced into the water up to their waists, to take us upon their shoulders. Here ensued a diverting scene. My servant had on a light drab great coat, and white being the colour of distinction among the Arabs, they judged that he was the sheik. Accordingly, they laid hold of him and carried him off in triumph, in spite of his protestations, whilst I, thanks to my blue coat, rode obscurely on the back of a ragged beggar.

We proceeded to the hospital of the Fathers, a plain wooden building close to the harbour, commanding a very fine view of the sea. My hosts first led me to the chapel, which I found lighted up, and where they returned thanks to God for having sent them a brother—affecting Christian institutions, by means of which the traveller finds friends and accommodations in the most barbarous regions: in-

stitutions of which I have elsewhere spoken, and which can never be sufficiently admired!

The names of the three religious who had come on board to fetch me were, John Traylos Penna, Alexander Roma, and Martin Alexano. They composed at this time the whole establishment, the rector, Don Juan de la Conception, being absent.

On coming from the chapel, the Fathers ushered me into my cell, in which was a table, a bed, ink, paper, fresh water, and clean linen. To form a true estimate of these comforts, you must be cooped up as long as I had been in a Greek ship with two hundred pilgrims. At eight in the evening we repaired to the refectory. Here we found two other Fathers, Manuel Sancia and Francisco Munoz, who had come from Rama, and were bound to Constantinople. They commonly say the *Benedicite*, preceded by the *De profundis*—a memorial of death which Christianity mingles with all the actions of life, to render them more solemn, as the ancients did with their banquets to give a higher zest to their pleasures! On a small, clean, separate table, they set before me poultry, fish, excellent fruit, such as pomegranates, water-melons, grapes, and dates in their prime; I had as much Cyprus wine and Turkey coffee as I chose to drink. While I was thus liberally supplied with good things, the Fathers ate only a little fish without salt or oil. They were cheerful with moderation, familiar with politeness; asked no useless questions, and shewed no vain curiosity. All their conversation turned on the subject of my tour and the measures that ought to be adopted to enable me to accomplish it in safety; "for," said they, "we are now answerable for you to your country." They had already sent off an express to the sheik of the Arabs in the mountains

of Judea, and another to the Father Procurator of Rama. "We receive you," said Father Munoz to me, "with a heart *limpido e bianco.*" This good Spaniard had no occasion to assure me of the sincerity of his sentiments; I should easily have discovered it in the benignity of his looks.

This truly Christian and charitable reception in that land where Christianity and charity took their rise; this apostolic hospitality, in a place where the first of the apostles preached the doctrines of the gospel, moved me to the very heart: I recollected that other missionaries had received me with the same cordiality in the wilds of America. The religious of the Holy Land have the more merit, for, while they dispense, with liberal hand, the charity of Jesus Christ to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, they have reserved the Cross that was erected on these shores for themselves. This Father, with a heart so *limpido e bianco*, nevertheless assured me that the life which he had led for these fifty years seemed to him *un vero paradiso.* Would the reader like to know what sort of a paradise this is? Every day a new oppression, menaces of the bastinado, of fetters, of death. These religious having last Easter washed the linen belonging to the altar, the water impregnated with starch, as it ran away from the convent, whitened a stone. A Turk passed, and, seeing this stone, went and informed the cadi, that the Fathers had been repairing their house. The cadi hastened to the spot, decided that the stone which was black had become white, and, without hearing what the religious had to say, obliged them to pay ten purses. The very day before my arrival at Jaffa, the Father Procurator of the hospital had been threatened with the rope by one of the aga's attendants, in the presence of the aga himself. The latter sat quietly

curling his whiskers without deigning to speak a word in favour of the *dog*. Such is the *real paradise* of these monks, who, according to some travellers, are little sovereigns in the Holy Land, and enjoy the highest honours.

At ten o'clock my hosts conducted me back through a long passage to my cell. The billows dashed against the rocks of the harbour: with the window shut, you would have thought it a tempest: when it was open, you beheld a serene sky, a peaceful moon, a calm sea, and the vessel of the pilgrims lying in the offing. The Fathers smiled at the surprise which I shewed at this contrast. I said to them in bad Latin: *Ecce monachis similitudo mundi: quantumcunque mare fremitum reddat, eis placidæ semper undæ videntur; omnia tranquillitas serenis animis.*

I spent part of the night in contemplating this sea of Tyre, which is called in Scripture the Great Sea, and which bore the fleets of the royal prophet, when they went to fetch the cedars of Lebanon and the purple of Sidon; that sea where Leviathan leaves traces behind him like abysses; that sea to which the Lord set barriers and gates; that affrighted deep which beheld God and fled. This was neither the wild ocean of Canada, nor the playful waves of Greece; to the south extended that Egypt, into which the Lord came riding upon a swift cloud to dry up the channels of the Nile and to overthrow the idols; to the north was seated that queen of cities whose merchants were princes; "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste! The city of confusion is broken down; every house is shut, that no man may come in. When thus it shall be in the midst of the land among the people; there shall be as the shaking

of an olive-tree, and as the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done." Here are other antiquities explained by another poet: Isaiah succeeds Homer.

But this was not all: this sea which I contemplated washed the shores of Galilee on my right, and the plain of Ascalon on my left. In the former I met with the traditions of the patriarchal life and of the nativity of our Saviour: in the latter I discovered memorials of the Crusades, and the shades of the heroes of Jerusalem.

Grande e mirabil cosa era il vedere, &c.

"What a grand and admirable spectacle, to behold the two camps advancing front against front, the battalions forming in order, impatient to march, impatient for the attack. The streaming banners float in the air, and the wind waves the plumes on the lofty helmets. The garments, fringes, devices, colours, arms of gold and iron, glisten in the rays of the sun."

It was with reluctance that I withdrew my eyes from that sea which revives so many recollections; but exhausted nature must be recruited by sleep.

Father Juan de la Conception, rector of Jaffa, and president of the convent, arrived on the morning of the next day, October 2nd. I purposed to see the town, and pay a visit to the aga, who had sent to compliment me; but the president dissuaded me from this intention.

"You know nothing about these people," said he. "What you take for politeness is mere espionage. They have sent to salute you for no other purpose than to find out who you are, whether you are rich, and whether they can plunder you. If you would see the aga, you must first carry him presents: he will not fail in that case to give you, in spite of

all you can say, an escort to Jerusalem; the aga of Rama will swell this escort; the Arabs, persuaded that a rich Frank is going on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, will raise the duties of *caffaro*, or attack you. At the gates of Jerusalem you will find the camp of the pacha of Damascus, who has come to levy contributions, before he conducts the caravan to Mecca: the show you make will give umbrage to this pacha, and will expose you to new extortions. On your arrival at Jerusalem, three or four thousand piastres will be demanded for your escort. The populace, informed of your coming, will annoy you to such a degree, that, if you possessed millions, you could not satisfy their rapacity. The streets will be obstructed as you pass, and you will not be able to visit the sacred places. Take my advice, and to-morrow we will disguise ourselves as pilgrims, and proceed together to Rama: there I shall receive an answer to my express; if it be favourable, you may depart at night, and arrive safe and sound, with little expence, at Jerusalem."

In support of this advice, the Father urged a thousand examples, and in particular that of a Polish bishop, who had nearly lost his life, two years before, on account of too great an appearance of wealth. This I relate merely to show to what a pitch corruption, love of gold, anarchy, and barbarity, are carried in this unhappy country.

Guiding myself therefore by the experience of my hosts, I kept close in the convent, where I spent an agreeable day in pleasing conversation. I received a visit from M. Contessini, who aspired to the vice-consulship of Jaffa, and from Messrs. Damiens, senior and junior, Frenchmen by birth, and formerly in the service of Djezzar at St. John d'Acre. They related to me some curious facts

respecting the recent events in Syria; they spoke of the renown which the emperor and our arms have left behind in the desert. Men are still more feelingly alive to the glory of their country, when away from that country, than under the paternal roof; and we have seen French emigrants claiming their share of victories which seemed likely to doom them to everlasting exile.*

I spent five days at Jaffa on my return from Jerusalem, and examined it most minutely. I ought therefore to defer my observations till that period, but that I may not derange the order of my route I shall introduce them in this place: besides which, it is probable, that, after the description of the sacred places, the reader would not take any great interest in that of Jaffa.

Jaffa was formerly called Joppa, which, according to Adrichomius, signifies beautiful or agreeable. D'Anville derives the present name from the primitive form of Joppa, which is Japho.† I shall observe, that in the land of the Hebrews there was another city of the name of Jaffa, which was taken by the Romans; this name perhaps was afterwards tranferred to Joppa. According to some commentators, and Pliny himself, the origin of this city is of very high antiquity, Joppa having been built before the deluge. It is said that, at Joppa, Noah went into the ark. After the flood had subsided, the patriarch gave to Shem, his eldest son, all the lands dependent on the city, founded by his third

* The same sentiment is said to have been expressed by James II. of England, after the loss of his kingdom, on occasion of the battle of La Hogue.

† In Syria, I know, the name of this town is pronounced Yâfa, and it is so written by Volney; but I am not acquainted with Arabic, and besides I have no authority to correct the orthography of d'Anville, and so many other learned writers.

son Japhet. Lastly, according to the traditions of the country, Joppa contains the sepulchre of the second father of mankind.

According to Pococke, Shaw, and perhaps d'Anville, Joppa fell to the share of Ephraim, and with Ramla and Lydda, formed the western part of that tribe; but other authors, and among the rest Adrichomius, Roger, &c., place Joppa in the tribe of Dan. The Greeks extended to these shores the empire of fable, and asserted that Joppa derived its name from a daughter of Æolus. They placed in the neighbourhood of this city the adventure of Perseus and Andromeda. Scaurus, according to Pliny, transported from Joppa to Rome the bones of the sea-monster sent by Neptune. Pausanias assures us that near Joppa was to be seen a fountain, where Perseus washed off the blood with which the monster had covered him; and from this circumstance the water ever afterwards remained of a red colour. Finally, St. Jerome relates, that in his time the rock and the ring to which Andromeda was bound still continued to be pointed out at Joppa.

It was at Joppa that the fleets of Hiram, laden with cedar for the Temple, landed their cargoes; and here the prophet Jonah embarked when he fled before the face of the Lord. Joppa fell five times into the hands of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, and other nations, who made war upon the Jews, previously to the arrival of the Romans in Asia. It became one of the eleven toparchies where the idol Ascarlen was adored. Judas Maccabeus burned the town, whose inhabitants had slaughtered two hundred Jews. St. Peter here raised Tabitha from the dead, and received the men sent from Cæsarea in the house of Simon the tanner. At the com-

mencement of the troubles of Judea, Joppa was destroyed by Gestius. The walls having been rebuilt by pirates, Vespasian again sacked it, and placed a garrison in the citadel.

We have seen that Joppa existed about two centuries posterior to these events, in the time of St. Jerome, who calls it Japho. It passed with all Syria under the yoke of the Saracens; and again makes its appearance in the historians of the crusades. The anonymous writer who begins the collection intituled *Gesta Dei per Francos*, relates that, when the army of the crusaders was under the walls of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Bouillon sent Raimond Pilet, Achard de Mommellou, and William de Sabran, to guard the Genoese and Pisan vessels, which had arrived in the port of Jaffa. Benjamin of Tudela speaks of it, about the same period, by the name of Gapha: *Quinque ab hinc leucis est Gapha olim Japho, aliis Joppa dicta, ad mare sita; ubi unus tantum Judæus, isque lanæ inficiendæ artifex est.* Saladin retook Jaffa from the crusaders, and Richard Cœur de Lion recovered it from Saladin. The Saracens once more gained possession of the town, and put the Christians to the sword: but, at the period of the first expedition of St. Louis to the east, it was not in the power of the Infidels, being then held by Gautier de Brienne, who assumed the title of Count of Japhe, according to the orthography of the Sire de Joinville.

"Now, when the Count of Japhe saw that the king was arrived, he set his castle of Japhe in order, and put it into such condition that it resembled a well fortified town. For, on the battlements on each side of his castle, there were at least five hundred men, each provided with a buckler and a pennon to his arms, which was a very goodly sight to behold:

for his arms were of pure gold, and the cross very richly made. We took up our quarters in the fields round about this castle of Japhe, which was situated on a level with the sea, and in an island. And the king commanded a town to be begun to be built all round the castle, and enclosed with a wall, from one of the seas to the other."

It was at Jaffa that the consort of St. Louis was delivered of a daughter, named Blanche, and in the same town St. Louis received information of his mother's death. He fell upon his knees, and exclaimed: "I thank thee, O my God! for having spared Madame, my dear mother, to me so long as it was pleasing to thee; and for having now, in thy good pleasure, taken her to thyself. I loved her, it is true, above all creatures in the world; but since thou hast taken her from me, blessed be thy name to all eternity!"

Jaffa, while under the dominion of the Christians, had a bishop, suffragan to the see of Cæsarea. When the knights were compelled to take their final leave of the Holy Land, Jaffa, together with all Palestine, fell under the yoke of the sultans of Egypt, and afterwards under the dominion of the Turks.

From that period to the present time, we find mention made of Joppa or Jaffa in all the Travels to Jerusalem; but the town, such as we see it at present, is not much more than a century old, since Monconys, who visited Palestine in 1647, found nothing at Jaffa but a castle and three caverns scooped out of the rock. Thevenot adds, that the monks of the Holy Land erected wooden huts before the caverns, but that they were forced to demolish them by the Turks. This circumstance explains a passage in the narrative of a Venetian

friar, who relates, that on the arrival of the pilgrims at Jaffa, they were shut up in a cavern. Breve, Opdam, Deshayes, Nicole le Huen, Barthelemi de Salignac, Duloir, Zuallart, Father Roger, and Pietro de la Vallée, are unanimous respecting the insignificance and poverty of Jaffa.

Whatever concerns modern Jaffa, the history of the sieges which it has sustained during the wars of Daher and Ali Bey, as well as other particulars relative to the excellence of its fruits, the beauty of its gardens, &c. may be found in Volney. I shall subjoin a few observations.

Independently of the two fountains of Jaffa mentioned by travellers, you meet with fresh water along the sea coast on the way towards Gaza. Nothing more is necessary than to scoop a hole with your hand in the sands to make fresh water spring up even on the very brink of the sea. I have myself tried this curious experiment with M. Contessini, from the northern angle of the town to the habitation of a santon, which is seen at some distance on the coast.

Jaffa, which sustained so much damage in Daher's wars, has been a great sufferer by more recent events. The French, commanded by the emperor, took it by assault in 1799. After the return of our troops to Egypt, the English, in conjunction with the forces of the Grand Signor, erected a bastion at the south-east angle of the town. Abou Marra, a favourite of the grand vizir's, was appointed governor of the place. Djezzar, pacha of Acre, being an enemy to the vizir, laid siege to Jaffa, on the departure of the Ottoman army. Abou Marra valiantly defended himself for nine months, and then found means to escape by sea: the ruins seen to the east of the town are some of the effects of this

siege. After Djezzar's death, Abou Marra was appointed pacha of Jidda, on the Red Sea. This new pacha proceeded through Palestine; but, by one of those revolts so common in Turkey, he stopped at Jaffa, and refused to repair to his pachalik. The pacha of Acre, Suleiman Pacha, the second in succession to Djezzar,* received orders to attack the rebel, and Jaffa was once more besieged. After a very feeble resistance, Abou Marra fled for refuge to Mahomet Pacha Adem, who had been raised to the pachalik of Damascus.

I hope I shall be forgiven for the dryness of these details, on account of the importance which Jaffa formerly possessed, as well as that which it has recently acquired.

I waited with impatience for the moment of my departure for Jerusalem. On the 3rd of October, at four in the afternoon, my servants put on goatskin dresses, made in Upper Egypt, such as are commonly worn by the Bedouins. I put on the same kind of dress over my clothes, and we mounted our horses, which were of very small size. Pads served us for saddles, and cords instead of stirrups. The president of the convent rode at our head, like a common friar; one Arab, almost naked, accompanied us for a guide, and we were followed by another, who drove before him an ass that carried our baggage. We went out at the back of the convent, and proceeded among the ruins of houses destroyed in the late siege, to the south gate of the town. The road at first led among gardens, which must formerly have been charming. Father Neret and M. de Volney speak of them in high terms.

* The name of Djezzar's immediate successor was Ismael Pacha, who was possessed of the chief authority at the time of Djezzar's death.

These gardens have been laid waste by the different parties that have contended for the ruins of Jaffa; but there are still left some pomegranate, Pharaoh's fig, and lemon trees, a few palms, nopal bushes, and apple-trees, which are also cultivated in the neighbourhood of Gaza, and even at the convent of Mount Sinai.

We advanced into the plain of Sharon, the beauty of which is highly praised in Scripture. In the month of April, 1713, when Father Neret travelled through this plain, it was covered with tulips. "The variety of their colours," says he, "forms a beautiful parterre." The flowers which, in spring, adorn this celebrated plain are the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and orange lily, the carnation, and a highly fragrant species of everlasting-flower. The plain stretches along the coast from Gaza in the south, to Mount Carmel on the north. To the east it is bounded by the mountains of Judea and Samaria. The whole of it is not upon the same level; it consists of four platforms, separated from each other by a wall of naked stones. The soil is a very fine sand, white and red, and, though intermixed with gravel, appears extremely fertile. Thanks, however, to Mahometan despotism, this soil exhibits on every side nothing but thistles, dry and withered grass, interspersed with scanty plantations of cotton, and patches of doura, barley, and wheat. Here and there appear a few villages, invariably in ruins, and some clumps of olive-trees and sycamores. About half way between Rama and Jaffa, you come to a well, mentioned by all travellers; the Abbé Mariti gives a history of it, that he may enjoy the pleasure of contrasting the utility of a Turkish santon with the uselessness of a Christian monk. Near this well you observe a

wood of olive-trees planted in the quincunx form, and the origin of which is ascribed by tradition to the time of Godfrey of Bouillon. From this spot you perceive Rama or Ramlé, in a charming situation, at the extremity of one of the platforms or stages of the plain. Before we reached it, we went out of the road to look at a cistern, a work of Constantine's mother's.* You go down to it by twenty-seven steps; it is thirty-three feet in length and thirty broad; is composed of twenty-four arches, and receives the rain-water by twenty-four apertures. We thence proceeded through a forest of nopals to the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, now the minaret of a forsaken mosque, formerly the steeple of a monastery, of which some fine ruins are still remaining. These ruins consist of a kind of porticoes, very much resembling those of Mæcenas's stables at Tibur; they are full of wild fig-trees. It is said, that, in this place, Joseph, the Virgin, and the Child, halted during their flight into Egypt; this would certainly be a charming spot to take for the scene of the repose of the Holy Family; and the genius of Claude Lorrain seems to have intuitively divined this landscape, to judge from his admirable picture in the Doria palace at Rome.

Above the gate of the tower is an Arabic inscription, copied by Volney: and close to it is a most extraordinary piece of antiquity, described by Muratori.

Having inspected these ruins, we passed very near to a deserted mill, mentioned by Volney as the

* According to the tradition of the country, St. Helena erected all the structures in Palestine: a notion wholly incompatible with the great age of that princess when she undertook the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is nevertheless certain, from the united testimony of Eusebius, St. Jerome, and all the ecclesiastical historians, that Helena powerfully contributed to the rebuilding of the sacred places.

only one he saw in Syria; at present there are several others. We alighted at Rama, and arrived at the convent of the monks of the Holy Land. This convent had been plundered five years before, and I was shewn the grave of one of the friars who perished on this occasion. The fraternity had just obtained permission, with very great difficulty, to do the most urgent repairs required by their monastery.

Favourable tidings awaited me at Rama: I there found a drogman belonging to the convent of Jerusalem, sent to meet me by the Superior. The Arab chief, whom the fathers had apprized of my coming, and who was to be my escort, was hovering at some distance, for the aga of Rama permits none of the Bedouins to enter the town. The most powerful tribe in the mountains of Judea resides at the village of Jeremiah: these people allow the passage of travellers to Jerusalem, or obstruct it at pleasure. The sheik of the tribe was lately dead. He had left his son Utman under the guardianship of his uncle, Abou Gosh: the latter had two brothers, Djiaber and Ibrahim Habd el Rouman, who accompanied me on my return.

It had been concerted that I should set out in the middle of the night. As it was not yet dark, we supped on the terraces that form the roof of the convent. The monasteries of the Holy Land look like low heavy fortresses, and in no respect resemble the convents of Europe: the houses of Rama, plaster huts crowned with a small dome, similar to that of a mosque or the tomb of a santon, are embosomed among olive, fig, and pomegranate-trees, and surrounded with large nopals, which shoot up into singular shapes, and confusedly pile their tufts of prickly pallets one upon another.

This mingled group of trees and houses is overtopped by the finest palm-trees in Idumea. There was one in particular in the garden of the convent which I could not sufficiently admire: it rose in a perpendicular column to the height of above thirty feet, and then gracefully expanded its bending branches, under which the half-ripe dates hung like crystals of coral.

Rama is the ancient Arimathea, the birth-place of that righteous man who had the glory to bury our Saviour. It was at Lod, Lydda, or Diospolis, that St. Peter performed the miraculous cure of the man afflicted with palsy. As to what concerns Rama, considered in a commercial point of view, the reader is referred to Tott's Memoirs and Volney's Travels.

We left Rama in the middle of the night of the 4th of October. The president conducted us along by-roads to the place where Abou Gosh was waiting for us, and then returned to his convent. Our company consisted of the Arab chief, the drogman from Jerusalem, my two servants, and the Bedouin of Jaffa, who drove the ass that carried our baggage. We still retained the dress and appearance of poor Latin pilgrims, but carried our arms under our clothes.

After a ride of an hour over uneven ground, we came to some mean houses on the top of a rocky eminence. We ascended one of the stages of the plain, and in another hour arrived at the first undulation of the mountains of Judea. We turned by a rugged ravine round a detached and barren hill. At the summit of this eminence, we could just discern a village in ruins, and the scattered stones of a forsaken cemetery. It is called Latroun, or the Thief's Village, having been the birth-place of the criminal who repented on the cross, and in whose

behalf Christ performed his last act of mercy. Three miles farther, we entered the mountains. We followed the dry bed of a torrent: the waning moon, whose orb was diminished one half, scarcely lighted our steps along the channel: and the wild boars set up around us a cry singularly savage. From the desolation of these parts I was now enabled to conceive why Jephtha's daughter went to weep on the mountains of Judea, and why the Prophets repaired to the high places to pour forth their lamentations. At day-break we found ourselves amidst a labyrinth of mountains of a conical figure, nearly alike, and connected with each other at their feet. The rock composing the base of these mountains was bare. Its strata, or parallel beds, were ranged like the seats of a Roman amphitheatre, or like the walls in the form of flights of steps which support the vineyards in the valleys of Savoy.* In every redent of the rock grew clumps of dwarf-oak, box, and rose-laurels. From the bottom of the ravines olive-trees reared their heads; and sometimes these trees formed continued woods on the sides of the mountains. We heard the cries of various birds, especially of jays. On reaching the most elevated summit of this chain, we overlooked behind us, to the south and west, the plain of Sharon as far as Jaffa, and the horizon of the sea to Gaza; before us, to the north and east, opened the valley of St. Jeremiah, and in the same direction, on the top of a rock, appeared in the distance an ancient fortress called the Castle of the Maccabees. It is conjectured that the author of the Lamentations came into the world in the village which has retained his name amidst these mountains: † so much is certain,

* In Judea they were formerly supported in the same manner.

† This popular tradition is not inconsistent with criticism.

that the melancholy of these parts seem to pervade the compositions of the prophet of sorrows.

On approaching St. Jeremiah, however, I was somewhat cheered by an unexpected sight. Herds of goats with pendent ears, sheep with large tails, and asses which remind you by their beauty of the onagra of Scripture, issued from the village at the dawn of day. Arab women were hanging grapes to dry in the vineyards; others, with their faces veiled, carried pitchers of water on their heads, like the daughters of Midian. With the first beams of light, the smoke of the hamlet ascended in a white vapour; confused voices, songs, shouts of joy, met the ear. This scene formed a pleasing contrast with the desolation of the place and the recollections of the night.

Our Arab chief had received beforehand the sum required of travellers by the tribe, and we passed without molestation. All at once, I was struck with these words, distinctly pronounced in French: *En avant! marche!* "Forward! march!" I turned my head, and perceived a troop of young Arabs, stark naked, performing their exercise with palm-sticks. Some recollection or other of my early life continually haunts me; my heart throbs at the mention of a French soldier; but to see young Bedouins in the mountains of Judea, imitating our military exercises, and preserving the remembrance of our valour; to hear them pronounce what may be termed the watch-word of our armies, would have been sufficient to make an impression on a man less tenacious than myself of the glory of my country. I was not so much alarmed as Crusoe, when he heard the first words uttered by his parrot; but I was not less delighted than that renowned traveller. I gave a few medines to the little bat-

talion, repeating the words: "Forward! march!" and, that I might omit nothing, I cried, "'Tis the will of God! 'tis the will of God!" like the companions of Godfrey and St. Louis.

From the valley of Jeremiah we descended into that of Turpentine, which is deeper and narrower than the former. Here are to be seen some vineyards and a few patches of doura. We arrived at the brook where the youthful David picked up the five stones, with one of which he slew the gigantic Goliath. We crossed this stream by a stone bridge, the only one you meet with in these deserts: a small quantity of stagnant water still occupied the channel. Close to it, on the left, below a village called Kaloni, I remarked among the more modern ruins the remains of an ancient fabric. Mariti ascribes this structure to some monks or other. For an Italian traveller the error is a gross one. If the architecture of this edifice be not Hebrew, it is certainly Roman; the junctures, the figure, and the bulk of the stones, leave no doubt on this subject.

Having crossed the stream, you perceive the village of Keriet Lefta on the bank of another dry channel, which resembles a dusty high-road. El Biré appears in the distance, on the summit of a lofty hill, on the way to Nablous, Nabolos, or Nabolosa, the Shechem of the kingdom of Israel and the Neapolis of the Herods. We pursued our course through a desert where wild fig-trees, thinly scattered, waved their embrowned leaves in the southern breeze. The ground which had hitherto exhibited some verdure now became bare; the sides of the mountains, expanding themselves, assumed at once an appearance of greater grandeur and sterility. Presently, all vegetation ceased; even

the very mosses disappeared. The confused amphitheatre of the mountains was tinged with a red and vivid colour. In this dreary region we kept ascending for an hour, to gain an elevated hill that we saw before us; after which we proceeded for another hour across a naked plain bestrewed with loose stones. All at once, at the extremity of this plain, I perceived a line of Gothic walls, flanked with square towers, and the tops of a few buildings peeping above them. At the foot of this wall appeared a camp of Turkish horse, with all the accompaniments of oriental pomp. *El Cods!*—"the Holy City!"—exclaimed the guide, and away he went at full gallop.*

I can now account for the surprise expressed by the crusaders and pilgrims at the first sight of Jerusalem, according to the reports of historians and travellers. I can affirm that, whoever has, like me, had the patience to read near two hundred modern accounts of the Holy Land, the rabbinical compilations, and the passages in the ancients relative to Judea, still knows nothing at all about it. I paused, with my eyes fixed on Jerusalem, measuring the height of its walls, reviewing at once all the recollections of history from Abraham to Godfrey of Bouillon, reflecting on the total change accomplished in the world by the mission of the Son of Man, and in vain seeking that Temple, not one stone of which is left upon another. Were I to live a thousand years, never should I forget that desert, which yet seems to be pervaded by the greatness of Jehovah and the terrors of death.

The cries of the drogman, who told me that it

* Abou Gosh, though a subject of the Grand Signor, was apprehensive lest he should be maltreated and bastinadoed by the pacha of Damascus, whose camp we were in sight of.

was necessary for us to keep close together, as we were just at the entrance of the camp, roused me from the reverie into which the sight of the Holy City had plunged me. We passed among the tents covered with black lamb-skins; a few, among others that of the pacha, were formed of striped cloth. The horses, saddled and bridled, were fastened to stakes. I was surprized to see four pieces of horse artillery; they were well mounted, and the carriages appeared to be of English construction. Our mean equipage and pilgrims' dress excited the laughter of the troops. The pacha was coming out of Jerusalem as we drew up to the gate of the city. I was obliged to take off, as quickly as possible, my handkerchief, which I had tied over my hat to keep off the sun, lest I should draw upon myself a similar affront to that which poor Joseph incurred at Tripolizza.

We entered Jerusalem by the Pilgrims' Gate, near which stands the Tower of David, better known by the appellation of the Pisans' Tower. We paid the tribute, and followed the street that opened before us; then, turning to the left between a kind of prisons of plaster, denominated houses, we arrived, at twenty-two minutes past twelve, at the convent of the Latin Fathers. I found it in the possession of Abdallah's soldiers, who appropriated to themselves whatever they thought fit.

Those only who have been in the same situation as the Fathers of the Holy Land can form a conception of the pleasure which they received from my arrival. They thought themselves saved by the presence of one single Frenchman. I delivered a letter from General Sebastiani to Father Bonaventura di Nola, the superior of the convent. "Sir," said he, "it is Providence that has brought you

hither. You have travelling firmans. Permit us to send them to the pacha; he will thence find that a Frenchman has arrived at the convent; he will believe that we are under the special protection of the emperor. Last year he forced us to pay sixty thousand piastres; according to the regular custom we owe him but four thousand, and that merely under the denomination of a present. He wishes to extort from us the same sum this year, and threatens to proceed to the last extremity, if we refuse to comply with his demands. We shall be obliged to sell the consecrated plate, for during the last four years we have received no alms from Europe: if this should continue, we shall be forced to quit the Holy Land, and leave the tomb of Christ in the hands of Mahometans."

I thought myself extremely fortunate to have it in my power to render this small service to the superior. I requested, however, that he would permit me to make an excursion to the Jordan before he sent the firmans; that the difficulties of a journey, which is always attended with danger, might not be farther increased: for Abdallah might have caused me to be assassinated by the way, and then have thrown the blame upon the Arabs.

Father Clement Peres, procurator-general of the convent, a man of extensive information, cultivated understanding, and pleasing manners, conducted me to the state chamber of the pilgrims. My baggage was here deposited, and I prepared to leave Jerusalem, a few hours after I had entered the city. I had, however, more occasion for repose than to battle with the Arabs of the Dead Sea. I had long been traversing the land and the sea on my way to the holy places: and no sooner had I reached the wished-for goal than I quitted it again. But I

considered this sacrifice to be due to men who are themselves making a perpetual sacrifice of their property and their lives. I might, moreover, have reconciled the interest of the fathers with my own safety, by relinquishing my design of visiting the Jordan; and it depended on myself alone to set bounds to my curiosity.

While I was waiting for the moment of departure, the religious began to sing in the church of the monastery. I inquired the reason of this singing, and was informed that they were celebrating the festival of the patron of their order. I then recollected that it was the 4th of October, St. Francis's day, and the anniversary of my birth. I hastened to the church, and offered up my prayers for the felicity of her who on this day had brought me into the world. I deem it a happiness that my first prayer at Jerusalem was not for myself. I contemplated with respect those religious, singing praises to the Lord, within three hundred paces of the tomb of Christ; I was deeply affected at the sight of the feeble but invincible band, which has continued the only guard of the Holy Sepulchre since it was abandoned by kings.

The superior sent for a Turk, named Ali Aga, to conduct me to Bethlehem. He was the son of an aga of Rama, who lost his head under the tyranny of Djezzar. Ali was born at Jericho, at present Rihha, and called himself the governor of that village. He was intelligent and courageous, and I had every reason to be satisfied with him. The first thing he did was to make my servants and myself relinquish our Arabian attire and resume the French dress; that dress, once so despised by the Orientals, now inspires respect and fear. French valour has regained the renown which it formerly acquired in this country.

It was French Chevaliers who established the kingdom of Jerusalem, as it was the soldiers of France that gathered the last palms in Idumea. The Turks point out to you at one and the same time Baldwin's Tower and the Emperor's Camp: and at Calvary you find the sword of Godfrey of Bouillon, which, in its ancient sheath, seems still to guard the Sacred Sepulchre.

At five o'clock in the evening, three good horses were brought, and we were joined by Michael, drogman to the convent. Ali put himself at our head, and we set out for Bethlehem, where we were to sleep, and to take forward an escort of six Arabs. I had read that the superior of St. Saviour's is the only Frank who enjoys the privilege of riding on horseback at Jerusalem, and I was somewhat surprized to find myself galloping on an Arabian steed; but I have since learned that any traveller may do the same for his money. We quitted Jerusalem by the Damascus gate; then, turning to the left, and crossing the ravines at the foot of Mount Sion, we ascended a mountain, and found at the top of it a plain, over which we proceeded for an hour. We left Jerusalem to the north behind us; on the west we had the mountains of Judea, and on the east, beyond the Red Sea, those of Arabia. We passed the convent of St. Elijah. The spot where that prophet rested on his way to Jerusalem is sure to be pointed out to you, under an olive-tree that stands upon a rock by the side of the road. A league farther on, we entered the plain of Rama, where you meet with Rachel's tomb. It is a square edifice, surmounted with a small dome: it enjoys the privileges of a mosque, for the Turks, as well as the Arabs, honour the families of the patriarchs. The traditions of the Christians agree in placing Rachel's

sepulchre on this spot; historical criticism favours this opinion; but, in spite of Thevenot, Monconys, Roger, and many others, I cannot admit what is now denominated Rachel's tomb to be an antique monument; it is evidently a Turkish edifice, erected in memory of a santon.

We perceived in the mountains, for night had come on, the lights of the village of Rama. Profound silence reigned around us. It was doubtless in such a night as this that Rachel's voice suddenly burst upon the ear: "A voice was heard in Rama, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not." Here the mothers of Astyanax and Euryalus are outdone: Homer and Virgil must yield the palm of pathos to Jeremiah.

We arrived by a narrow and rugged road at Bethlehem. We knocked at the door of the convent; its inhabitants were thrown into some alarm, because our visit was unexpected, and Ali's turban at first excited terror; but matters were soon explained to their satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

History of Bethlehem—The Convent—The Church—The Subterranean Church, the place of our Saviour's Nativity — The Manger—Sepulchre of the Innocents—Grotto of St. Jerome—Scenery about Bethlehem — Father Clement — Grotto of the Shepherds—Camps of Bedouins—Frays with them—Convent of St. Saba—Valley of the Jordan—The River—The Dead Sea —Analysis of its Water — Description of the Dead Sea — The Destroyed Cities — Marvellous Properties attributed to the Waters of this Lake—The Tree of Sodom and its Apple — The Jordan—Origin of its Name—Apprehended attack of Arabs—Jericho—Ali Aga—Elisha's Spring—Character of the Arabs—Return to Jerusalem.

BETHLEHEM received its name, which signifies the *House of Bread*, from Abraham; and was surnamed *Ephrata*, the Fruitful, after Caleb's wife, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulon. It belonged to the tribe of Judah, and also went by the name of the City of David, that monarch having there been born, and tended sheep in his childhood. Abijan, the seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, and Boaz, were, like David, natives of Bethlehem, and here must be placed the scene of the admirable eclogue of Ruth. St. Matthias, the apostle, also received life in the same town where the Messiah came into the world.

The first Christians built an oratory over the manger of our Saviour. Adrian ordered it to be

demolished, and a statue of Adonis erected in its stead. St. Helena destroyed the idol, and built a church on the same spot. The original edifice is now blended with the various additions made by the Christian princes. St. Jerome, as every reader knows, retired to the solitude of Bethlehem. Conquered by the crusaders, Bethlehem returned with Jerusalem under the yoke of the Infidels; but it has always been the object of the veneration of the pilgrims. Pious monks, devoting themselves to perpetual martyrdom, have been its guardians for seven centuries. With respect to modern Bethlehem, its soil, productions, and inhabitants, the reader is referred to the work of Volney. I have not, however, remarked in the vale of Bethlehem the fertility which is ascribed to it: under the Turkish government, to be sure, the most productive soil will in a few years be transformed into a desert.

At four in the morning of the 5th of October, I commenced my survey of the monuments of Bethlehem. Though these structures have frequently been described, yet the subject is in itself so interesting, that I cannot forbear entering into some particulars.

The convent of Bethlehem is connected with the church by a court inclosed with lofty walls. We crossed this court, and were admitted by a small side-door into the church. The edifice is certainly of high antiquity, and, though often destroyed and as often repaired, it still retains marks of its Grecian origin. It is built in the form of a cross. The long nave, or, if you please, the foot of the cross, is adorned with forty-eight columns of the Corinthian order, in four rows. These columns are two feet six inches in diameter at the base, and eighteen feet high, including the base and capital. As the

roof of this nave is wanting, the columns support nothing but a frieze of wood, which occupies the place of the architrave and of the whole entablature. Open timber-work rests upon the walls, and rises into the form of a dome, to support a roof that no longer exists, or that perhaps was never finished. The wood-work is said to be of cedar, but this is a mistake. The windows are large, and were formerly adorned with mosaic paintings, and passages from the Bible in Greek and Latin characters, the traces of which are yet visible. Most of these inscriptions are given by Quaresmius. The Abbé Mariti notices, with some acrimony, a mistake of that learned friar in one of the dates: a person of the greatest abilities is liable to error, but he who blazons it without delicacy or politeness affords a much stronger proof of his vanity than of his knowledge.

The remains of the mosaics to be seen here and there, and some paintings on wood, are interesting to the history of the arts: they in general exhibit figures in full face, upright, stiff, without motion, and without shadows; but their effect is majestic, and their character dignified and austere.

The Christian sect of the Arminians is in possession of the nave which I have just described. This nave is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall, so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. When you have passed this wall, you find yourself opposite to the sanctuary, or the choir, which occupies the top of the cross. This choir is raised two steps above the nave. Here is seen an altar dedicated to the Wise Men of the East. On the pavement, at the foot of this altar, you observe a marble star, which corresponds, as tradition asserts, with the point of the heavens where the miraculous

star that conducted the three kings became stationary. So much is certain, that the spot where the Saviour of the world was born is exactly underneath this marble star, in the subterraneous church of the manger, of which I shall presently have occasion to speak. The Greeks occupy the choir of the Magi, as well as the two transepts. These last are empty, and without altars.

Two spiral staircases, each composed of fifteen steps, open on the sides of the outer church, and conduct to the subterraneous church situated beneath the choir. This is the ever to be revered place of the nativity of our Saviour. Before I entered it, the superior put a taper into my hand, and repeated a brief exhortation. This sacred crypt is irregular, because it occupies the irregular site of the stable and the manger. It is thirty-seven feet six inches long, eleven feet three inches broad, and nine feet in height. It is hewn out of the rock, the sides of which are faced with beautiful marble, and the floor is of the same material. These embellishments are ascribed to St. Helena. The church receives no light from without, and is illumined by thirty-two lamps, sent by different princes of Christendom. At the farther extremity of this crypt, on the east side, is the spot where the Virgin brought forth the Redeemer of mankind. This spot is marked by a white marble, incrusted with jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, having rays resembling those with which the sun is represented. Around it are inscribed these words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

A marble table, which serves for an altar, rests against the side of the rock, and stands over the

place where the Messiah came into the world. This altar is lighted by three lamps, the handsomest of which was given by Louis XIII.

At the distance of seven paces towards the south, after you have passed the foot of one of the staircases leading to the upper church, you find the Manger. You go down to it by two steps, for it is not upon a level with the rest of the crypt. It is a low recess, hewn out of the rock. A block of white marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of a manger, indicates the very spot where the Sovereign of Heaven was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when she presented the Child of Sorrows to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. These pictures represent the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the coming of the Shepherds, and all those miracles of mingled grandeur and innocence. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour. I have heard an organ, touched by no ordinary hand, play, during mass, the sweetest and most tender tunes of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to feed, repairs like the shepherds of old to Bethlehem, to adore the King of Kings in his manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi,

with a fervour, a piety of devotion, unknown among the christians of the West. "No place in the world," says Father Neret, "excites more profound devotion. The continual arrival of caravans from all the nations of Christendom; the public prayers; the prostrations; nay, even the richness of the presents transmitted by the christian princes, altogether produce feelings in the soul which it is much easier to conceive than to describe."

It may be added, that the effect of all this is heightened by an extraordinary contrast; for, on quitting the crypt, where you have met with the riches, the arts, the religion, of civilized nations, you find yourself in a profound solitude, amidst wretched Arab huts, among half naked savages and faithless Mussulmans. This place is, nevertheless, the same where so many miracles were displayed; but this sacred land dares no longer express its joy, and locks within its bosom the recollections of its glory.

From the grotto of the Nativity we went to the subterraneous chapel, where tradition places the sepulchre of the Innocents: "Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremie the prophet, saying: In Rama was there a voice heard," &c.

The chapel of the Innocents conducted us to the grotto of St. Jerome. Here you find the sepulchre of this Father of the church, that of Eusebius, and the tombs of St. Paula and St. Eustochium.

In this grotto St. Jerome spent the greater part of his life. From this retirement he beheld the fall of the Roman empire, and here he received those fugitive patricians, who, after they had possessed

the palaces of the earth, deemed themselves happy to share the cell of a cenobite. The peace of the saint and the troubles of the world produce a wonderful effect in the letters of the learned commentator on the Scriptures.

St. Paula and St. Eustochium were two illustrious Roman ladies, of the family of the Scipios and of the Gracchi. They relinquished the delights of Rome, to live and die at Bethlehem in the practice of the monastic virtues. Their epitaph, written by Jerome, is not a very good one, and is so well known, that I shall not insert it here.

In the oratory of St. Jerome is a picture, in which the head of that saint exhibits much the same air that has been given to it by the pencil of Caracci and Domenichino. Another painting contains the figures of Paula and Eustochium. These descendants of Scipio are represented reposing in death in the same coffin. It was an affecting idea of the painter to make the two saints the perfect image of each other. The daughter is to be distinguished from the mother only by her youth and her white veil; the one has been longer, the other more expeditious, in performing the voyage of life; and both have reached the port at the same moment.

Among the numerous pictures which are to be seen at the sacred stations, and which no traveller has described,* I imagined that I sometimes discovered the mystic touch and inspired tone of Murillo; it would be a singular circumstance if the manger or the tomb of our Saviour should be found to possess some unknown master-piece of any of the great painters.

We returned to our convent, and I surveyed the country from the top of a terrace. Bethlehem is

* Villamont was struck with the beauty of a St. Jerome.

built on a hill which overlooks a long valley, running from east to west. The southern hill is covered with olive-trees, thinly scattered over a reddish soil bestrewed with stones; that on the north side has fig-trees on the same kind of soil. Here and there you perceive some ruins, among others the remains of a tower called the Tower of St. Paula. I went back into the monastery, which owes part of its wealth to Baldwin, King of Jerusalem and successor to Godfrey of Bouillon: it is an absolute fortress, and its walls are so thick that it would be capable of sustaining a siege against the Turks.

The escort of Arabs having arrived, I prepared for my expedition to the Dead Sea. Whilst breakfasting with the religious, who formed a circle round me, they informed me that there was in the convent a Father who was a native of France. He was sent for: he came with downcast looks, both his hands in his sleeves, and walking with a solemn pace: he saluted me coldly and in a few words. Never did I hear in a foreign country the sound of a French voice without emotion. I asked him some questions, and he informed me that his name was Father Clement; that he was a native of the vicinity of Mayenne; that, being in a monastery in Bretagne, he had been transported with about a hundred other priests, like himself, to Spain, where he had been hospitably received in a convent of his order, and afterwards sent by his superiors as a missionary to the Holy Land. I asked him if he should not like to revisit his country, and if he had any letters to send to his family. His answer was, word for word, as follows: — "Who is there that still remembers me in France? How should I know whether any of my brothers and sisters be yet living? I hope to obtain, through the merits of my Saviour, the

strength to die here without troubling any body, and without thinking of a country which I have forgotten."

Father Clement was obliged to retire; my presence had revived in his heart sentiments which he was striving to extinguish. Such is the destiny of man. A Frenchman is, at this day, mourning the loss of his country on the same shores, the remembrance of which formerly inspired the most sublime of songs on the love of country. But those sons of Aaron, who hung their harps on the willows of Babylon, did not all return to the city of David; those daughters of Judea, who on the banks of the Euphrates exclaimed—

O shores of Jordan! plains beloved of Heaven!

those companions of Esther, were not all destined to revisit Emmaus and Bethel: the remains of many of them were left behind in the land of their captivity.

At ten in the morning, we mounted our horses, and set out from Bethlehem. Six Bethlehemite Arabs on foot, armed with daggers and long matchlocks, formed our escort: three of them marched before and three behind. We had added to our cavalry an ass, which carried water and provisions. We pursued the way that leads to the monastery of St. Saba, whence we were afterwards to descend to the Dead Sea, and to return by the Jordan.

We first followed the valley of Bethlehem, which, as I have observed, stretches away to the east. We passed a ridge of hills, where you see, on the right, a vineyard recently planted, a circumstance too rare in this country for me not to remark it. We arrived at a grot called the Grotto of the Shepherds. The Arabs still give it the appellation of Dta el Natour, the Village of the Shepherds. It is said that Abraham here fed his flocks, and that on

this spot the shepherds of Judea were informed by the angel of the birth of the Saviour.

The piety of the Faithful has transformed this grot into a chapel. It must formerly have been highly decorated: I observed there three capitals of the Corinthian order and two others of the Ionic. The discovery of the latter is really a wonder, for after the time of Helena we scarcely find any thing but the everlasting Corinthian.

On leaving this grot, and proceeding east by south, we quitted the red hills, and reached a chain of whitish mountains. Our horses sunk in a soft, chalky soil, formed from the remains of a calcareous rock. This tract was horridly bare, and not even a root of moss was to be seen upon it. Its only vegetable productions were here and there a tuft of thorny plants, as pale as the soil that bore them, and apparently covered with dust, like the trees by the side of our high roads in summer.

On turning one of the ridges of these mountains, we perceived two camps of Bedouins: one composed of seven tents of black lamb-skins, forming an oblong square, open at the east end; the other, consisting of twelve tents, pitched in a circle. A few camels and mares were feeding near them.

It was too late to recede: we were obliged to put on the best face, and pass through the second camp. All was quiet at first. The Arabs touched the hands of the Bethlehemites and Ali Aga's beard; but scarcely had we reached the last tents when a Bedouin stopped the ass that carried our provisions. The Bethlehemites attempted to drive him away; but the Arab called his fellows to his assistance. Leaping upon their horses, they seized their arms and surrounded us. Ali at length contrived to appease the tumult with money. These

Bedouins required a tribute on passing: they probably look upon the desert as a high road; and every person is master in his own possessions. This was but the prelude to a still more violent altercation.

A league farther, on descending the side of a mountain, we discovered the tops of two lofty towers rising from a deep valley. This was the convent of St. Saba. As we were approaching it, a fresh troop of Arabs, concealed in the bottom of a ravine, rushed upon our escort, with loud shouts. In a moment we beheld stones flying, daggers glistening, pieces cocked. Ali rushed into the midst of the fray, and we ran to his assistance. He seized the chief of the Bedouins by the beard, pulled him down under the belly of his horse, and threatened to kill him, unless he put an end to the quarrel. During this tumult, a Greek monk shouted on his part, and made motions from the top of a tower; in vain he endeavoured to restore peace. We had now all arrived at the gate of St. Saba. The friars within turned the key, yet but very deliberately, fearing lest their monastery should be plundered in the confusion. The janissary, impatient of this delay, flew into a passion both with the religious and the Arabs. At length he drew his sabre, and seemed preparing to cut off the head of the Bedouin chief, whom he still held by the beard with surprising force, when the gate of the convent opened. Into the court we rushed pell-mell, and the gate closed upon us. The affair now became more serious: we were not in the interior of the convent; there was another court to pass, and the gate leading to it was not open. We were confined in a very narrow space, where we wounded one another with our arms, and where our horses, terrified at the noise,

became ungovernable. Ali pretended that he had turned aside the dagger of an Arab, who had aimed a stroke at me from behind, and shewed me his hand covered with blood; but Ali, though a very honest fellow in other respects, was fond of money, like all the Turks. The second gate of the monastery opened; the Superior appeared, said a few words, and the tumult was appeased. We were then apprized of the cause of the dispute.

The Arabs who had last attacked us belonged to a tribe that claimed the exclusive right of conducting strangers to St. Saba. The Bethlehemites, who were desirous of receiving the price of the escort, and who have a character for courage to support, would not give up the point. The Superior of the monastery had promised that I should satisfy the Bedouins, and matters were adjusted. I declared I would give them nothing, to punish them. Ali Aga represented that, if I adhered to this resolution, we should never be able to reach the Jordan; that these Arabs would summon other tribes to their aid; that we should be infallibly murdered; that this was the reason why he would not kill their chief, because if blood were once spilt we should have no alternative but to return with all possible expedition to Jerusalem.

I doubt whether any convent can be situated in a more dreary and desolate spot than the monastery of St. Saba. It is erected in the very ravine of the brook Cedron, which in this place is three or four hundred feet in depth. This channel is dry, and it is only in spring that a muddy stream of reddish water flows along it. The church is seated on a little eminence in the bottom of the bed; whence the buildings of the monastery rise by perpendicular flights of steps and passages hewn out of the

rock on the side of the ravine, and thus reach to the ridge of the hill, where they terminate in two square towers. One of these towers is out of the convent; it formerly served as an advanced post to watch the motions of the Arabs. From the top of these towers you descry the sterile summits of the mountains of Judea; and the eye traces beneath you the dry channel of the brook Cedron, where you perceive the grots formerly inhabited by the first anchorites. Blue pigeons now build their nests in those grots, as if to remind you by their sighs, their innocence, and their gentleness, of the saints who formerly peopled these rocks. I must not forget a palm-tree which grows upon one of the terraces of the convent. I am convinced that it will be noticed by all travellers as well as myself: those only who are surrounded by such dreary sterility can appreciate the value of a tuft of verdure.

For the history of the convent of St. Saba, the reader may refer to Father Neret's letter, and the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert. In this monastery you are still shewn three or four thousand skulls, which belonged to religious murdered by the Infidels. The monks left me for a quarter of an hour by myself with these relics; they seemed aware that I designed one day to delineate the state of mind of the hermits of Thebais. I cannot, however, recollect without a feeling of pain that a caloyer began to talk of political affairs, and to reveal to me the secrets of the court of Russia. "Ah! Father," said I, "where will you seek peace, if you cannot find it here?"

We left the convent at three in the afternoon: we proceeded along the channel of Cedron, and then crossing the ravine pursued our course to the east. We descried Jerusalem through an opening

between the mountains. I knew not exactly what it was that I saw; I took it for a mass of rugged rocks. The sudden appearance of that City of Desolations amid a solitude so desolate had something awful; she was truly the Queen of the Desert.

As we advanced, the aspect of the mountains still continued the same, that is, white, dusty, without shade, without tree, without herbage, without moss. At half past four, we descended from the lofty chain of these mountains to another less elevated. We proceeded for fifty minutes over a level plain, and at length arrived at the last range of hills that form the western border of the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The sun was near setting; we alighted to give a little rest to our horses, and I contemplated at leisure the lake, the valley, and the river.

When we hear of a valley, we figure to ourselves a valley either cultivated or uncultivated: if the former, it is covered with crops of various kinds, vineyards, villages, and cattle; if the latter, it presents herbage and woods. It is watered by a river; this river has windings in its course; and the hills which bound this valley have themselves undulations, which form a prospect agreeable to the eye.

Here nothing of the kind is to be found. Figure to yourself two long chains of mountains, running in a parallel direction from north to south, without breaks and without undulations. The eastern chain, called the mountains of Arabia, is the highest; when seen at the distance of eight or ten leagues, you would take it to be a prodigious perpendicular wall, perfectly resembling Jura in its form and azure colour. Not one summit, not the smallest peak, can be distinguished; you merely perceive slight

inflections here and there, as if the hand of the painter who drew this horizontal line along the sky had trembled in some places.

The western range belongs to the mountains of Judea. Less lofty and more unequal than the eastern chain, it differs from the other in its nature also; it exhibits heaps of chalk and sand, whose form bears some resemblance to piles of arms, waving standards, or the tents of a camp seated on the border of a plain. On the Arabian side, on the contrary, nothing is to be seen but black perpendicular rocks, which throw their lengthened shadow over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird of heaven would not find among these rocks a blade of grass for its sustenance; every thing there announces the country of a reprobate people, and seems to breathe the horror and incest whence sprung Ammon and Moab.

The valley, bounded by these two chains of mountains, displays a soil resembling the bottom of a sea that has long retired from its bed, a beach covered with salt, dry mud, and moving sands, furrowed, as it were, by the waves. Here and there, stunted shrubs with difficulty vegetate upon this inanimate tract; their leaves are covered with salt, which has nourished them, and their bark has a smoky smell and taste. Instead of villages, you perceive the ruins of a few towers. Through the middle of this valley flows a discoloured river, which reluctantly creeps towards the pestilential lake by which it is engulphed. Its course amidst the sands can be distinguished only by the willows and the reeds that border it; and among these reeds the Arab lies in ambush, to attack the traveller and to plunder the pilgrim.

Such is the scene famous for the benedictions and

the curses of Heaven. This river is the Jordan; this lake is the Dead Sea; it appears brilliant, but the guilty cities entombed in its bosom seem to have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses cannot afford nourishment to any living creature;* never did vessel cut its waves;† its shores are destitute of birds, of trees, of verdure; and its waters excessively bitter, and so heavy, that the most impetuous winds can scarcely ruffle their surface.

When you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound disgust; but, when passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this disgust wears off by degrees, and you feel a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life, and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles: the burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures, of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery; every grot proclaims the future; every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions: riven rocks, dried-up rivers, half-open sepulchres, attest the prodigy: the desert still appears mute with terror, and you would imagine, that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.

We descended from the ridge of the mountain, in order to pass the night on the banks of the Dead Sea, and afterwards proceed along the Jordan. On

* I follow the general opinion, though, as will be presently seen, it is perhaps unfounded.

† Strabo, Pliny, and Diodorus Siculus, speak of rafts on which the Arabs go to collect asphaltos. Diodorus describes these rafts which were composed of mats of interwoven reeds, (Diod. lib. XIX.) Tacitus makes mention of a boat, but he is obviously mistaken.

entering the valley, our little company drew closer together; our Bethlehemites prepared their pieces and marched cautiously before. We found, as we advanced, some Arabs of the desert, who resort to the lake for salt, and make war without mercy on the traveller. The manners of the Bedouins begin to be corrupted by too frequent communication with the Turks and Europeans. They now prostitute their wives and daughters, and murder the traveller whom they were formerly content to rob.

We marched in this manner for two hours, with pistols in our hands, as in an enemy's country. We followed the fissures formed between the sand-hills in mud baked by the rays of the sun. A crust of salt covered the surface, and resembled a snowy plain, from which a few stunted shrubs reared their heads. We arrived all at once at the lake; I say all at once, because I thought we were yet at a considerable distance from it. No murmur, no cooling breeze, announced the approach to its margin. The strand, bestrewed with stones, was hot: the waters of the lake were motionless and absolutely dead along the shore.

It was quite dark. The first thing I did, on alighting, was to walk into the lake up to my knees and to taste the water. I found it impossible to keep it in my mouth. It far exceeds that of the sea in saltness, and produces upon the lips the effect of a strong solution of alum. Before my boots were completely dry, they were covered with salt; our clothes, our hats, our hands, were, in less than three hours, impregnated with this mineral. Galen, as early as his time, remarked these effects, and Pococke confirms their existence.

We pitched our camp on the brink of the lake, and the Bethlehemites made a fire to prepare coffee.

There was no want of wood, for the shore was strewed with branches of tamarind-trees brought by the Arabs. Besides the salt, which these people find ready formed in this place, they extract it from the water by ebullition. Such is the force of habit, that our Bethlehemites, who had proceeded with great caution over the plain, were not afraid to kindle a fire, which might so easily betray us. One of them employed a singular expedient to make the wood take fire: striding across the pile, he stooped down over the fire, till his tunic became inflated with the smoke; then, rising briskly, the air expelled by this species of bellows blew up a brilliant flame. After we had taken coffee, my companions went to sleep, while I alone remained awake with our Arabs.

About midnight, I heard a noise upon the lake. The Bethlehemites told me that it proceeded from legions of small fish, which come and leap about on the shore. This contradicts the opinion generally adopted, that the Dead Sea produces no living creature. Pococke, when at Jerusalem, heard of a missionary who had seen fish in Lake Asphaltites. Hasselquist and Maundrell discovered shell-fish on the shore. M. Seetzen, who is yet travelling in Arabia, observed in the Dead Sea neither the helix nor the muscle, but found a few shell-snails.

Pococke had a bottle of the water of this lake analysed. In 1778, Messrs. Lavoisier, Macquer, and Sage, repeated this analysis; they proved that one hundred pounds of water contain forty-five pounds six ounces of salt, that is, six pounds four ounces of common marine salt and thirty-eight pounds two ounces of marine salt with an earthy base. The same experiment has recently been made in London by Mr. Gordon. "The specific gravity

of this water," says M. Malte Brun, in his Annals, "is 1,211, that of fresh water being 1,000. It is perfectly transparent. Reagents demonstrate in it the presence of marine and sulphuric acid: there is no alumine; it is not saturated with marine salt; it does not change colours, such as the turnsol and violet. It holds in solution the following substances, and in the under-mentioned proportions:

Muriate of Lime . . .	3,920
Magnesia	10,246
Soda	10,360
Sulphate of Lime . . .	,054
	24,580 in 100

"These foreign substances form about one-fourth of its weight in a state of perfect desiccation; but, when dried only with a heat of 180° (Fahrenheit), they form 41 per cent. Mr. Gordon, who brought home the bottle of water, which was the subject of this analysis, ascertained that persons who have never learned to swim will float on its surface."

I possess a tin vessel full of water, which I took up myself out of the Dead Sea: I have not yet opened it, but, to judge from the weight and sound, the fluid is not much diminished. I intended to try the experiment proposed by Pococke, which is, to put small sea fish into this water, and observe whether they would live in it: other occupations have hitherto prevented the accomplishment of this design, and I am afraid that it is now too late.

The moon, rising at two in the morning, brought with her a strong breeze, which, without cooling the air, produced a slight undulation on the bosom of the lake. The waves, charged with salt, soon subsided by their own weight, and scarcely broke against the shore. A dismal sound proceeded from

this lake of death, like the stifled clamours of the people engulphed in its waters.

The dawn appeared on the opposite mountains of Arabia. The Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan glowed with an admirable tint; but this rich appearance served only to heighten the desolation of the scene.

The celebrated lake which occupies the site of Sodom and Gomorrah is called in Scripture the Dead or Salt Sea; by the Greeks and Latins, Asphaltites; Almotanah and Bahar Loth, by the Arabs; and Ula Deguisi, by the Turks. I cannot coincide in opinion with those who suppose the Dead Sea to be the crater of a volcano. I have seen Vesuvius, Solfatara, Monte Nuovo in the lake of Fusino, the peak of the Azores, the Mamelif, opposite to Carthage, the extinguished volcanoes of Auvergne, and remarked in all of them the same characters, that is to say, mountains excavated in the form of a tunnel, lava, and ashes, which exhibited incontestible proofs of the agency of fire. The Dead Sea, on the contrary, is a lake of great length, curved like a bow, placed between two ranges of mountains, which have no mutual coherence in form, no homogeneousness of soil. They do not meet at the two extremities of the lake, but continue, the one to bound the valley of Jordan, and to run northward as far as the lake of Tiberias; the other to stretch away to the south, till lost in the sands of Yemen. Bitumen, warm springs, and phosphoric stones, are found, it is true, in the mountains of Arabia; but I met with none of these in the opposite chain. But then, the presence of hot springs, sulphur, and asphaltos, is not sufficient to attest the anterior existence of a volcano. With respect to the engulphed cities, I adhere to the account given in

Scripture, without summoning physics to my aid. Besides, if we adopt the idea of Professor Michaelis, and the learned Busching, in his Memoir on the Dead Sea, physics may be admitted in the catastrophe of the guilty cities, without offence to religion. Sodom was built upon a mine of bitumen, as we know from the testimony of Moses and Josephus, who speak concerning wells of bitumen, in the valley of Siddim. Lightning kindled the combustible mass, and the cities sunk in the subterraneous conflagration. M. Malte Brun ingeniously suggests, that Sodom and Gomorrah themselves might have been built of bituminous stones, and thus have been set in flames by the fire of heaven.

Strabo speaks of thirteen towns swallowed up in the Lake Asphaltites; Stephen of Byzantium reckons eight; Genesis places five in the vale of Siddim: Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bela, or Zoar; but it mentions only the two former as having been destroyed by the wrath of God. Deuteronomy mentions four, omitting Bela, and Ecclesiasticus speaks of five, without enumerating them.

From the remark of James Cerbus, that seven considerable streams fall into the Dead Sea, Reland concludes that it discharges its superfluous waters by subterraneous channels. Sandys and some other travellers have expressed the same opinion; but it is now relinquished in consequence of Dr. Halley's observations on evaporation; observations admitted by Shaw, though he calculates that the Jordan daily discharges into the Dead Sea six millions and ninety thousand tons of water, exclusively of the Arnon and seven other streams. Several travellers, and, among others, Troilo and d'Arvieux, assert that they remarked fragments of walls and palaces in the Dead Sea. This statement seems to be confirmed

by Maundrell and Father Nau. The ancients speak more positively on this subject: Josephus, who employs a poetic expression, says, that he perceived, on the banks of the lake, the *shades* of the overwhelmed cities. Strabo gives a circumference of sixty stadia to the ruins of Sodom, which are mentioned also by Tacitus. I know not whether they still exist; but, as the lake rises and falls at certain seasons, it is possible that it may alternately cover and expose the skeletons of the reprobate cities.

The other marvellous properties ascribed to the Dead Sea have vanished upon more rigid investigation. It is now known that bodies sink or float upon it, according to the proportion of their gravity to the gravity of the water of the lake. The pestilential vapours said to issue from its bosom are reduced to a strong smell of sea-water, and puffs of smoke, which announce or follow the emersion of asphaltos, and fogs that are really unwholesome, like all other fogs. Should the Turks ever give permission, and should it be found practicable to convey a vessel from Jaffa to the Dead Sea, some curious discoveries would certainly be made in this lake. The ancients were much better acquainted with it than we, as may be seen by Aristotle, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Tacitus, Solinus, Josephus, Galen, Dioscorides, and Stephen of Byzantium. Our old maps also trace the figure of this lake in a much more satisfactory manner than the modern ones. No person has yet made the tour of it, except Daniel, Abbot of St. Saba. Nau has preserved in his travels the narrative of that recluse. From his account we learn, that "the Dead Sea, at its extremity, is separated as it were into two parts, and that there is a way by which you may walk across it, being only mid-leg deep, at least in summer; that there the land rises and

bounds another small lake, of a circular or rather oval figure, surrounded with plains and mountains of salt; and that the neighbouring country is peopled by innumerable Arabs." Nyembourg gives nearly the same statement; and of these documents the Abbé Mariti and Volney have availed themselves. Whenever M. Seetzen publishes his travels, we shall probably possess more complete information on the subject.

There is scarcely any reader but has heard of the famous tree of Sodom; a tree, said to produce an apple pleasing to the eye, but bitter to the taste, and full of ashes. Tacitus, in the fifth book of his *History*, and Josephus in his *Jewish War*, were, I believe, the first authors that made mention of the singular fruits of the Dead Sea. Foulcher de Chartres, who travelled in Palestine about the year 1,100, saw the deceitful apple, and compared it to the pleasures of the world. Since that period, some writers, as Ceverius de Vèra, Baumgarten, de la Vallée, Troilo, and certain missionaries, confirm Foulcher's statement; others, as Reland, Father Neret, and Maundrell, are inclined to believe that this fruit is but a poetic image of our false joys; while others again, as Pococke and Shaw, absolutely question its existence.

Amman seemed to remove the difficulty. He gave a description of the tree, which, according to him, resembles the hawthorn. "The fruit," says he, "is a small apple, of a beautiful colour."

Hasselquist, the botanist, followed, and he tells a totally different story. The apple of Sodom, as we are informed by him, is not the fruit either of a tree or of a shrub, but the production of the *solanum melongena* of Linnæus. "It is found in great abundance," says he, "round Jericho, in the valleys

near the Jordan, and in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. It is true that these apples are sometimes full of dust; but this appears only when the fruit is attacked by an insect (*tenthredo*), which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without causing it to lose any of its colour."

Who would not imagine, after this, that the question had been set completely at rest by the authority of Hasselquist, and the still greater authority of Linneus, in his *Flora Palæstina?* No such thing. M. Seetzen, also a man of science, and the most modern of all travellers, since he is still in Arabia, does not agree with Hasselquist in regard to the *Solanum Sodomeum.* "I saw," says he, "during my stay at Karrak, in the house of the Greek clergyman of that town, a species of cotton, resembling silk. This cotton, as he told me, grows in the plain of El Gor, near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, on a tree like a fig-tree, called Abescha-ez; it is found in a fruit resembling the pomegranate. It struck me that this fruit, which has no pulp or flesh in the inside, and is unknown in the rest of Palestine, might be the celebrated apple of Sodom."

Here I am thrown into an awkward dilemma; for I too have the vanity to imagine that I have discovered the long-sought fruit. The shrub which bears it grows two or three leagues from the mouth of the Jordan; it is thorny, and has small taper leaves. It bears a considerable resemblance to the shrub described by Amman; and its fruit is exactly like the little Egyptian lemon, both in size and colour. Before it is ripe, it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried, it yields a blackish seed, which may be compared to ashes,

and which in taste resembles bitter pepper. I gathered half a dozen of these fruits; I still possess four of them, dry, and in good preservation; they may, perhaps, be deserving of the attention of naturalists.

I passed two whole hours (October 5th), in strolling on the banks of the Dead Sea in spite of my Bethlehemites, who urged me to leave this dangerous country. I was desirous of seeing the Jordan at the place where it discharges itself into the lake; an essential point, which Hasselquist alone has hitherto explored; but the Arabs refused to conduct me to it, because the river near its mouth turns off to the left and approaches the mountains of Arabia. I was therefore obliged to make up my mind to proceed to the curve of the river that was nearest to us. We broke up our camp, and advanced for an hour and a half, with excessive difficulty, over a fine white sand. We were approaching a grove of balm-trees and tamarinds, which to my great astonishment I perceived in the midst of this sterile tract. The Arabs all at once stopped, and pointed to something that I had not yet remarked at the bottom of a ravine. Unable to make out what it was, I perceived what appeared to be sand in motion. On drawing nearer to this singular object, I beheld a yellow current, which I could scarcely distinguish from the sands on its shores. It was deeply sunk below its banks, and its sluggish stream rolled slowly on. This was the Jordan.

I had surveyed the great rivers of America, with that pleasure which solitude and nature impart; I had visited the Tiber with enthusiasm, and sought with the same interest the Eurotas and the Cephisus; but I cannot express what I felt at the sight of the Jordan. Not only did this river remind me of a re-

nowned antiquity, and one of the most celebrated names that the most exquisite poetry ever confided to the memory of man; its shores likewise presented to my view the theatre of the miracles of my religion. Judea is the only country in the world which revives in the traveller the memory of human affairs and of celestial things, and which, by this combination, produces in the soul a feeling and ideas that no other region is capable of exciting.

The Arabs stripped, and plunged into the Jordan. I durst not follow their example, on account of the fever by which I was still tormented; but I fell upon my knees on the bank, with my two servants and the drogman of the monastery. Having forgotten to bring a Bible, we could not repeat the passages of Scripture relating to the spot where we now were; but the drogman, who knew the customs of the place, began to sing: *Ave maris stella.* We responded like sailors at the end of their voyage: Sire de Joinville could not have been more clever than we. I then took up some water from the river in a leather vessel: it did not seem to me as sweet as sugar, according to the expression of a pious missionary. I thought it, on the contrary, rather brackish; but, though I drank a considerable quantity, I felt no inconvenience from it: nay, I even think it would be very pleasant, if it were purified from the sand which it carries along with it.

Ali Aga himself performed his ablutions. The Jordan is a sacred stream with the Turks and Arabs, who preserve many Hebrew and Christian traditions, the one derived from Ishmael, whose country the Arabs yet inhabit, the other introduced among the Turks together with the fables of the Koran.

According to d'Anville, the Arabs assign to the Jordan the name of Nahar el Arden; but Father

Roger says that they call it Nahar el Chiria. The Abbé Mariti gives to this name the Italian form of Scheria, and Volney writes El Charia.

St. Jerome, in his treatise *de Situ et Nominibus Locorum Hebraicorum*, a kind of translation of Eusebius's *Chronicon*, conceives the name of Jordan to be derived from the union of Jor and Dan, the appellation of the two sources of that river; but in another place he varies from this opinion. It is rejected by others, on the authority of Josephus, Pliny, and Eusebius, who place the only source of the Jordan at Paneades, at the foot of Mount Hermon, in the Anti-Libanus. La Roque thoroughly investigates this question in his *Travels in Syria:* the Abbé Mariti merely repeats what is said by La Roque, with the addition of a passage from William of Tyre, to prove that Dan and Paneades were one and the same town, which was well known before. We may remark with Reland, in contradiction to the opinion of St. Jerome, that the name of the sacred river in Hebrew is not Jordan but Jorden: that, admitting the former reading, Jordan signifies the River of Judgment, from Jor, which St. Jerome translated ῥέεθρον *fluvius* and Dan, *judicans*, or *judicium*: an etymology so just that it would render the opinion respecting the two sources of Jor and Dan improbable, if, however, geography left any room for doubt upon the subject.

About two leagues from the place where we halted, I perceived higher up the river a thicket of considerable extent. I determined to proceed thither, for I calculated that this must be nearly the spot where the Israelites passed the river facing Jericho, where the manna ceased to fall, where the Hebrews tasted the first fruits of the Land of Promise, where Naaman was cured of his leprosy, and, lastly, where

Christ was baptized by St. John. Towards this place we advanced, but as we drew near to it we heard the voices of men in the thicket. Unfortunately, the human voice, which cheers you every where else, and which you would love to hear on the banks of the Jordan, is precisely what most alarms you in these deserts. The Bethlehemites and the drogman proposed an immediate retreat; but I declared that I had not come so far to be in such a hurry to return; that I agreed to go no higher up the river, but that I was determined to examine it facing the spot where we then stood.

They yielded with reluctance to my resolution, and we again repaired to the bank of the Jordan, which a bend of the river had carried to some distance from us on the right. I found it of the same width and depth as a league lower down, that is, six or seven feet deep close to the shore, and about fifty paces in breadth.

The guides urged me to depart, and Ali Aga himself grumbled. Having finished making such notes as I considered most important, I complied with the wishes of the caravan; I saluted the Jordan for the last time, and took a bottle of its water and a few rushes from its bank. We now quitted the river, and pursued our way to the village of Rihha,* the ancient Jericho, at the foot of the mountains of Judea. Scarcely had we proceeded a quarter of a league in the valley, when we perceived numerous tracks of men and horses in the sand. Ali proposed that our troop should march in close order to prevent the Arabs from counting our number. "If they are led," said he, "by our order and our dress to

* It is remarkable that this name, which signifies perfume, is nearly the same as that of the woman who entertained the spies from Joshua's army at Jericho. She was called Rahab.

take us for Christian soldiers, they will not venture to attack us." What a magnificent panegyric on the valour of our armies!

Our suspicions were not groundless. We soon discovered in our rear, on the bank of the Jordan, a body of about thirty Arabs, who were watching our motions. Our infantry, that is, our six Bethlehemites, formed the van; and we brought up the rear with our cavalry. The baggage was placed in the centre, but unluckily the ass which carried it grew restive, and would not stir without incessant beating. The drogman's horse having stepped upon a wasp's nest, the insects fell upon him, and he ran away with Michael, who set up the most lamentable cries. John, though a Greek, kept up a good countenance, and Ali was as courageous as a janissary of Mahomet II. As for Julian, nothing ever made any impression upon him; the world had passed before his eyes, without his bestowing a look upon it; he still fancied himself in the Rue St. Honoré, and, coming up to me at a slow pace, said, with the utmost composure, "Is there no police, Sir, in this country, to keep those people in order?"

Having looked at us for some time, the Arabs made some motions towards us, and then, to our great astonishment, returned to the bushes which border the river. Ali was right; they undoubtedly took us for Christian soldiers. We arrived without accident at Jericho.

The Abbé Mariti has given a good sketch of the historical facts relative to this celebrated town.* He has also treated of the productions of Jericho, the manner of extracting the oil of Zaccon, &c. It would therefore answer no end to repeat what he says, except to make Travels out of Travels. It is

* He has, however, omitted some, as for instance, the present which Anthony made to Cleopatra of the territory of Jericho.

also well known that the environs of Jericho are adorned with a spring, whose waters, formerly bitter, were rendered sweet by a miracle of Elisha's. This spring is situated two miles above the town, at the foot of the mountain where Christ prayed and fasted forty days. It separates into two branches. On its banks are seen some fields of doura, groups of acacias, the tree which yields the balm of Judea,* and shrubs resembling lilac in their leaves, but which were not in flower. At present, there are neither roses nor palm-trees at Jericho; and I could not treat myself with the *nicolai* of Augustus; these dates, in Belon's time, were much degenerated. An aged acacia overhangs the spring, and a little lower another tree bends in such a manner over the stream that issues from this spring as to form a natural bridge across it.

I have observed that Ali Aga was a native and governor of the village of Rihha. He conducted me into his territory, where I could not fail to be well received by his subjects, who actually came to pay their respects to their chief. He wished me to go into an old house which he called his castle, but I refused this honour, and chose rather to dine by the side of Elisha's spring, now denominated the King's fountain. As we passed through the village, we saw a young Arab seated by himself, with his head adorned with feathers, and dressed as for some extraordinary occasion. All who passed that way stopped and kissed his forehead and cheeks: I was informed that he was just married. We halted at Elisha's spring. A lamb was slaughtered, and put

* This must not be mistaken for the celebrated balm-tree, which no longer exists at Jericho. It would appear that the latter perished about the seventh century, for it was not to be found at the period of Arculf's visit.

down whole to roast, before a fire kindled on the brink of the water. When the banquet was ready, we seated ourselves round a wooden dish, and each tore in pieces with his fingers a portion of the victim. One is fond of discovering in these customs some traces of the manners of ancient times, and of finding memorials of Abraham and Jacob among the descendants of Ishmael.

The Arabs, wherever I have seen them, in Judea, in Egypt, and even in Barbary, have appeared to me to be rather tall than short. Their demeanour is haughty. They are well made and active. They have an oval head, the brow high and arched, aquiline nose, large eyes, with a watery and uncommonly gentle look. Nothing about them would proclaim the savage, if their mouths were always shut; but, as soon as they begin to speak, you hear a harsh and strongly aspirated language, and perceive long and beautifully white teeth, like those of jackals and ounces: differing in this respect from the American savage, whose ferocity is in his looks, and human expression in his mouth.

The Arab women are still taller in proportion than the men. Their carriage is dignified; and, by the regularity of their features, the beauty of their figures, and the disposition of their veils, they somewhat remind you of the statues of the Priestesses and of the Muses. This must, however, be understood with some restriction: these beautiful statues are often clothed in rags; a wretched, squalid, and suffering look degrades those forms so elegant; a copper tint conceals the regularity of the features; in a word, to behold these women as I have just delineated them, you must view them at a distance, confine yourself to the general appearance, and not enter into particulars.

Most of the Arabs wear a tunic, fastened round the waist by a girdle. Sometimes they take one arm out of a sleeve of this tunic, and then they are habited in the antique style; sometimes they put on a white woollen covering, which serves for a toga, a mantle, or a veil, according as they wrap it round them, suspend it from their shoulders, or throw it over their heads. They go barefoot, and are armed with a dagger, a pike, and a long firelock. The tribes travel in caravans; the camels going in file. The first camel is fastened by a cord made of the tow of the palm to the neck of an ass, which is the guide of the troop. The latter, as leader, is exempt from all burden, and enjoys various privileges. Among the wealthy tribes, the camels are adorned with fringes, flags, and feathers.

The horses are treated, according to the purity of their blood, with more or less honour, but always with extreme severity. They are never put under shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir. The saddle is never taken from their backs; they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley, in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety, patience, and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed, thus tied down to the burning sand, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade, and stealing with his wild eye an oblique glance at his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will "paw in the valley," he will "rejoice in his strength," he will "swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage," and you recognize the original of the picture delineated by Job.

All that has been related concerning the passion of the Arabs for stories is true, and of this I shall give one example. In the night that we passed on the shore of the Dead Sea, our Bethlehemites were seated round the fire, their pieces being laid on the ground by their sides; while their horses, tied to stakes, formed a second circle about them. Having drunk their coffee and talked a good deal together, these Arabs all became silent, with the exception of their sheik. By the light of the fire, I could see his expressive gestures, his black beard, his white teeth, the various forms which he gave to his garments in the course of his relation. His companions listened with profound attention, all bending forward, with their faces over the fire, sometimes ejaculating an expression of admiration, at others, repeating, with emphasis, the gestures of the narrator. Some horses' heads advancing over the company, and discernible in the shade, contributed to give this scene the most picturesque character, especially if we include in the view a corner of the Dead Sea and the mountains of Judea.

If I had studied with such interest the American hordes on the banks of their lakes, what a different species did I here contemplate! I had before me the descendants of the primitive race of mankind; I beheld them with the same manners which they have retained ever since the days of Hagar and Ishmael; I beheld them in the same desert that was assigned to them by God for their inheritance: *he dwelt in the wilderness of Pharan.* I found them in the valley of the Jordan, at the foot of the mountains of Samaria, in the neighbourhood of Hebron, on the spot where at Joshua's command the sun stood still, in the plain of Gomorrah, yet reeking with the wrath of Jehovah, though formerly cheered by the gracious miracles of Christ.

What particularly distinguished the Arabs from the tribes of the New World is, that amidst the rudeness of the former you still perceive a certain degree of delicacy in their manners; you perceive that they are natives of that East which is the cradle of all the arts, of all the sciences, and of all religions. Buried at the extremity of the West, in a by-corner of the universe, the Canadian inhabits valleys shaded by eternal forests, and watered by immense rivers: the Arab, cast, as it were, upon the high road of the world, between Africa and Asia, roves in the brilliant regions of Aurora over a soil without trees and without water. Among the tribes descended from Ishmael, it is requisite that there should be masters and servants, domestic animals, and a liberty in subjection to laws. Among the American hordes, man still enjoys in unsocial solitude his proud and cruel independence; instead of the woollen garment he has the skin of the bear; instead of the lance he is armed with the arrow, instead of the dagger with the club. He knows not, and if he did, would disdain the date, the water-melon, the milk of the camel: flesh and blood must compose his banquets. He has not woven the hair of the goat, that he may shelter himself under tents; the elm which has fallen from age supplies bark for his hut. He has not trained the horse to pursue the antelope; he himself runs down the elk in the chase. He is not connected by his origin with the great civilized nations; the names of his ancestors are not to be found in the annals of empires; the contemporaries of his ancestors are ancient oaks that are still standing. Monuments of nature and not of history, the tombs of his fathers, rise unheeded among unknown forests. In a word, with the American every thing proclaims the savage, who has not yet arrived at civilization; in the Arab, every

thing indicates the civilized man who has returned to the savage state.

On the 6th, at three in the afternoon, we quitted Elisha's spring, and set out for Jerusalem. We left on the right the mount where Christ fasted forty days, which rises above Jericho, exactly opposite to Mount Abarim, whence Moses, before his death, surveyed the Land of Promise. As we entered the mountains of Judea, we saw the remains of a Roman aqueduct. The Abbé Mariti, haunted by the recollection of the Monks, insists that this aqueduct belonged to some ancient fraternity, or served to irrigate the adjacent lands, when the sugar-cane was cultivated in the plain of Jericho. If the mere inspection of the work were not sufficient to confute this absurd idea, we might consult Adrichomius, in his *Theatrum Terræ Sanctæ*, the *Elucidatio historica Terræ Sanctæ*, by Quaresmius, and most of the travellers already quoted. The road which we pursued among the mountains was broad and sometimes paved; it is perhaps an ancient Roman way. We passed the foot of a mountain, formerly crowned with a Gothic castle, which protected and commanded the road. We then descended into a deep gloomy valley, called in Hebrew Adommin, or the place of blood. Here stood a small town belonging to the tribe of Judea, and in this lonely spot the Samaritan succoured the wounded traveller. We here met the pacha's cavalry, proceeding to the other side of the Jordan, on an expedition which I shall have occasion to notice hereafter. Fortunately, night concealed us from the view of these troops.

We passed through Bahurim, where David, fleeing before Absalom, was stoned by Shimei. A little farther we alighted at the fountain where

Christ was accustomed to rest with the apostles, as they returned from Jericho. We began to ascend the back of the Mount of Olives, and came to the village of Bethany, where the ruins of Martha's house and the sepulchre of Lazarus are still shewn. We then descended the Mount of Olives, which overlooks Jerusalem, and crossed the brook Cedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. A path, winding at the foot of the Temple, and leading over Mount Sion, led us to the Pilgrims' Gate after making the complete circuit of the city. It was midnight. Ali Aga obtained admission for us. The six Arabs returned to Bethlehem, and we repaired to the convent. A thousand unfavourable reports had already been circulated respecting us. It was said, that we had been killed by the Arabs or the pacha's cavalry: I was censured for having undertaken the expedition with so small an escort, a circumstance, the blame of which was thrown on the imprudent character of the French. Succeeding events, however demonstrated that, had I not adopted this resolution, and availed myself of the first hours after my arrival at Jerusalem, I should never have been able to penetrate to the Jordan.*

* I have been informed, that an Englishman, in the disguise of an Arab, went alone twice or thrice from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. This is very possible, and I even think that in this way a man runs less risk than with an escort of ten or twelve persons.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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